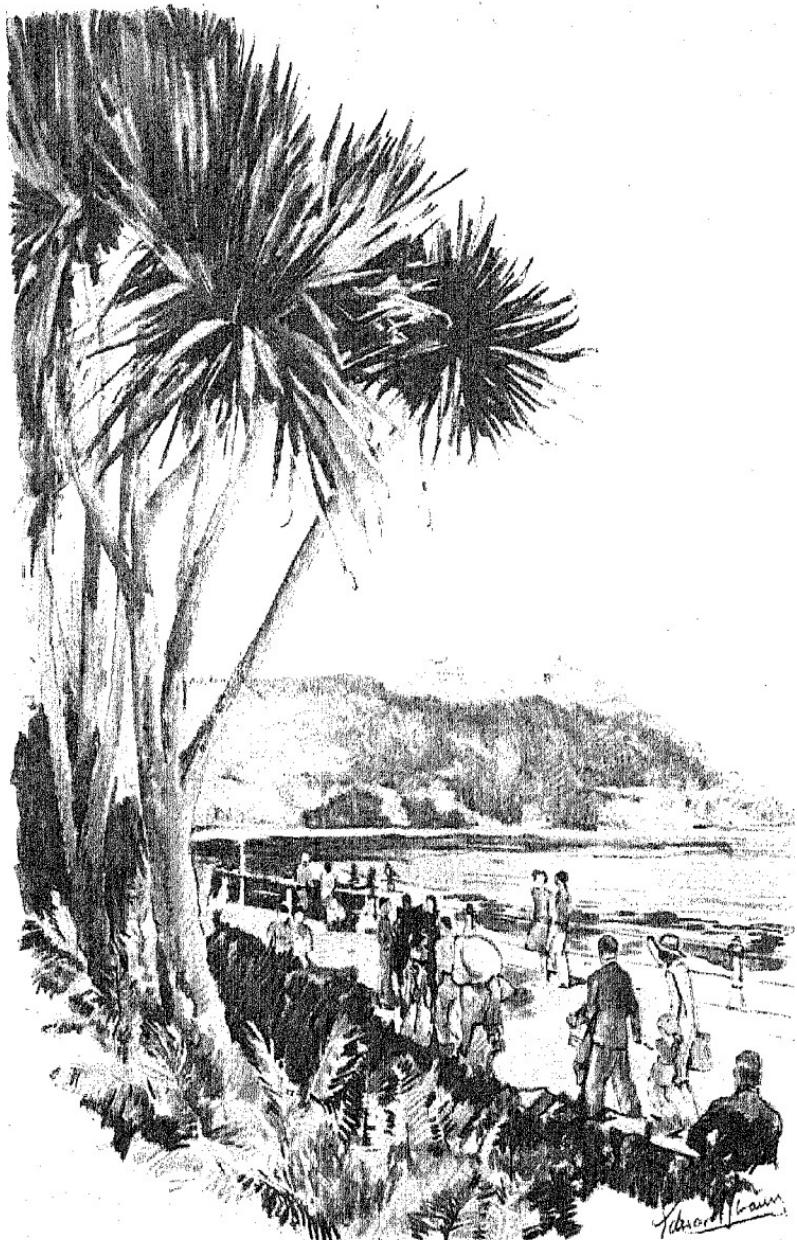


THE CORNISH RIVIERA



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BY
S. P. B. MAIS

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PREFACE

CORNWALL is recognised as an area where visitors may be reasonably assured that they will escape the rigours of winter. With regard to climate it is quite time we had some plain speaking. Statistics may be seen and compared by any one. From these we may learn, to our astonishment, that so far from England being completely enveloped by fog from November to March and flooded from April to October, both fogs and floods are rare enough to have what is called in the press "News value." A day's rain is given as much space as a country-house robbery. The simple truth is that in Falmouth it is as warm in January as it is in Madrid, and as cool in July as it is in Leningrad. There is an incontestable fact for you, and gives the main reason for visiting Cornwall at any time of the year before anywhere else. It is because its climate, the all-important factor in a holiday, is the most equable in the world that we claim the right to describe the Duchy as the Cornish Riviera. Everybody has dreamt of a land where the sun always shines but never proves harmful, where it is always warm but never enervating, where we may bathe in the winter and take active exercise in the summer. We had to have a name for this Elysium, so we called it the Cornish Riviera.

Penzance is proving a formidable rival to Madeira, the Scillies to the Azores, and Mullion to Monte Carlo. Quite apart, then, from any of the myriad attractions, it is worth visiting Cornwall just on account of her climate. If you are jaded or run down it makes you fit, if you are well it keeps you so. Her climate is equable, *not* torrid.

Cornwall has relied on Nature to satisfy her visitors' desires, the infinitude of whose wonders it is the purpose of this book to attempt to disclose, and herein lies my chief difficulty.

"He must have eyes," said old John Norden, "that would scale Tintagel."

He must have both eyes and legs that would fathom Cornwall. Uther Pendragon gained access to Tintagel and the peerless Igraine by the help of Merlin and subterfuge. But Merlin is dead, and subterfuge will avail little in the task that we are now setting ourselves. There is no royal short cut to the heart of the Duchy.

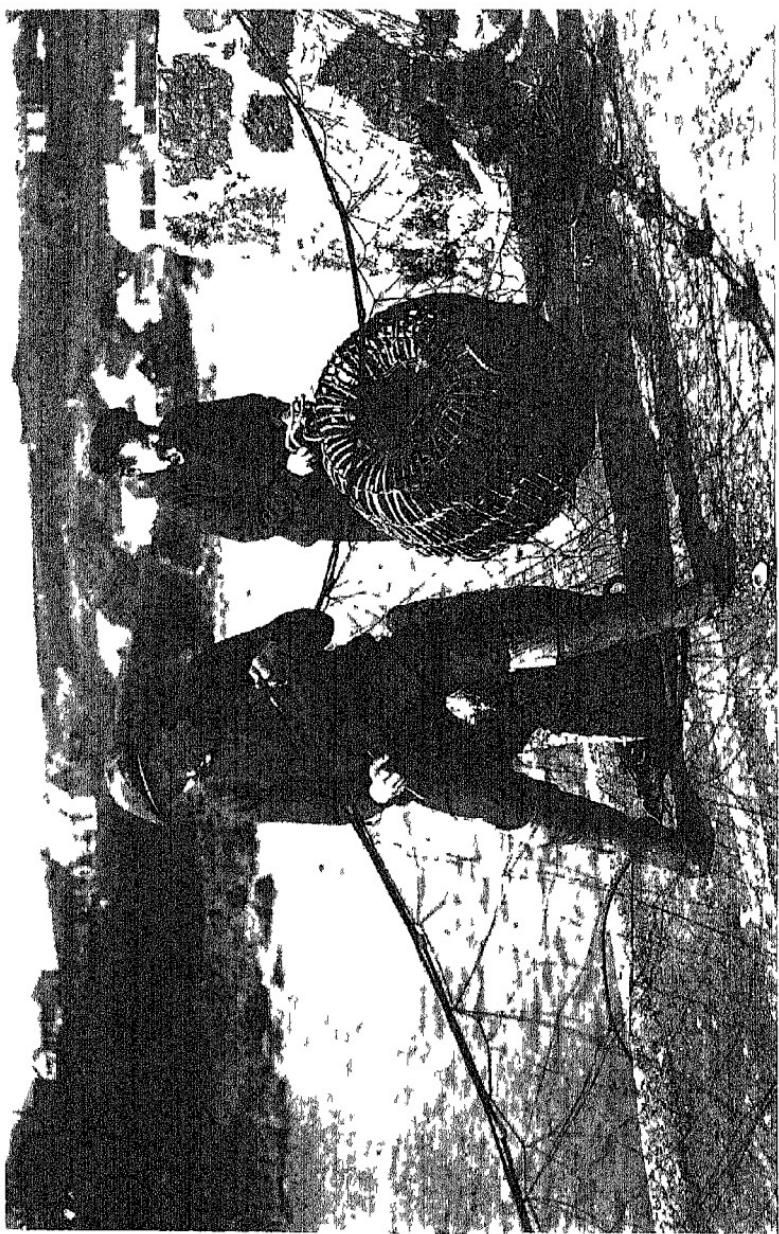
Artists and archæologists, metallurgists and miners, botanists and philologists, historians and antiquarians, bird-lovers and church-lovers, fishermen and farmers have all had a cut at her and have come away enriched, but there is richer treasure beneath the soil of Cornwall than tin and arsenic, copper and silver, a richer haul to be netted from her deep seas than pilchards or pollock, richer colours on her granite-covered hills and in her thickly-wooded valleys than any artist dare reproduce, a richer etymology than the philologist knows, richer eyries than the ornithologist will ever reach, and a rarer storehouse of myth and legend than your scholarly antiquarian ever penetrates.

It is this that makes me pause at the outset. I am not content just to give you, as so many others have done, an impressionist picture, and pretend that it is the whole. How easy to make a kaleidoscopic jumble of tall grey church towers and small grey stone walls, of jagged rocks and jagged mine-stacks, of fishing hamlets cowering in deep combes from the fury of titanic waves and relentless gales, of piled-up masses of smiling colourful sweet-scented flowers carried by unsmiling, sombre, black-garbed natives with faces firm, lined and dignified like their own granite.

Frankly, in this endeavour to press home my belief that



Coast at Pardenack Point,
near Land's End



Cornish
Fishermen

he who would know Cornwall at all must know the whole of her, I have attempted the impossible, and achieved, like the Cornishmen who resisted the Reformation and the Roundheads, only a failure. I believe, however, like the Cornish, that to fail in a severe undertaking is better than to succeed in an easy one, and can only hope that those who label the failure of the splendid rebels "magnificent" will perhaps spare for me the more modest "gallant."

It is not acreage or mileage that prevents me from giving you what I want to give. It is Cornwall's diversity of riches.

The motto of the Duchy is "One and All," and it may be interpreted in this way, that the visitor who opens his eyes to the wooded loveliness of the Fowey Valley, and closes them to the deserted broken-down chimneys of old tin-mines and the mountainous white pyramids of china-clay refuse that litter the hill-sides, has no chance whatever of getting to know the real Cornwall. It is one and indivisible. You may go to the Duchy to re-establish contact with the Arthurian Court. You will remain to find yourself trying to sift the true from the false in the romance of Tregeagle. You may go there with the idea of playing golf, and end by spending your days exploring tin-mines. You may go there with the idea that you are in for a normal English holiday, and find yourself in an atmosphere of warlocks and pixies, miracle-working saints and woe-working witches. One ceases from scoffing on reading in the papers of old women being sent to Bodmin gaol for exercising their craft of the evil eye and black magic. You may go there intent only on tennis, and find yourself at the end of a fortnight a devotee of holy wells and Celtic crosses.

It is well to go to Cornwall with an open mind. It has been written about by strangers more frequently and with less understanding than any other county. It has seldom been described by the Cornish, who express their love of home, as an Irishman does, by going to the ends of the

earth in order to earn enough to return to it. Their passion for it is like that of an animal, dumb but profound. It does not extend next door. Your Cornishman thinks little of Devon, and less of the rest of England. He is sufficient unto himself, affable and hospitable, like the Welsh extremely devout, and like all Celts extremely superstitious.

At first sight it would seem easy to compress within even the limits of this small book the main features of so tiny an area. On the map it looks as if one could walk round its sea-coast in a couple of days, and walk across it from north to south any day between lunch and tea. But Cornwall is no place for seven-leagued boots. Let him who lusts after speed search elsewhere. Cornwall has nothing to show the fast motorist. I believe that the only way to see it is the way I herein indicate, by hugging the whole coast-line from Rame Head to Marsland Mouth, and digressing, by way of a change, to explore every river to its source, and every moorland crag to its summit. That, in a nutshell, is my general idea.

Your tour will provide you with all sorts of surprises. They say in Devon that Cornwall does not grow enough wood to make a coffin ; there are in point of fact combes even on the north coast, Lanherne is one, worthy to be set by the side of the richest in Devon. They say in Norfolk that Cornish churches are not remarkable. The exterior of Launceston, the windows of St. Neot, the altar-rails at Altarnun, and the pews at Kilkhampton, to pick four at random out of four hundred, have no peers either in Norfolk or anywhere else. They suggest at Skegness that the air of Cornwall is stifling and that Falmouth is full of bath-chairs. Visitors from the east coast after one cliff walk in a genial sou'wester drop the adjective "enervating" from their vocabulary. The men of Sussex, where sand is scarcely ever seen, imagine that because Cornwall is hedged about with vast rocks she has little to offer the enthusiastic bathers. Where in any other



St. Buryan Cross



itho Gardens,
rance

county are there sands like those at Praa, Polzeath, Carbis, Perranporth, Watergate, Trebarwith, or Widemouth? Cornwall is simply surrounded with sands.

What no one has ever dared to find fault with is her sea. Almost everywhere else on the English coast the sea is opaque. Here only is it always clear as a diamond, changing in an instant from aqua-marine to peridot, from a blue that is almost purple to a green that is nearly yellow. On no other coast do the waves dash up in long rollers for the surf-board riders to crest, on no other coast are there so many natural diving boards of rock overlooking secluded pools of infinite depth. Nowhere else does the sea make its terrific power felt so strongly. It may be friendly and full of colour to us in the summer, but the churchyards are full of bodies of shipwrecked sailors, masts still emerge from the water at low tide, and skeletons of old ships stand out from wind-blown sands.

The grave faces of the fishermen, to us so dignified and picturesque, owe their lives to the Atlantic. When we are not here a relentless war is being waged by the men whose living depends on what they draw out of the sea, and whose lives depend on not being themselves drawn into it. The sea in Cornwall is ever-present. We cannot, if we would, withdraw ourselves from its restless song, that eerie melody at once so soothing and so tragic. The power of the waves during a storm, as they thunder against these granite cliffs, holds us spellbound and makes us wonder more than a little at the fineness of man's spirit who seeks to harness even this monster to secure his ends. Until one has spent a holiday and a winter in Cornwall it is not possible to understand the terrifying majesty of waves.

Nowhere else do strange flowers grow so triumphantly as on these cliffs and in these coves. Where else is the sea-thistle or cornflower so blue, the sea-thrift so pink, or poppy so red? Not a station on the railway but has its dracena, its sky-blue bush of hydrangea, and giant scarlet

fuchsia to remind you that you are very far from England, not a cliff do you climb without stopping to listen to the haunting cries of curlew, or to watch the giant buzzards wheeling in their play. The musical place-names make etymologists of us all. Penhagard and Penquite, Ventongimps and Mavanzanvose, Trevisquite and Tregeargate are not to be passed without enquiry into the language that gave them birth. Each white gate bears some name as pregnant as these with beauty and meaning. History and archaeology may have passed us by without our wishing to do so much as to turn our eyes in their direction before, but once we find ourselves wandering among the beehive huts, standing amazed before a giant cromlech, exploring ruined Restormel, or the keep of Launceston, there is born in us anew an ardent desire to become historians and antiquarians at once. Little by little as we scan each medieval monument in the churches, and listen to the legends of the manors, we find ourselves piecing together the loose ends and repopulating the peninsula, first with the little men who lived in the hut-circles and defended the cliff-castles, later with strange kings who either murdered or tried to marry the invading saints who came over from Ireland and Wales in coracles of granite or leaves, then we are swept away by the romance of the Court of King Arthur, and finally by the heroic, but in the end, abortive struggle of the Loyalists to keep out the Roundheads. Turn aside at every Holy Well, attempt to decipher each inscribed stone, make a vow to miss no granite cross, no circle of "Dawnz Maen," or Dancing Maidens, enter every church you come to, and you will penetrate to something richer than any one of them, something which I am totally incapable of giving you, and that is the secret of Cornwall.

This is my excuse for stressing the importance of stopping everywhere. Scotland may perhaps be judged from Kingussie, the Lake District from Helvellyn,

the Peak from Axe Edge, but not Cornwall from St. Ives.

This is merely saying in many words instead of few that we have not so much a long way to go as much to do. So put out of your mind old wives' fables about Cornwall lacking colour because her houses are grey and her "hedges" are of stone. You will find more colour in her waves, her flowers, her birds, her butterflies, her fields, her buildings, and her people, then you will find anywhere else in England. The soft prettiness of our Southern Shires she neither has nor pretends to have, her beauty is bracing and austere, rugged and fine. Let lovers of chocolate-box covers take warning. She is more like El Greco than Greuze.

Old England is everywhere crumbling about our ears, and it is a sorry business trying to find any traces of her nowadays in the Home Counties, but in the Duchy medievalism still exists, the candle lit by the early saints still burns, the age of chivalry is emphatically not dead, and our most remote ancestors still haunt the ancient places.

"Cala Rag Whetlow."

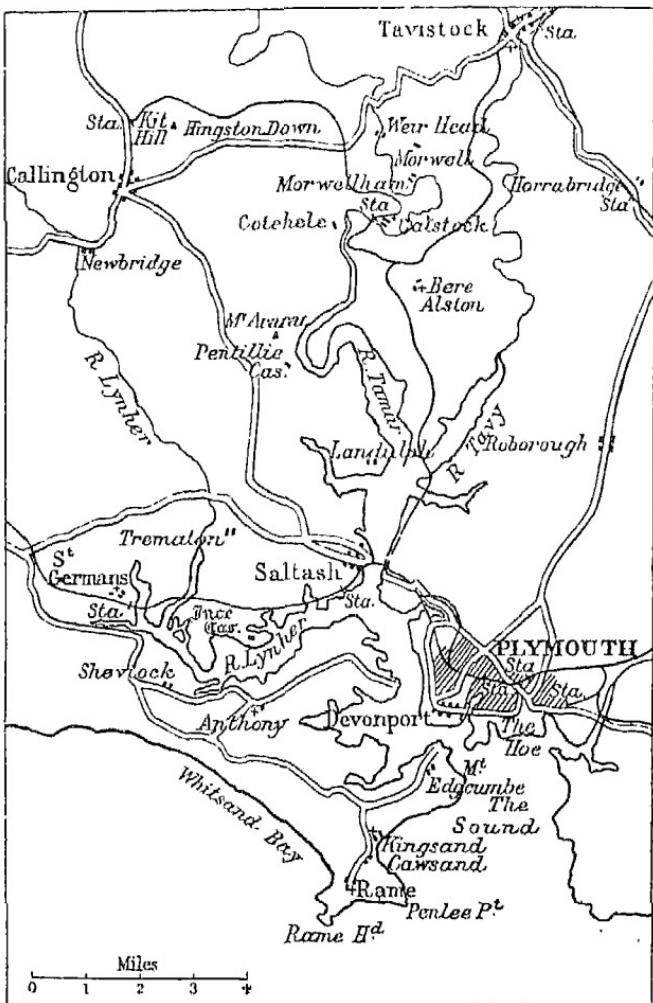
Here are straws enough even for so poor a talebearer as I.

S. P. B. M.

TANSLEY,

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA,
SUSSEX.

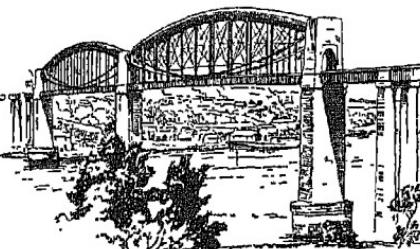
NOTE.—Owing to the kindness of the Cornish Association, the Rev. G. H. Doble, Vicar of Wendron, Mr. Trelawny Roberts, and other correspondents I have been able to rectify a few inaccuracies. Such help is invaluable, and will, I hope, be continued.



THE CORNISH RIVIERA

CHAPTER I ROUND ABOUT SALTASH

COTSMEN are proud and rightly proud of their magnificent Forth Bridge, but they cannot pretend as the visitor crosses from South Queensferry to North Queensferry that he is changing one country for another. Brunel's Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash, majestic and picturesque as it is, cannot compare in length with the bridge over the Firth of Forth, but it is the means, and an almost magic means, of transporting travellers from a county, which, if richer than others, is yet unmistakably an English county, to a Duchy which is in every respect un-English. You shut your eyes going over Saltash Bridge only to open them again on a foreign scene. Cornish cream is not Devonshire cream, the Cornish people are not English people;



SALTASH BRIDGE

from their flat granite stiles to their huge white china-clay pyramidal dumps, they have something to show the visitor that is peculiar to themselves, or if shared, shared only with the Bretons.

The first thing to remember about the county we are about to explore is that it is, in comparison with Devon, small. Its greatest length is only 80 miles, its greatest breadth 46. At its waist-line it is only six miles across, so it is inadvisable to rush through it. Having admired the handiwork of Brunel from the top of the bridge, it is well, though very few people ever think of it, to alight from the train at Saltash and view it from the Tamar, above which it soars at a height of 100 feet above high water.

Saltash itself is full of interest. Where Saltash now stands the old Roman trackway from the east once struck across the water. There were fierce battles here during the Civil War between the men of Cornwall, who remained loyal to the King, and the Puritans of Plymouth, which resulted in the town being taken first by the one and then by the other side. St. Stephen's church possesses a silver chalice over a foot high, of the period of Henry VII, beautifully wrought, and a lead coffin supposed to contain the body of Orgar, father of that famous Elfrida who became, after a most romantic career, Queen of England and mother of Ethelred the Unready.

Landulph, apart from the beauty of its creek, contains in its church a monument dated 1636 to Theodore Palaeologus, who was a descendant of the Palaeologi who were Emperors of Byzantium until 1453. Beyond the next bend of the Tamar is the lovely wooded park of Pentillie, which contains in "mount Ararat" a weird "folly" where sits the image of that eccentric Sir James Tillie, who managed by false pretences to claim a knighthood, having risen from the humblest rank and married a daughter of Sir Harry Vane. When his misstatements

were discovered the College of Heralds revoked his grant of arms and fined him £200. The tower, which is ivy-covered and going to ruin, contains steps at the top of which there is a lobby that ends in a wall containing a peephole. It is through this that one sees the leaden effigy of the extremely unprepossessing knight, looking repulsively life-like. He died in 1712, and left instructions that his body was to be placed in the tower dressed in his best clothes and fastened securely to a chair with his books and pen and ink in front of him.

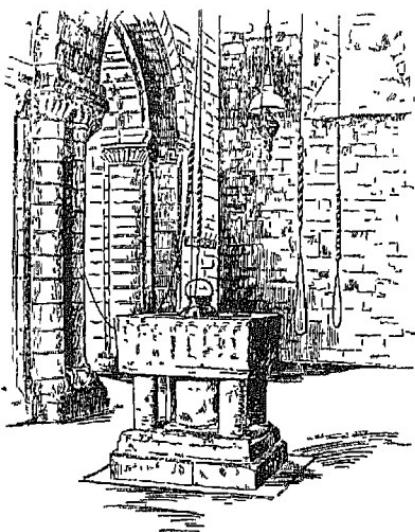
The river here gets narrower and lovelier, with steep woods coming down on either side. A little above Pentillie is Cotehele, the home of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, a four-square castle of granite in which have been preserved all the medieval relics of tapestry, weapons, and furniture, exactly as they were in the reign of Henry VII. One member of this family, who too obviously sided with Henry VII when he was the Earl of Richmond, was hunted down by Sir Henry Trenoweth and only escaped death by the ruse of dropping his cap wrapped in a stone into the Tamar, whereupon his pursuers took it for granted that he was drowned. As a token of gratitude for his lucky escape he afterwards built a chapel on the rock here.

Close by is Calstock, with a fine church standing high above the village, a most satisfying tall stone viaduct of about a dozen arches spanning the Tamar, beautiful woods, and curving reaches of the river. As we go further north the river narrows considerably after Weir Head, but it is worth while going a little higher to see the medieval five-pointed arches of Newbridge, a tin-mining area under the lee of Kit Hill and Hingston Down. On our return journey to Saltash we shall have time to notice other things than the glories of Cotehele, Pentillie, and Landulph, the never-ending succession of herons, curlew, and ringplover, and the cosy hamlets

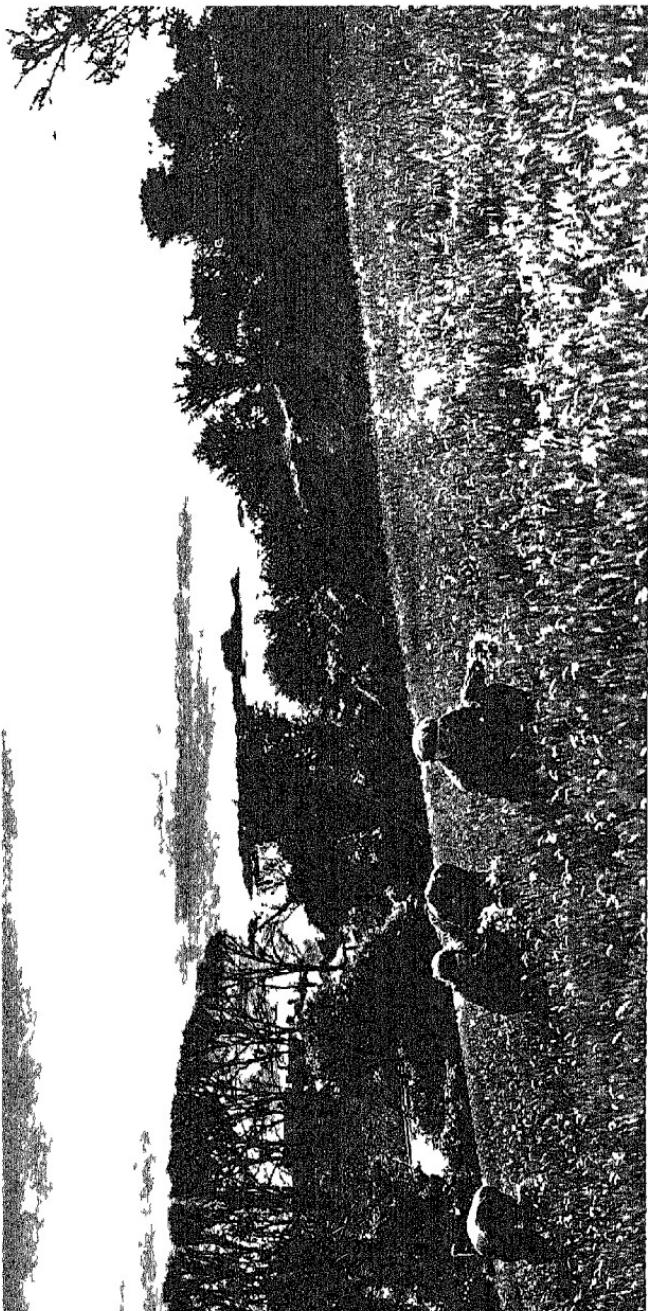
nestling in the myriad creeks. You will, of course, never let your eyes rest for a moment on the Devon banks of the Tamar. It is Cornwall we have come to see. Arrived once more at Saltash we find another river, this time wholly Cornish, to be explored, that of the Lynher.

Very soon this winding tree-fringed creek gives a view of Trematon Castle, or rather of its battlemented keep standing on guard over the house hidden from the river by trees. Here is another fine battlemented ivy-mantled wall enclosing the castle. In 1549 the Cornish rebels, standing for the old religion, managed to get the governor, Sir Richard Grenville, outside under pretence of a parley, and then captured the castle and looted it. "The seely gentlewomen, without regard to sex or shame, were stripped from their apparel to their very smocks, and some of their fingers broken to pluck away their rings." Hereabouts, too, is Ince, where a Killigrew once kept a wife in each of the

four towers. Further up the creek is St. Germans, which contains the most famous church in Cornwall. The ancient bishopric of Cornwall had its seat here from A.D. 930 until it was transferred to Crediton in 1042. It is called after Germans who came over in A.D. 430, and the fine two-towered church standing on the site of the old cathedral dates from 1261 and embodies a good deal



ST. GERMANS CHURCH—FONT
AND BELFRY



In the Flower Fields at Newlyn

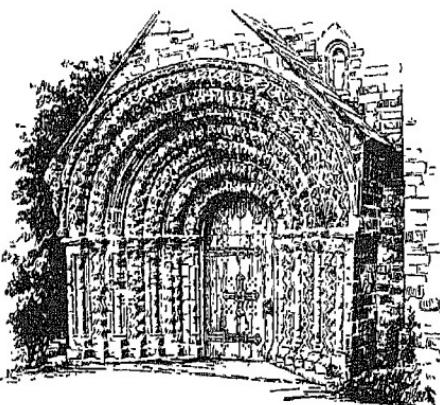


Saltash Bridge

of the Norman work from the older building. The Priory became the property at the Dissolution of John Champernowne who exchanged it with John Eliot for Courtland. Eliots have lived here ever since, and their monuments cover the walls. The most famous of the race, Sir John, died in the Tower for resisting Charles I in 1632.

The Lynher River ends here, but creeks go off in every direction and we return by way of the south bank to Sheviock, the church of which was built by a male Dawnay while his wife was building a barn. When both were completed it was found that the barn cost more to build than the church by 1½d., "and so it might well fall out, for it is a great barn and a very little church," says Richard Carew, Cornwall's earliest and most readable historian, whose death in 1620 is commemorated by a monument in his native church of Antony, which is the next village eastwards on the old coach-road from Plymouth to Falmouth. His "*Survey of Cornwall*," which was published in 1602, is short but extraordinarily informative and interesting.

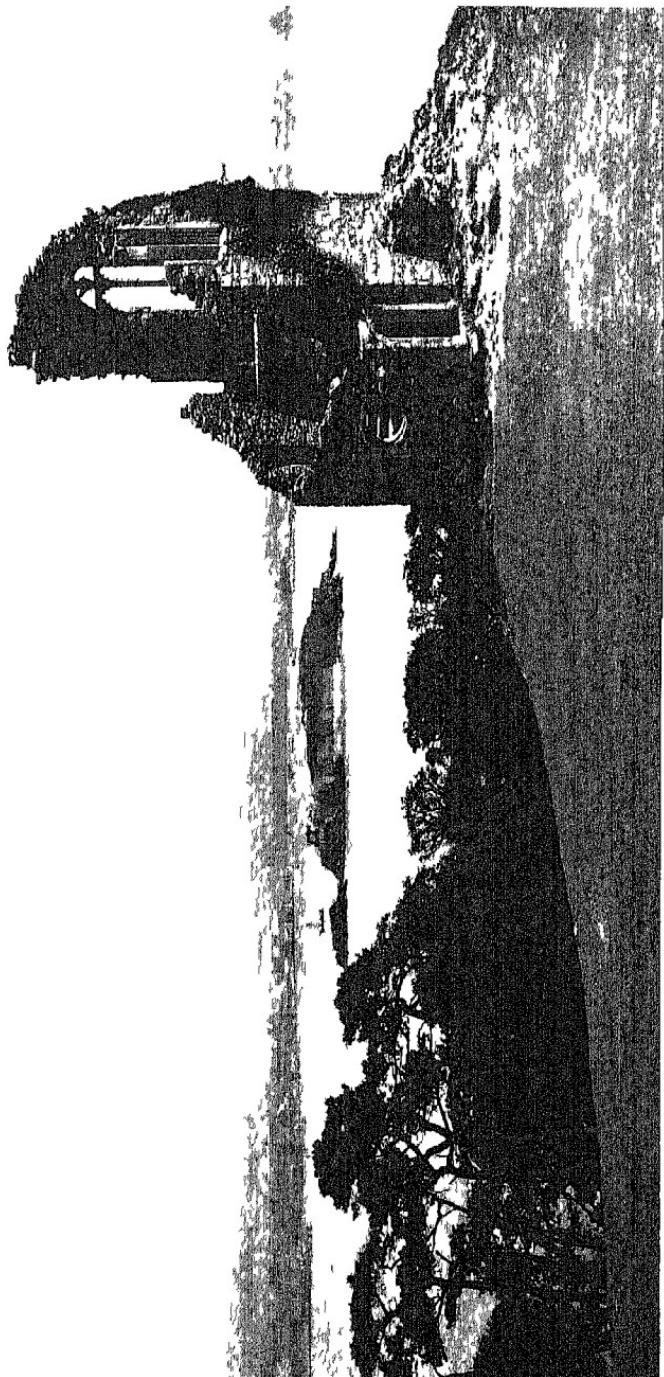
Antony House has been the seat of the Pole-Carews since the fifteenth century, and contains some magnificent old masters. There is a fine view from here of the whole vast area of the Three Towns and Plymouth Sound, and the great Saltash Bridge nowhere shows to finer advantage. To the south lie the great cliffs above Whitsand



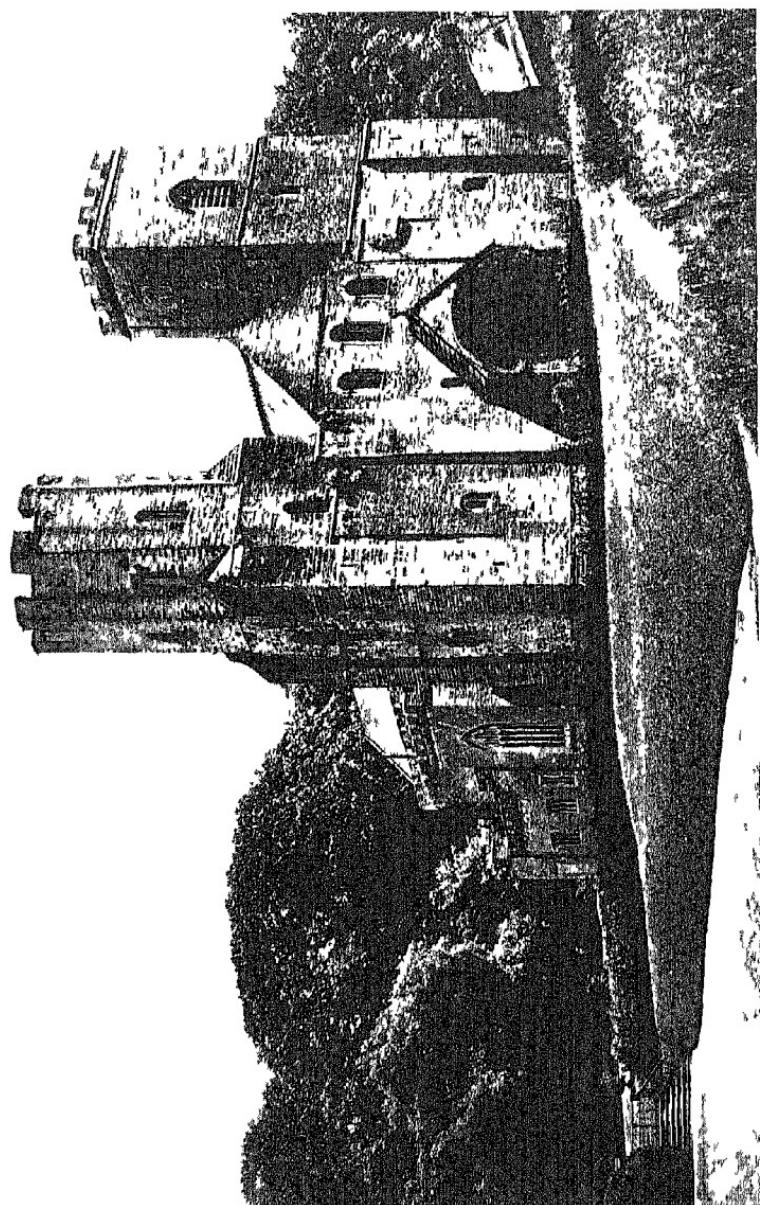
ST. GERMANS CHURCH—NORMAN PORCH

Bay, and we cross a very lonely country above these deserted sands before we reach Rame, the church of which is still lit with candles.

On Rame Head, which is almost an island, there is a restored ancient chapel. To get the best view of the majestic Sound and to see the Hoe at its best it is worth walking on to Penlee Point and so round to Cawsand and Kingsand, once full of smugglers, now the resort of bathers and picnic parties. The crowning beauty of this peninsula is, of course, Mount Edgcumbe, once coveted by Medina Sidonia, Admiral of the Spanish Armada, who marked it down as his own, now the property of Lord Mount Edgcumbe and the pride and joy of all Plymouth who have the free run on certain days of the vast woods and park. The house was built in 1553, and contains many famous portraits. It was held for the King in the Civil War until 1645. Proof of its beauty and popularity is given by the long list of royal personages who have elected from time to time to stay there. Carew said of it : " If comparisons were as lawful in the making as they prove odious in the matching, I would presume to rank it, for health, pleasure, and commodities with any subject's house of any degree in England."



The Ruins, Mount Edgcumbe, and Plymouth Sound



The Church,
St. Germans

CHAPTER II

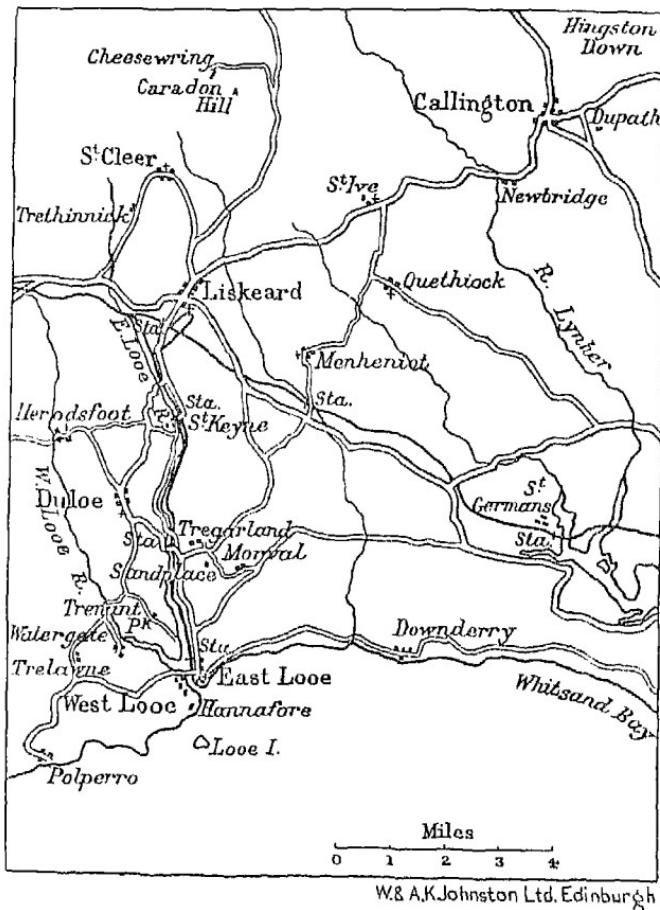
ROUND ABOUT LOOE

YOU get to Looe either by train, via Liskeard, or by walking over the treacherous sands of Whit-sand and the treeless bare downland of Down-derry. If you go by train you ought to get out at Menheniot and have a look at the rich church where William of Wykeham was once rector, and the famous Bishop Trelawny was baptised.

Liskeard is full of interest. Its church is the largest in Cornwall after Bodmin. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III, who was elected King of the Romans, built a castle here, the site of which is now occupied by a police station which was once the Grammar School, and a park. Sir Edward Coke and Edward Gibbon, the historian, represented Liskeard in Parliament. The battle fought in 1643 near by on Braddoc Down between the Royalist Sir Ralph Hopton and the Roundhead Ruthven ended in a Royal victory, and the taking of a thousand prisoners. Charles I slept for nine nights in Stuart House. The Old Pipe Well, formerly St. Martin's Well, is remarkable for the prophecies concerning the future of any girl who touches a certain stone in the cistern with her bare feet.

A little north of Liskeard is St. Cleer. It was at the farm of Trethinnick in this parish that George Borrow's father was born in 1758, but St. Cleer is more famous for its exquisite well, the baptistery of which has been carefully restored with the original stones. The water from

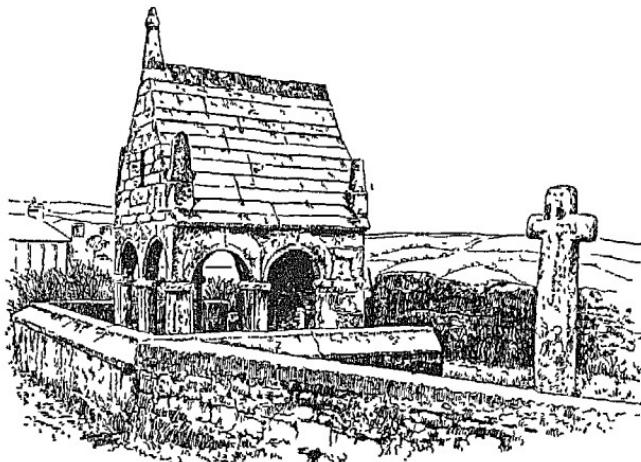
this well, like that of many others, is a cure for madness. About a mile along the way to Caradon Hill we come to six large upright stones supporting a table stone, known as



the Trevethy stones, "the place of the graves." We are now on the sides of Caradon Hill, a wild granite-covered moor plentifully sprinkled with deserted tin-mines. Here are the Hurlers, remains of three large prehistoric circles, so called because certain Cornishmen, persisting in

"hurling" on Sunday, were turned into stone. Close by are two more stones, commonly supposed to represent two more "hurlers" petrified in the act of chasing the ball.

Still further north is that amazing pile of giant stones known as the Cheesewring. The top layers are over thirty feet in circumference while the bottom ones are only half that girth. We are now high enough to see the



ST. CLEER—WELL AND CROSS, NEAR LISKEARD

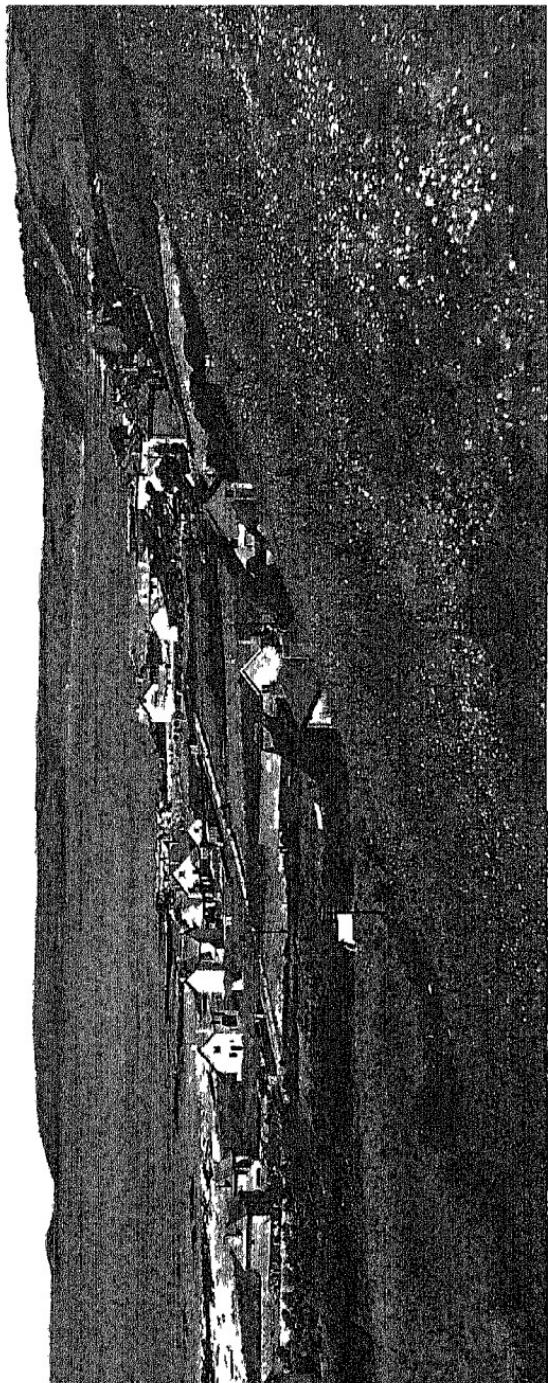
waters of the Atlantic on the north, Dartmoor on the east, the whole English Channel on the south, and the dark Bodmin moors on the west. Close to the Cheesewring is Daniel Gumb's Cavern, once the home of a stonemason who was interested enough in Euclid to cut geometrical drawings on the walls. Near St. Cleer are two stones, one of which, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, is roughly decorated with stars and known as the "other half stone," because there is obviously a place left on the top for a second stone. There is another stone here called King Doniert's Stone, bearing the inscription, "DONI ERT: RO GAUIT PRO ANIMA." Doniert, King of Cornwall, was drowned in 872.

About four and a half miles north-east of Liskeard is St. Ive (pronounced St. Eve), the granite church of which was founded by the Templars and contains a fine wagon roof, the brilliant Royal Arms of Charles II, and a sundial over the porch bearing the inscription, "Quotidie Morior 1695." Quethiock church, a little to the south, has a brass of Isabell Chiverton, the mother of a Lord Mayor of London, showing very well the costume of the early seventeenth century, and another of Roger Kyngedon and Johanna his wife, who had sixteen children. To get to Callington we have to cross the Lynher River at Newbridge, a place of great beauty lying under a huge earthwork known as Cadsdon Bury. Callington was once a prosperous mining and woollen centre. Horace Walpole

represented it in Parliament. There is a fine monument to Lord Willoughby de Broke in the church, dated 1503, showing him in full armour wearing the Garter. The monkish figures lying on the soles are most uncommon. It is unlikely that this is the Killiwic where King Arthur held his court, as better claims have been made for the Kelly Rounds near Wadebridge. About a mile out of the town is Dupath Well, with a fine baptistery, the



LISKEARD—THE CHEESEWRING



Downderry



Looe

walls of which are of granite blocks and the roof of granite bars. The water enters under the threshold, flows across a paved floor in a gutter to a trough, and then through a hole under the east window into a round basin outside. This is easily the most important well in Cornwall. Two Saxons, the poor Sir Colan and the rich commoner Gottlieb, fought for a lady at this spot, and the survivor built the baptistery to celebrate his victory.

We are now on the outskirts of Hingston Down, where Egbert, King of England, in 836 defeated a combined army of Cornish Britons and Norsemen, where in more recent times the hill-sides have been scarred with relics of the mines.

“Hingston Down well ywrought
Is worth London deare ybought,”

ran the old couplet to prove the wealth of this area. It looks sadly impoverished now.

From Liskeard to Looe our path lies along or above the wooded Looe Valley. After about three and a half miles we come to St. Keyne's Well, standing about two hundred feet above the sea. St. Keyne was one of St. Brechan's twenty-six children, an exceptionally lovely and pure maid who performed miracles wherever she



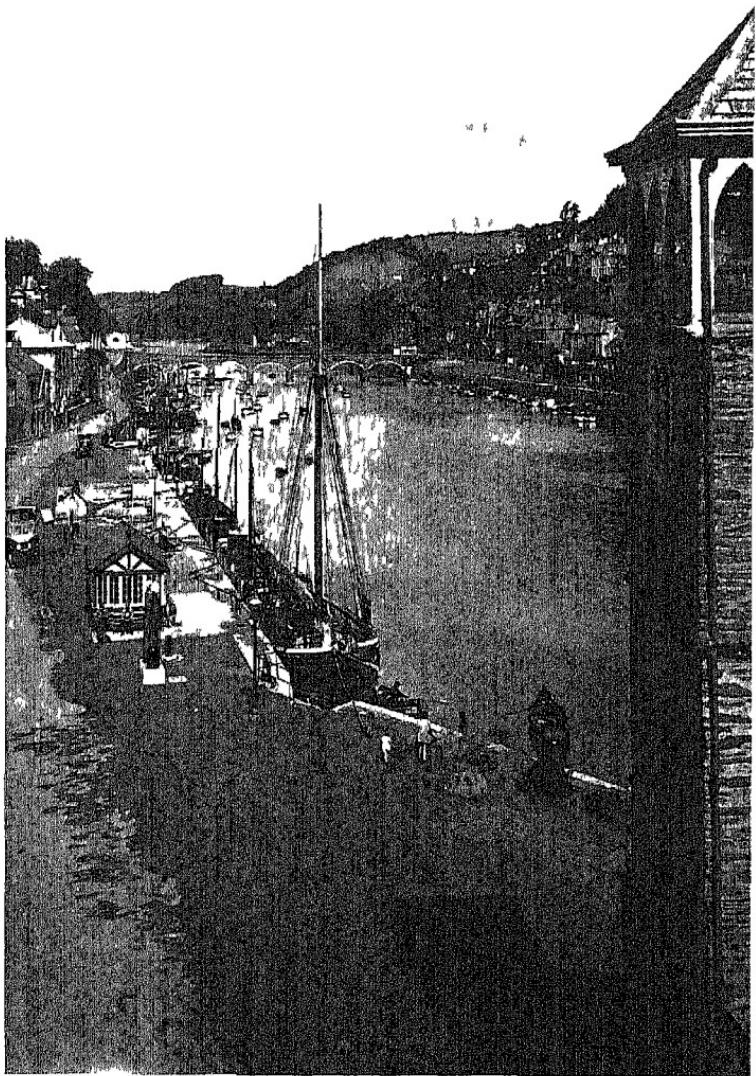
LOOE—ST. KEYNE'S WELL

went. The virtue of her well is made clear by these verses :—

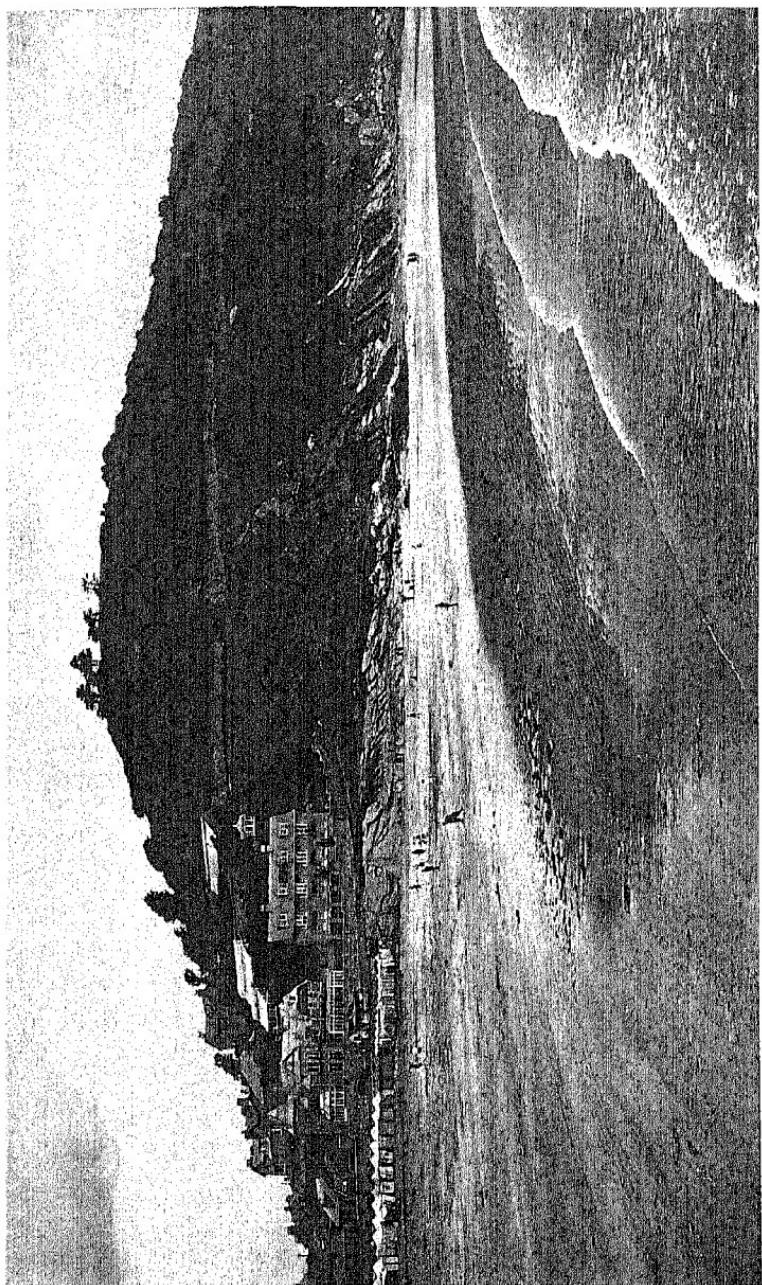
“ If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife
A happy man thenceforth is he
For he shall be master for life.”

It is worth making a detour to visit Herodsfoot, which lies at the head of six valleys on the West Looe river, in a district where silver-lead mines were once worked; but the next village of interest is Duloe, meaning Two Lakes, which lies on high ground between the West Looe river and the East Looe river, and possesses a very small Druid Circle of seven immense stones, a fine church with a massive tower that can be seen for miles round, and a fine effigy in plate-armour of Sir John Colshull, who died in 1483. The church is dedicated to St. Cuby, who has a holy well near by in a lovely glen of willows and wild cherry trees, reached by a flagged pavement. There is a granite seat in the ante-chamber to the well itself, which is, of course, covered in like the others. There is a tradition that some irreverent farmer once tried to remove the basin, but one of his oxen dropped dead on reaching the spot, which he wisely took as an omen and refrained from further sacrilege. Dr. Scott, part-editor of the Liddell and Scott Greek Lexicon, was once rector here.

We drop very steeply after this down a richly-wooded road to the East Looe river valley, cross it at Sandplace, and climb the slopes of Tregarland Tor on the eastern side in order to get a view of the wild coast-line and the moors before going down to Morval, where there is a Tudor house of great beauty in the woods. We go down a valley and climb up the other side to the mother church of East Looe, dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, the first rector, Sir William de Bodrygan, being one of the family who granted so many privileges to the town. There is a seventeenth-century screen erected by Squire Langdon of Keverell, full of queer carved mottoes,



Looe Harbour

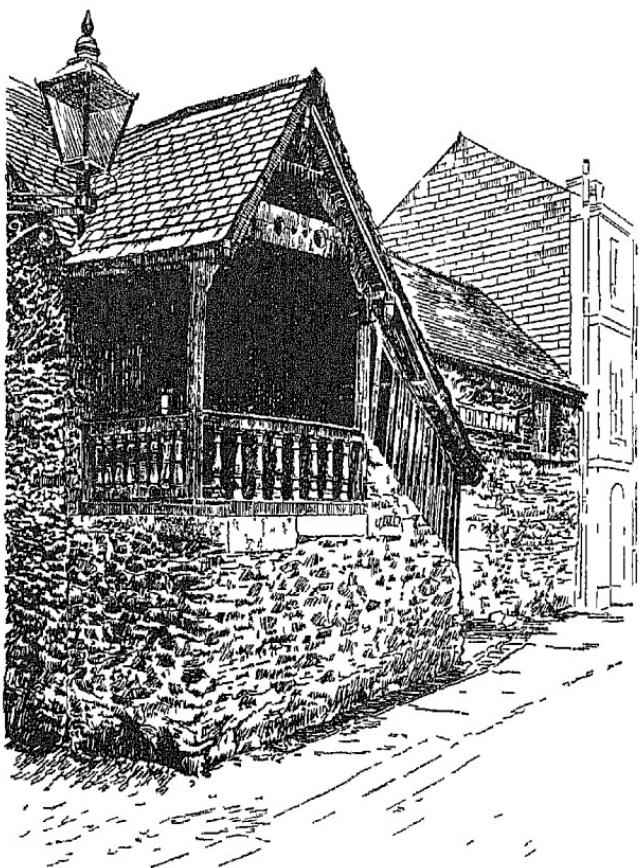


Looe

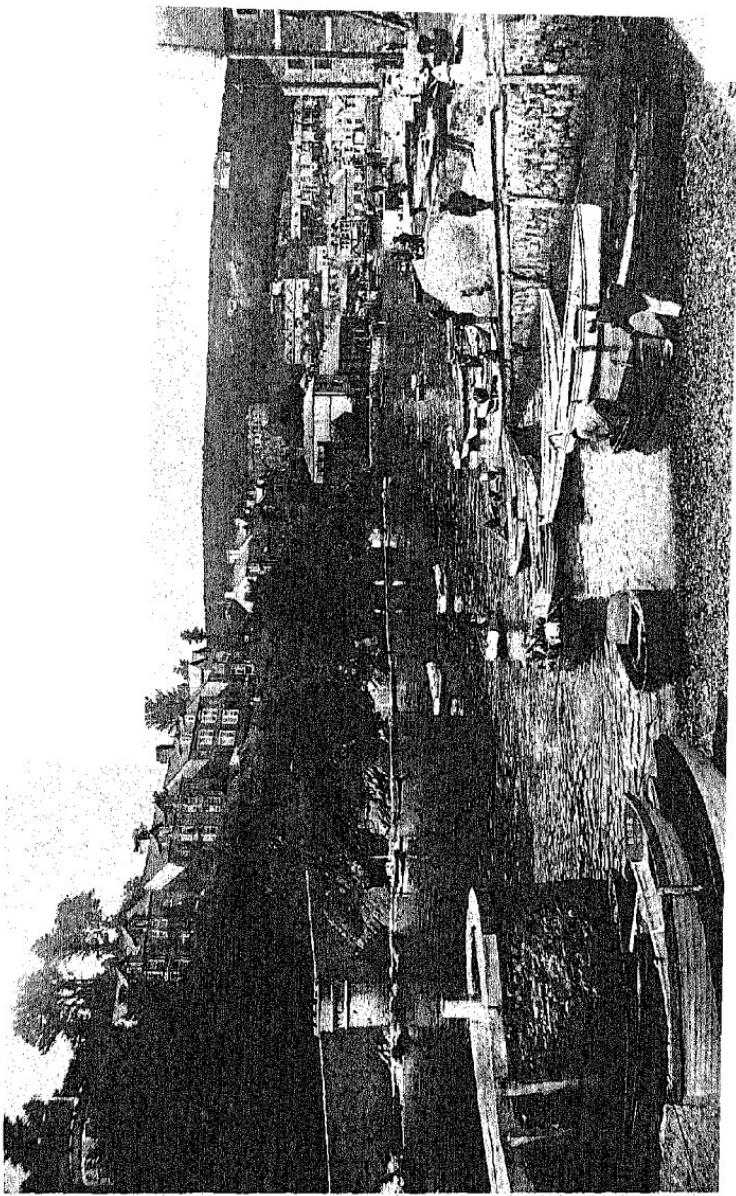
and a marble monument to the last of the family who died in 1676.

From here we look down on Looe, or rather on the two Looes, for there is a Looe on each side of the river, a cluster of closely-packed white houses clinging to the steep banks of a very narrow estuary. Everything is on a toy scale. It has toy beaches, a toy pier in the shape of a banjo, a toy harbour, and even the river, as it winds among the trees, seems to disappear into Lilliputian creeks. There are toy islands and toy rocks, and the seven-arched stone bridge connecting the two towns, in comparison with those at Bideford, Barnstaple, Saltash, and Calstock, seems a toy one. The larger of the two towns is East Looe, a maze of narrow cobbled streets, with gabled overhanging medieval houses even more picturesque than those at Dartmouth, a town which in many ways it resembles.

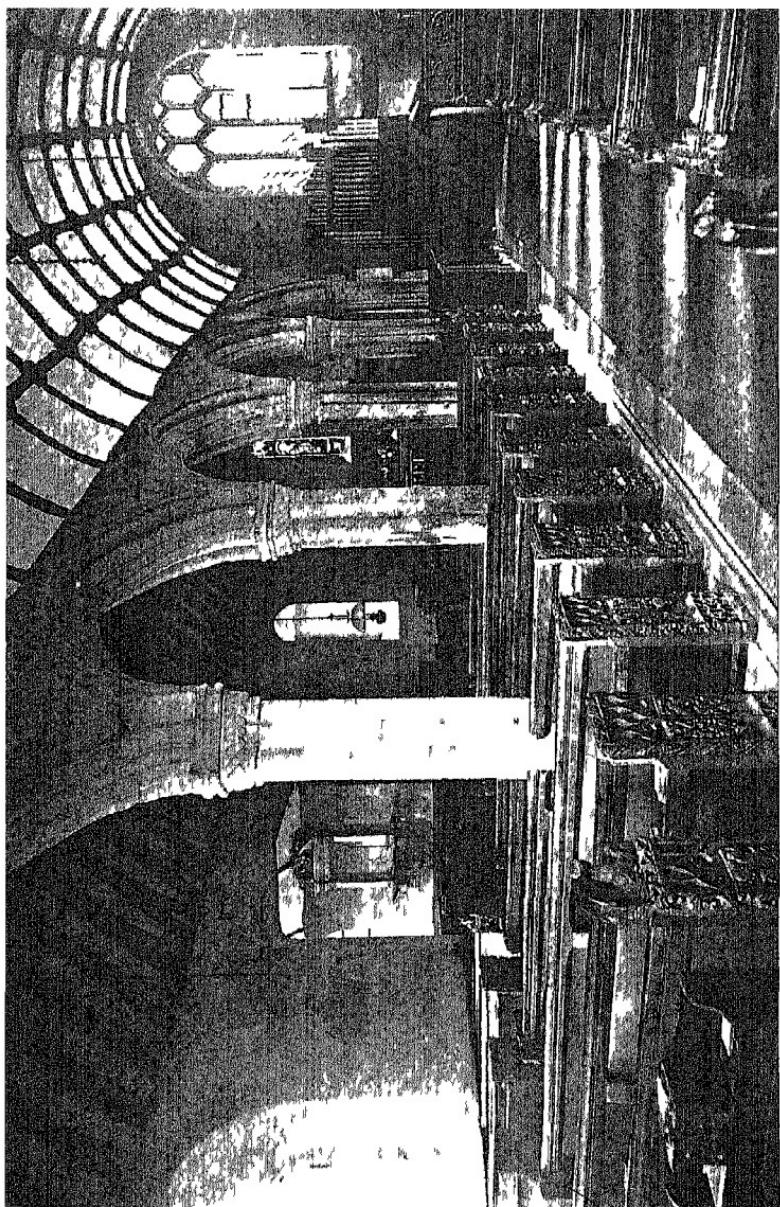
This land-locked natural harbour, with its almost lake-like estuary, is now quiet enough except in August, but in the days of Edward III it sent twenty ships and 315 sailors to the siege of Calais. There is an ancient Meat Market, and a Guildhall with stone stairs and wooden balustrade leading up to the old Council Chamber. Set up in the roof of the porch is one of the few remaining pillories in the country. Among the many picturesque houses in Fore Street is one where Davies Gilbert found ten thousand golden guineas hoarded in a cupboard, and had them conveyed to Liskeard in a farm wagon. The quays are always lively with fishing boats and tramp steamers, trawlers and motor boats, so that the temptation to linger on the bridge or wharf-side is not to be resisted. West Looe, however, has its sights, different from, but no less charming than, those of East Looe. There are, for instance, the Jolly Sailor Inn, with its toppling chimney and picturesque signpost, and the ancient church of St. Nicholas, patron saint of sailors, on the quay-side, with lovely slender campanile tower, which has been in its time used as Guildhall, Justice-room, schoolroom, town



OLD GUILDHALL—LOQE



Looe Harbour



land Church,
e

hall, and theatre. The chancel-rafters were made of wood taken from the Spanish *San Josef*, Nelson's ship at the Battle of St. Vincent.

As we round the tiny headland to the west we come to Hannafore, which is full of ideal bathing-coves, but to those who have been steeping themselves in the medieval atmosphere of the two Looes, it appears modern, happy in the possession of every convenience.

Just off the coast is Looe Island, a mile round and 150 feet high, once containing a chapel, a battery, and a family of Finns who were reported to have exterminated the rats and rabbits by eating them. It was, of course, a favourite resort of smugglers.

One has only to stand on the high ground above Looe to make up one's mind not to leave the town without exploring its waterways. The creeks of the East and West rivers are both well worth exploring, and give the visitor the impression of a Scots loch. The West river takes us between high-wooded banks and steep ravines to Trelawne, where the famous Trelawneys lived, about whom Parson Hawker wrote his famous ballad, and a wide calm water at the end of which is Watergate, where it narrows to a stream just broad enough for a rowing-boat. In this neighbourhood is St. Nunn's, St. Ninnie's, or the Pixies' Well, which is built into a bank between two hedges. There is a very tiny but high-vaulted well-chamber containing a little circular trough. The whole place is overgrown with ferns and lichen. A farmer, fancying this stone basin as another farmer, or perhaps the same one, fancied that at St. Cuby's Well close by, tried to steal it, and actually got as far as taking it away, when it broke from his oxen and rolled back into position, bringing ill-luck both on the farmer and his more innocent oxen.

The East River valley is of course visible from the train as the visitor comes down from Liskeard, but it should be traversed in a boat as well if only to catch a glimpse of the

dark lake, all covered with water-lilies, which lies just inside the lodge gates of Trenant Park. It is not easy to exhaust the loveliness of these quiet bird-haunted reaches, or the peace of these two lochs, but the more enterprising will be anxious to get out to sea and explore the fine rugged rock scenery which from now on will be our lot whenever we leave the safety of the harbours.

But in addition to forbidding high jagged rocks, there is a succession of nameless sandy coves on either side of Looe on which you may bask or search for prawns to your heart's content, undisturbed by any crowd or even isolated human being.

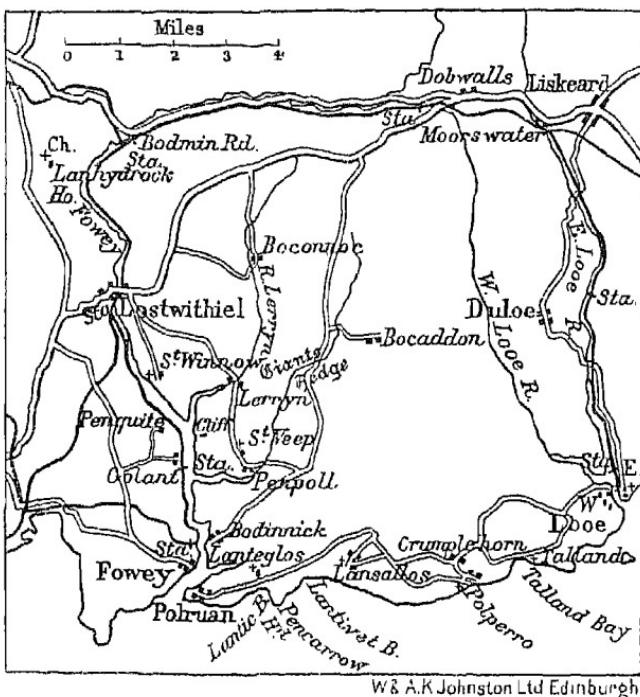
CHAPTER III

FROM LOOE TO FOWEY

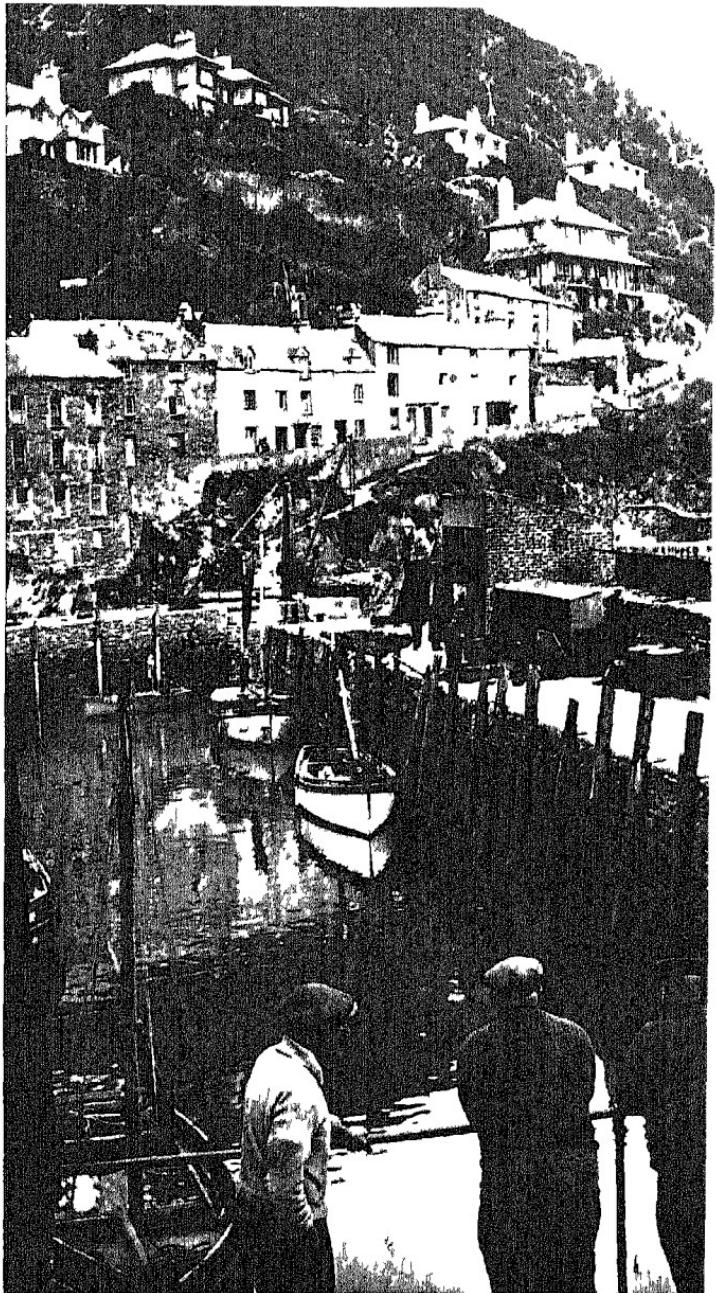
THE first place of interest on your way westwards out of Looe, whether you go by land or water, is Talland, the mother parish of West Looe, as St. Martin is of East Looe. The church, which has a detached campanile tower, contains a fine memorial to John Beville of Killigarth, dated 1578, with an epitaph containing many obsolete heraldic terms. A cousin of this Beville married Sir Richard Grenville of Stow, who became the grandfather of that most famous Sir Richard who captained the *Revenge*. His son married another Beville, inherited Killigarth, and was the father of that most illustrious leader of the Civil War, Sir Bevill Grenville, who was killed at Lansdown. The rector here between 1713 and 1746 was "Parson Dodge," who exorcised devils, and, finding the Archfiend himself one dark night driving his sable coach and headless horses over the downs, put him to flight with incantations. There is an epitaph in the churchyard to a smuggler shot by a Preventive. Just below the church is Talland Sand, a bay of many fine rocks but few sands, which we cross in order to gain our first view of Polperro, which to me stands out as the most picturesque of all Cornish villages.

The houses of Polperro tumble about each other's ears down the rocky and steep valley much as they do at Clovelly, but whereas Clovelly has only one street Polperro seems to have a hundred, each one of them about as wide as the foot-

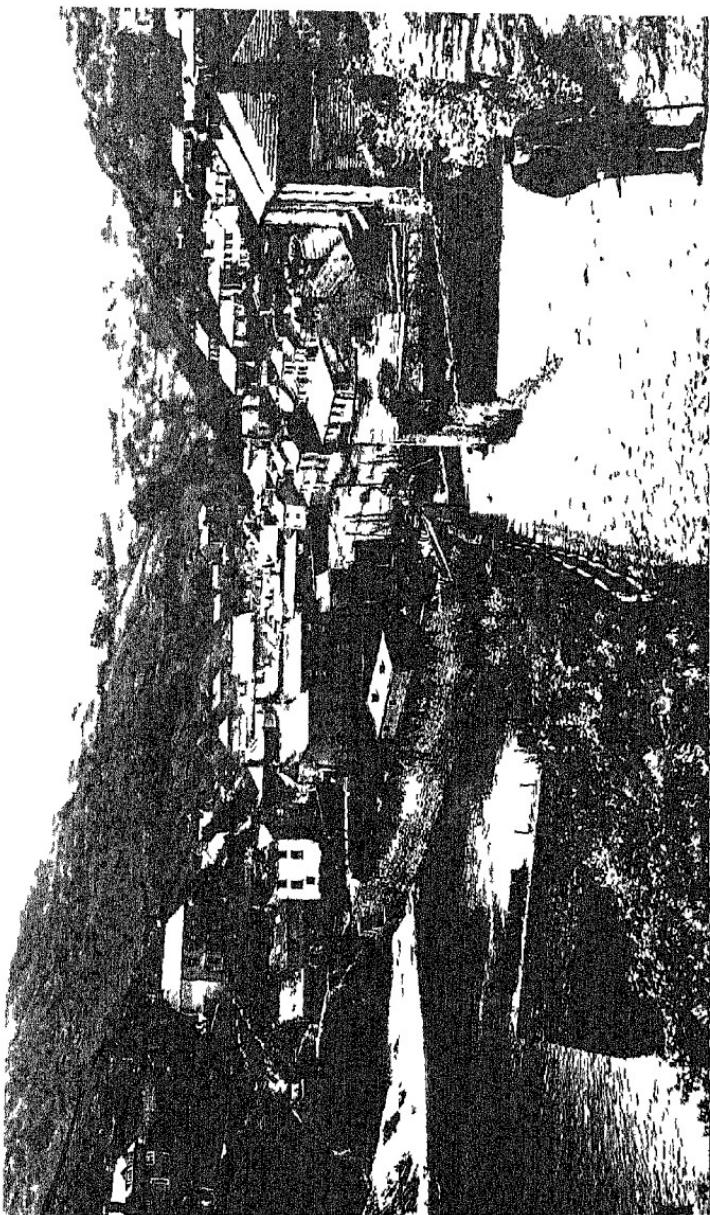
path in Bond Street. Cliffs to the east and west rising about four hundred feet suddenly stop at the entrance to the harbour, and white houses cling to their steep sides with the tenacity of mountain goats. The harbour has a double quay-head of grey granite, decked always with tarred fishing-lines. It is crowded with screaming gulls,



trawlers, and luggers. The smell of the fish-market reminds one of Brixham, but the one-time prosperity of the village has gone. Crowded as the narrow cobbled streets are with visitors, catering is not so profitable as smuggling, and every house, with its secret entrances, cupboards, and exits, bears witness to a fine display of ingenuity called into being by the appearance of the Preventive Men, for whom the inhabitants were unable

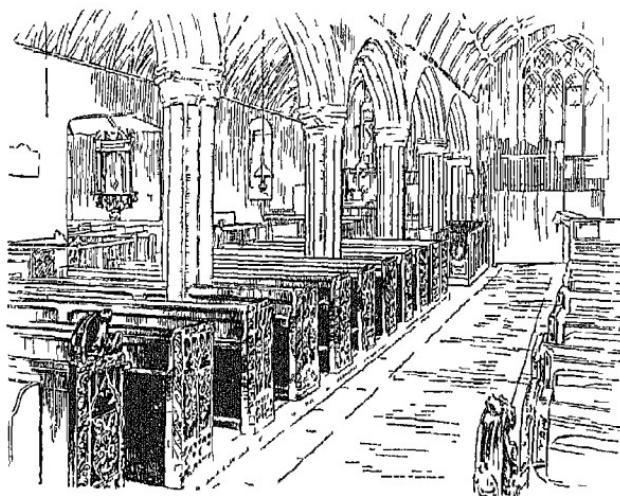


Polperro



Polperro

even to find room, so that they had to live on board an old ship moored to the quay. Among the famous houses are The House on the Props, which is propped up over the river, Rafiel, an ancient manor a little way outside which once owned the harbour rights, and Jonathan Couch's house where the grandfather of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch,



TALLAND CHURCH, NEAR LOOE—CARVED PEW ENDS

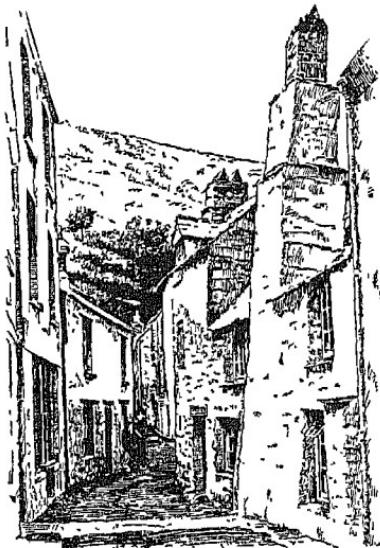
Cornwall's finest romantic historian, lived. It is difficult to move through its crowded alleys without knocking against one or more artists' easels.

The angles of the topsy-turvy houses, the colours of the blue sea, and the darker blue slate rocks, the movement of the boats and the fishermen and the birds, the unexpectedness of each fresh angle, the outside staircases, the arched rooms and tiny windows, the Italian packing-house for the salted pilchards, all these and a thousand other strange sights give the artist pause, and result in more pictures of Polperro being painted than of any other English village. Queerly enough many of them are good. The

main industry, after painting, is made evident from this couplet :—

" Here's a health to the Pope : may he never know sorrow,
With pilchards to-day and pilchards to-morrow."

A great export trade is done with Italy when there is a good haul of pilchards, but it is an irregular and precarious fish to have to rely on. At low tide it is good to descend the ladders from the cottages or the quay and just watch the gulls. Nowhere else in England are there so many. No Cornishman will ever ill-treat a gull, and it is generally believed that boats will be lucky in their hauls in direct proportion to the number of gulls that follow in their wake, which is not unnatural in view of the fact that the gulls detect the shoals long before the fishermen do. Every chimney-pot and roof and masthead has its own gull, each with its individual harsh laugh and cry and unceasing chattering " Kyah " and " Kak-kak-kak " enlivening the peaceful cove.

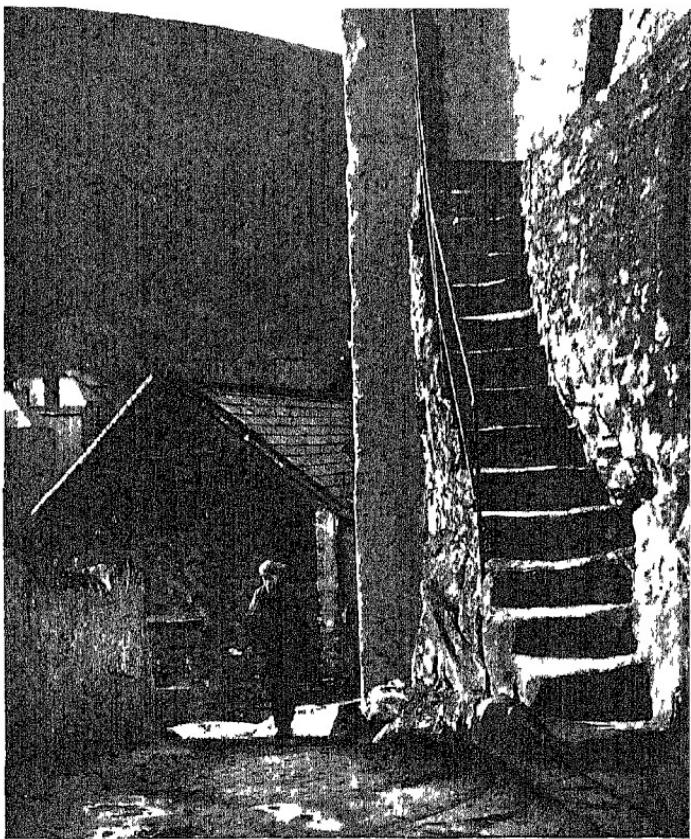


POLPERRO—COUCH'S HOUSE

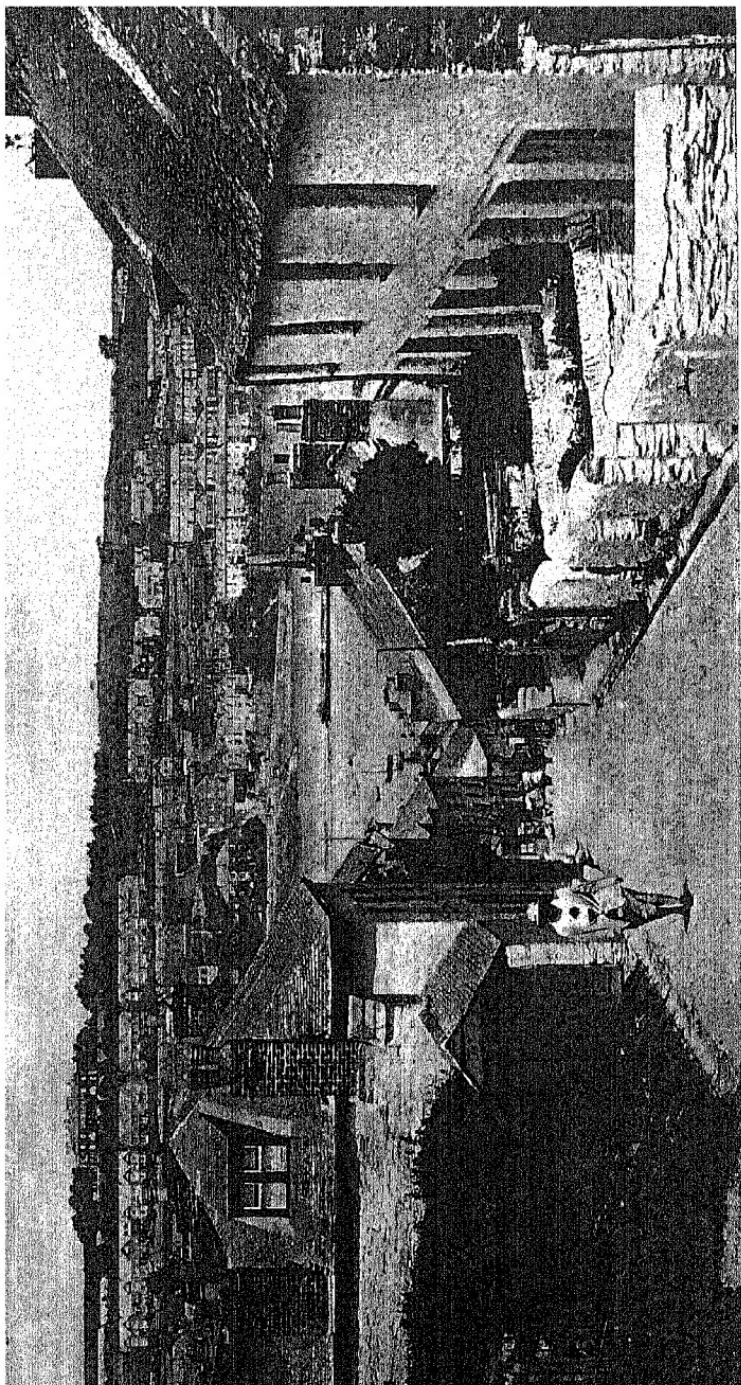
There are cliff walks above the rocks to the west and good bathing pools and endless rocks from which to dive into the clear blue water. Hugh Walpole once lived at the house with the green shutters, and Angela Brazil, writer of girls' school-stories, still lives in a white house on the opposite hill.

The way out of Polperro is up a long winding narrow street past Crumplehorn Mill, up a fine valley to Lansallos, where

Polperro



**Polperro
Harbour**



Polruan, looking towards Fowey

there is a fifteenth-century church with Norman font, richly carved bench-ends, and two thirteenth-century stone effigies. There is a secluded and very picturesque bathing-beach just below at Lantivet. It is worth while climbing beyond this over Pencarrow Head to get an amazing coast view stretching from Start Point to the Lizard.

Just the other side of Lantic Bay lies Lanteglos, the finest of all the churches in this area, being long and low with a high granite tower, carved bench-ends, wagon roof, and old stained glass. There is a brass of Thomas de Mohun in plate armour, and another to John Mohun and his wife Anne, who died in 1508 of "sweating sickness." Outside the door is one of the most richly carved of all Cornish crosses. Its shaft is decorated with crosses and quatrefoils, while the four canopies in the head contain representations of the Virgin and child, and the Crucifixion. There is a good deal of old oak panelling bearing coloured heraldic devices just inside the church.

A short walk over the fields parallel with the creek brings us to Polruan, which is to Fowey what Kingswear is to Dartmouth, and Portlemouth is to Salcombe, a steep village facing with quiet equanimity its more prosperous and



LANTEGLOS CHURCH

popular neighbour across the water. A glorious view of the coast is to be got from Blackbottle Rock and everyone allows that the best view of Fowey is to be got from the steep street of white Polruan.

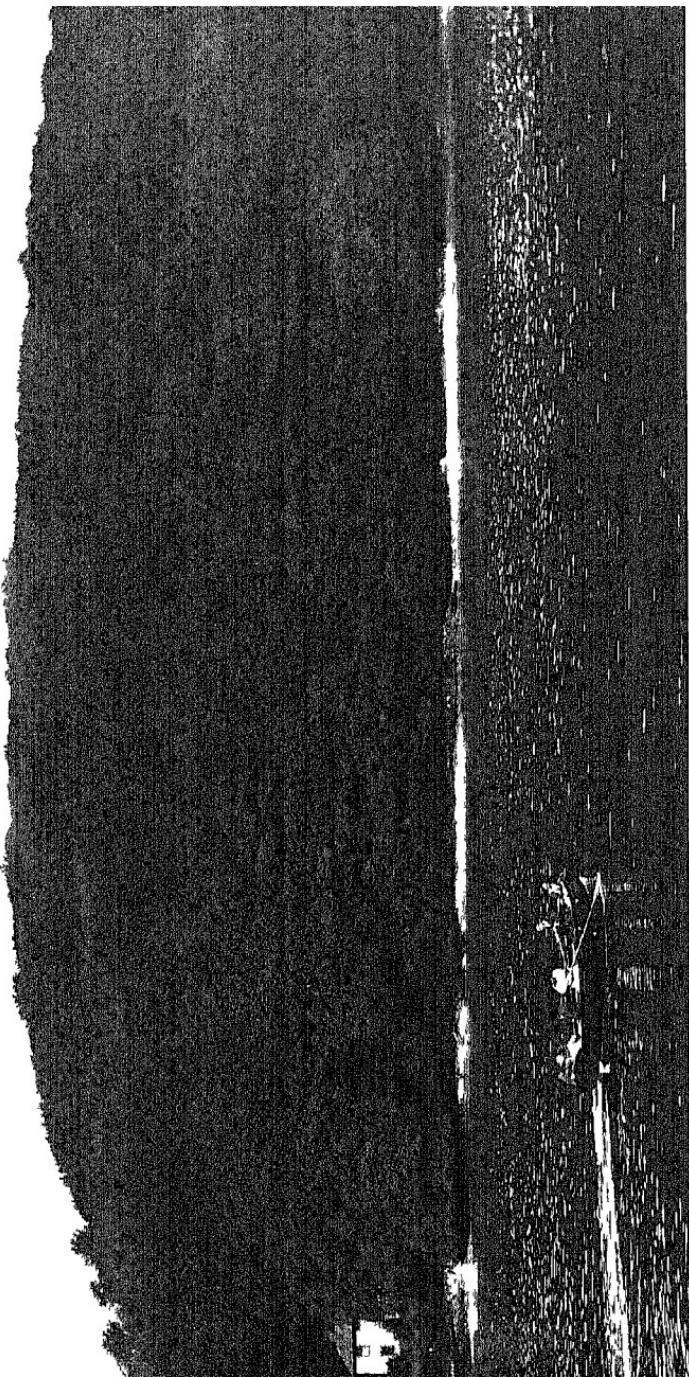
The way from Looe to Fowey, by way of the railway, passes through some of the loveliest scenery in all Cornwall. First comes that glorious combination of woodland and tidal water up the East Looe river, mile upon mile of ravine ending at Liskeard, where we merely exchange one wooded valley for another even finer.

After passing the fine Moorswater Viaduct and the village of Dobwalls, the road crosses the Fowey river and, for seven miles, runs by its side through one of the most majestic wooded valleys in England. It is better appreciated from the train than from the road, for the railway line runs high up the southern bank of the ravine, and gives views not only of the river pouring down over its cascades far down in the main gorge, but also of other great valleys coming in from St. Neot, Warleggan, and Cardinham with their tributary streams. Beyond Bodmin Road Station the line turns south, with the river still on its right hand, through the estates of Lanhydrock, Cornwall's most famous country house, the Tudor home of Lord Robartes, where the infamous John Tregeagle, of whom we shall hear much before we leave the Duchy, was one-time steward. There is a finely-decorated gatehouse, built in 1651, and one wing stands as it was before the great fire of 1881, with its ornate gallery 116 feet long hung with Romneys and Lelys, and its shelves filled with rare medieval manuscripts. Sir Richard Grenville captured it for the King from Lord Robartes, who not only had it restored to him by Parliament, but rose to be Lord Privy Seal and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under Charles II, who gave him the further titles of Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor. Close to the house is the Church of St. Hydrock, which contains a monument to George Carminow, dated 1599, bearing a



Bodinnick, near Fowey

On the River, Fowey



Cornish motto : "Cala rag whetlow." There is a fine avenue of sycamores leading from the barbican to the river. In the grounds, reached by way of a green ride aglow with deep red rhododendrons and saffron butterflies, is the great circular keep, once 9 feet thick and 30 feet high, of Restormel, built in Norman days on the site of an old Celtic stronghold. It is now an old ruin on a grass mound, standing above the trees overlooking the eastern and southern reaches of the Fowey River. It would be difficult to match its situation for inland beauty anywhere.

On the other side of the railway lies the wooded park of Boconnoc Manor, which belonged in William I's reign to Robert de Mortain, then to the Carminows, the Courtenays and the Mohuns, the last of whom was killed in 1713. Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, the owner of the Pitt diamond, then bought it with half the proceeds of the diamond which he sold to France for £135,000, and William Pitt the elder spent his youth here. Charles I took up his quarters here and was fired at as he stood under one of its oaks, which in consequence has always borne parti-coloured leaves. The church is fourteenth-century.

We are now in Lostwithiel, in the greenest and richest part of the greenest and richest of Cornish valleys, a peaceful town of white houses clustering round a church which possesses an octagonal thirteenth-century lantern spire, a brass effigy of Tristram Curteys, dated 1423, and a



LOSTWITHIEL—RESTORMEL
CASTLE RUINS

carved font of Pentewan stone with figures of lions, a hare and a dog, a knight and hawk, and a hideous face crowned with snakes “In contempt of Christianity, Religion and the church,” Cromwell’s men brought a horse to the font and christened it Charles. The Provost-Marshal imprisoned his captives there, and made a vain effort to blow up some of them who had taken refuge in the belfry. Lostwithiel, the meaning of which is perhaps “the palace in the wood,” was granted by Henry III to the Earl of Cornwall, and became the sole coinage town in Cornwall. It was then the capital of the Duchy.

The grey nine-arched bridge over the Fowey is fourteenth-century. Addison once represented the borough in Parliament. A bloodthirsty battle was fought on St. Winnow Downs between a hundred picked boys of the Roundheads and a like number of Royalists, the result of a challenge, which ended in wholesale slaughter on both sides. St. Winnow church is close to the river’s edge, with steps leading right on to the mud flats, and is full of interesting windows and bench-ends. Two heroes, called Melville and Coghill, who died to save the Colours at Isandhlwana, are here commemorated. The river now widens considerably, and is for the rest of the journey tidal.

We pass first the mansion of Penquite, and then the village of Golant, which possesses a holy well, fine orchards and some old glass in its ancient church. Warwick, the “King Maker,” held Lantyan in this neighbourhood, once the castle of King Mark. On the further, eastern bank of the river is a creek leading up the Lerryn River to the village of that name, famous for its regatta and the “Giant’s Hedge,” a stone wall of great antiquity, accounted for by this couplet :—

“One day the Devil, having nothing to do,
Built a great hedge from Lerryn to Looe.”

Below Cliff, on the eastern bank, famous for its plum gardens, is another creek known as Penpoll, which leads to St. Veep, where there is a fourteenth-century church containing an old font and a monument to Nicholas Courtenay. If we follow the Trebart water up we regain the Giant's Hedge below Bocaddan. Also on the eastern side is Bodinnick, a tiny hamlet on the side of a steep hill, possessing an old inn, a new white house owned by Sir Gerald du Maurier, and a ferry.

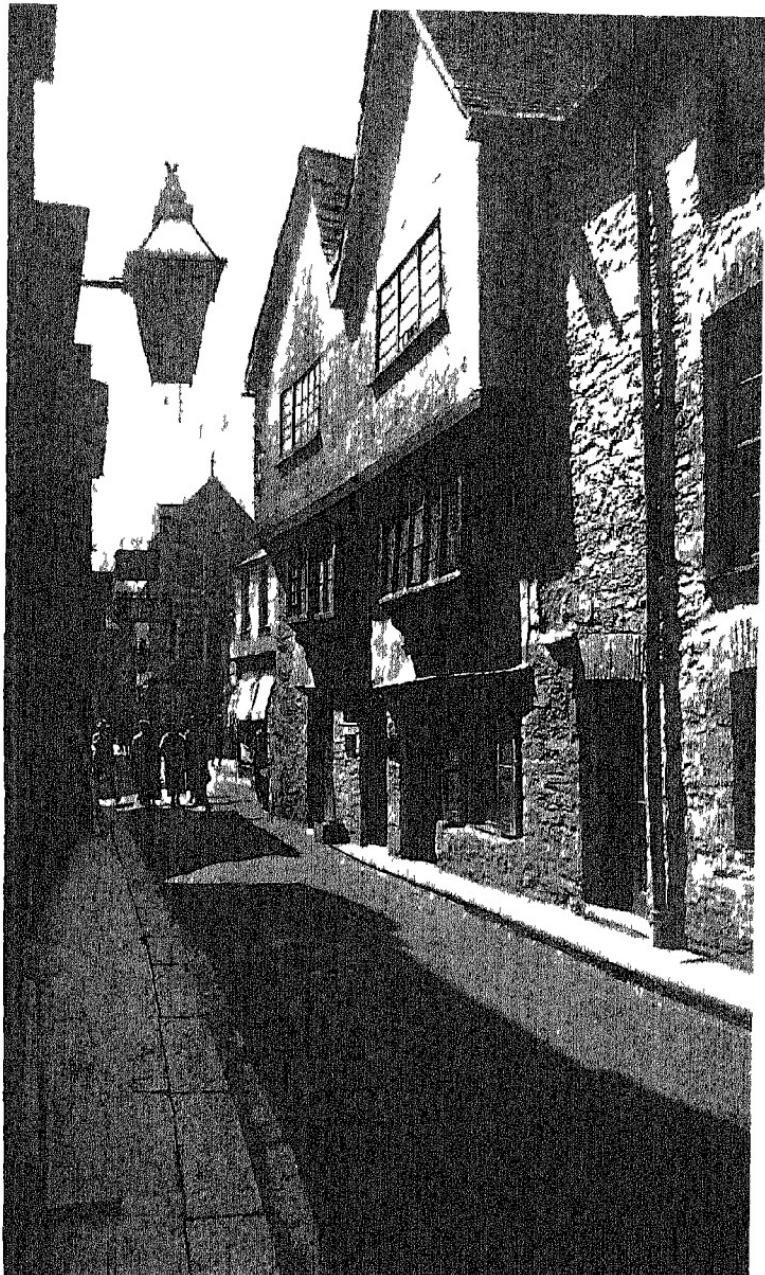
The six miles of water between Lostwithiel and Fowey are not to be described by just pointing out the interesting villages and creeks that one encounters en route. There are huge ocean-going vessels moored a long way up the estuary in strange contrast to the quiet bird-haunted woods that come down to the water's edge on either side. There is always life on these waters, and, as one approaches Fowey, so much variety of craft as to bewilder even a man much accustomed to harbour-life.

CHAPTER IV

FROM FOWEY TO ST. ANTHONY-IN-ROSELAND

FOWEY, pronounced Foy, is the Dartmouth of Cornwall, as full of history and set in similar surroundings. The houses are all huddled together on the side of a steep hill just as they are in Dartmouth, and the church is equally noticeable, if much darker inside. The whole place is dominated by the family of Treffry, whose seat, Place, just at the back of the church, has two wonderful Henry VII bay windows which look as if they had stepped out of King's College Chapel. Its high towers are less pleasing. Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, was born in this house, which in 1457 was held by Dame Elizabeth Treffry in the absence of her husband against the French, when they sacked the town but failed to penetrate her defences. The church was rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and has many heraldic shields, a Norman font, a pulpit supposed to be made from the oak of a Spanish galleon, and monuments to the Rashleighs and the Treffrys, one as early as 1336.

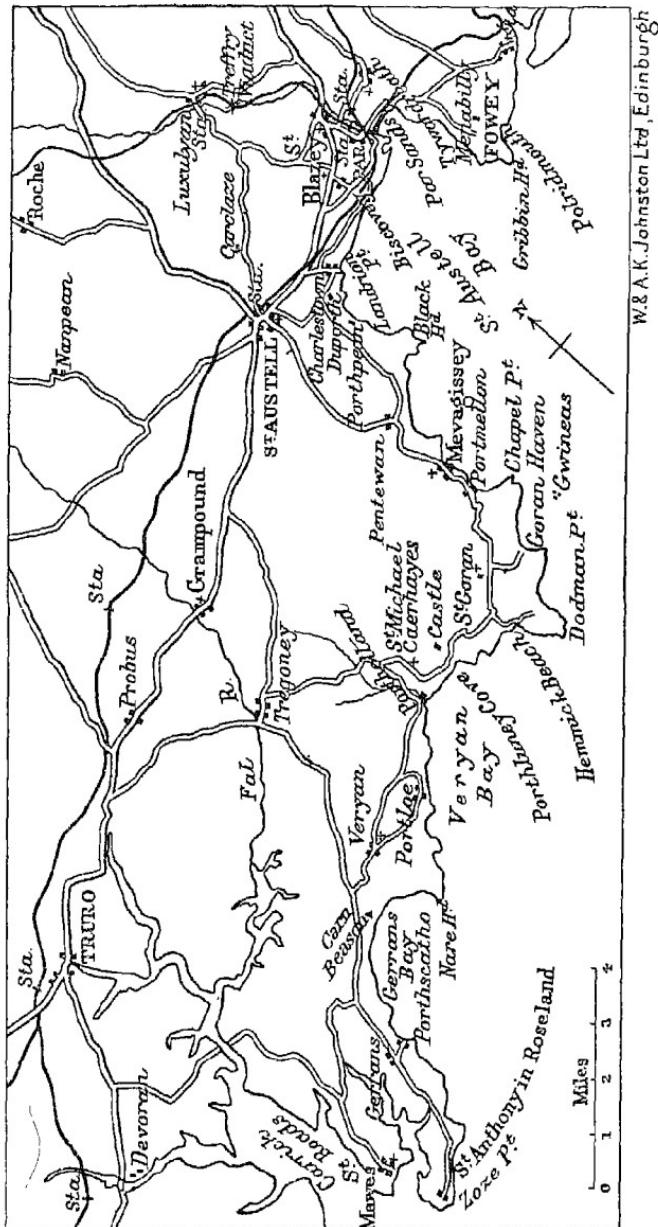
The history of the town is the history of England. It sent 47 ships and 770 men to the siege of Calais. London, it may be remembered, mustered 25 ships for that exploit. The fishermen of the town became known as the "Fowey Gallants" after their refusal to "vaile their bonnets" to the ports of Rye and Winchelsea. When Edward IV made peace with France, Fowey carried on the war on her own, slitting the ears and cutting off the nose of the King's



"Noah's Ark," Fowey



Mouth Cove,
Fowey



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messenger who was sent to remonstrate with them. For this piece of "gallantry" they lost the great chain that used to hang across their harbour. They continued to harry the coast of France both in war-time and peace-time, and in Henry VIII's reign built St. Catherine's Fort to protect their town. In the Civil War, Essex took the town, but lost it again with 6000 of his men. A dutch frigate, in 1666, tried to chase our Virginian fleet of merchantmen into the harbour, but was beaten off by the fort guns.

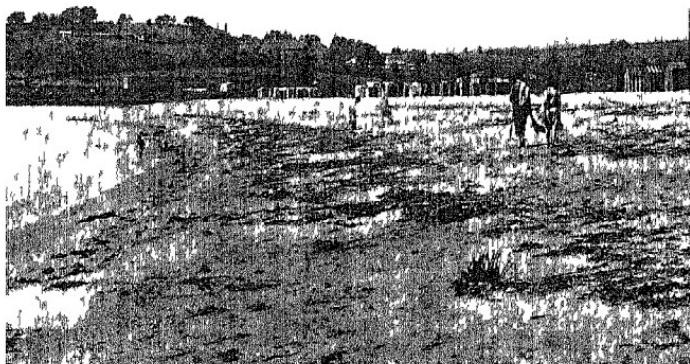
The great disadvantage of modern Fowey as against Dartmouth is that the main street, running parallel with the river, has houses on both sides, so that no water can be seen. The same is true of Salcombe. There are quays and landing-places, but for bathing-coves you have to go to the extreme south of the town. The pity of it is that Fowey depends to-day solely on a view of the water to interest the visitor, for it is here that she is most alive. From her jetties are shipped annually not less than a million

tons of china-clay, and those who appreciate the intricacies of engineering should go and see the latest methods of lading which proceeds at the rate of 240 tons an hour. The harbour is, of course, full of steamers and sailing yachts of every size and power. As a centre for excursions by sea or land Fowey is admirable, and it is fun trying to regain the atmosphere created by "Q" in "Troy Town," by exploring



FOWEY—ANCIENT PORCHWAY
ST. FIMBARRUS CHURCH

Cornish
Coast,
near Par



Par Sands



yardreath, Par

this neighbourhood in detail. As the town has been extensively enlarged to meet the demands of a modern resident population and an ever-increasing number of visitors, it is not always easy to do this in Fowey itself.

Having come into Fowey by way of the river, it makes a good change to leave it by way of the coast which is both rocky and wooded. After climbing up and down a number of steep combes we come to a good beach at Polridmouth, where there is a famous grotto filled with polished stones,



POLRUAN AND FOWEY HARBOUR

shells, and stalactites. In the middle there is a table on which stand thirty-two triangular pieces of granite, all, with the exception of two, dissimilar. The girl who detects the perfectly-matched pair will herself be perfectly matched within the year.

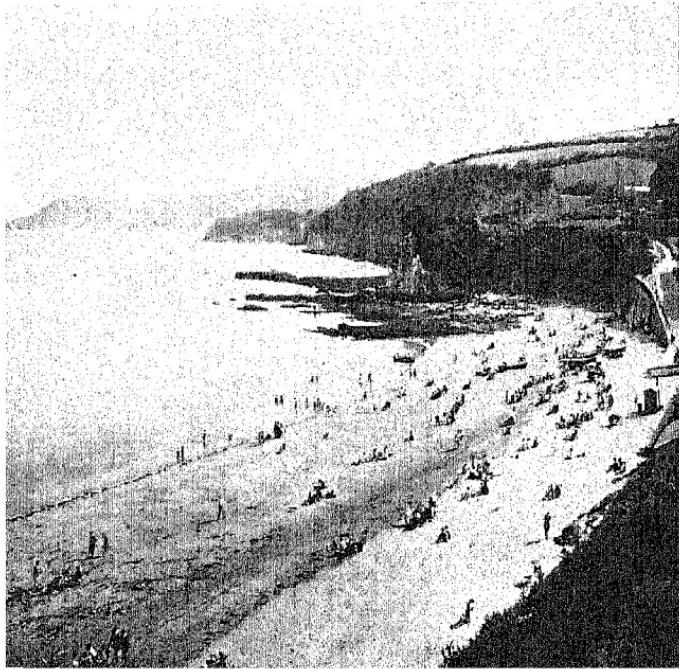
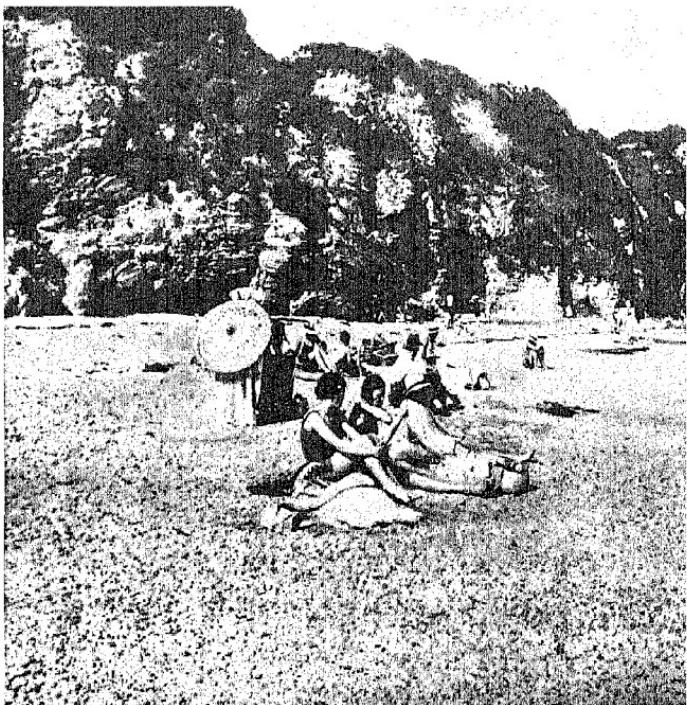
We are now at the foot of Gribbin Head which provides a view of St. Austell Bay and the whole coast from the Dodman to Start Point. Just inland from here are the woods of Menabilly, where is a famous Long stone, eight feet high, bearing the inscription : "CIRVSIVS HIC JACIT CVNOMORI FILIUS." From here we drop down to Par Sands, one of the finest expanses of sands in Cornwall, which bears witness to the energy and enterprise of the Treffrys of Fowey, for here, in the middle of this most picturesque country, a Treffry built mines, canal, smelting works, and his famous

"Par Stack," a great chimney 235 feet high. As the whole district is white with china-clay dumps it is scarcely necessary to add that it is a prosperous area. Just here is Tywardreath, "the town-place on the sands," where there was a Benedictine Priory, the sculptured stones of which are supposed to have been shipped for Angers at the Dissolution by the last Prior, Thomas Colyns, who lies buried in the fourteenth-century church.

At St. Blazey we are partly among woods, especially at Scobell, which has an ivy-covered tower, and partly among mines. The church is fourteenth-century and dedicated to St. Blaise. The most noteworthy point about this village is that it is the birthplace of Ralph Allen, who reformed the postal system of England, and, under the name of Allworthy, appears in "*Tom Jones*." It is also the starting-point for one of the most glorious walks in all Cornwall, up the Luxulyan Valley, where the rarest and most graceful ferns grow in wild woodland glades carpeted with hyacinths, bluebells, and daffodils. Huge granite boulders stand perilously on the steep sides of the gorge, looking as if they were about to sweep away all the trees in their passage down to the milk-white water of the river. The pillars of the church of Luxulyan, dedicated to SS. Cyricius and Julitta, are made of huge monoliths of granite, and the whole moorland beyond bears traces of deserted mines. In addition to tin and granite, porphyry is found here, one block of which, weighing 70 tons, was used as a sarcophagus for the Duke of Wellington. Standing high above the dense woods, is the ten-arched Treffry viaduct, nearly 100 feet high and 700 feet long, made entirely of granite, and there is a waterfall, 200 feet high, which is unlike any other in the world, for the china-clay makes it look like a cascade of milk.

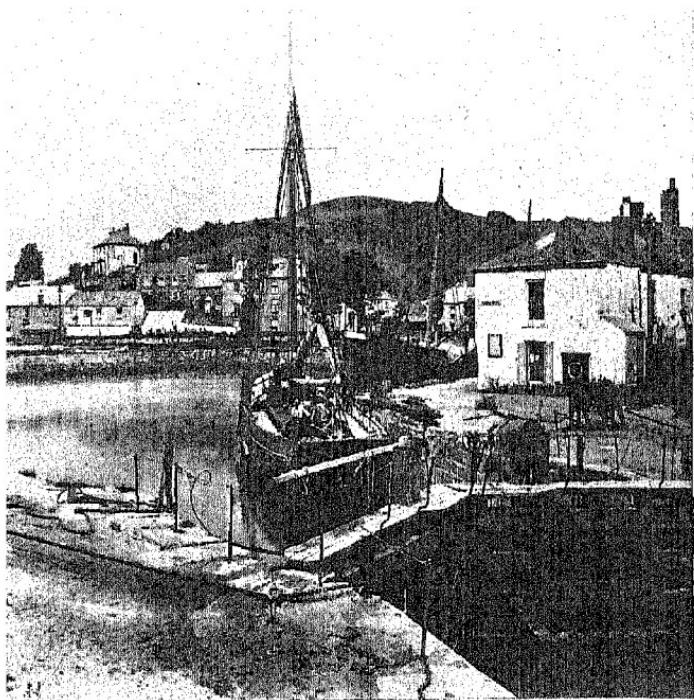
Many visitors miss this valley because it happens to be situated in an industrial area. Ruskin has many sins to answer for, but none of his fallacies received a wider acceptance than that which suggested that man's

Charles-
town
Beach

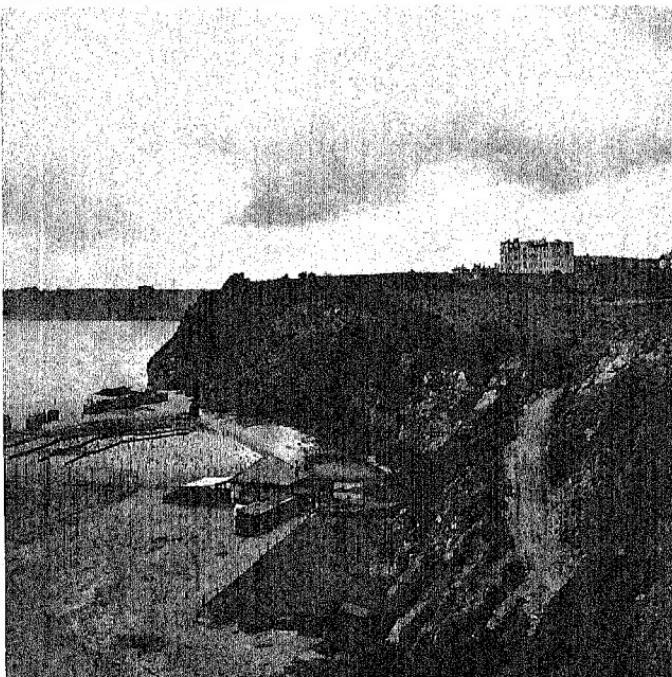


Porthpean

Pentewan
Harbour



St. Austell
Bay, near
Par



enterprise invariably ruins Nature's handiwork. It is quite time that people recognised the simple truth that Cornwall owes a considerable part of her scenic effect to her viaducts, her deserted mines, and her china-clay pyramids. Everybody unthinkingly abuses them, but no picture of Cornwall is complete without them. They ought to prove repulsive, but they don't. They have the same majestic effect that the skyscraping steel aerials of the great wireless stations at Bodmin and Poldhu have. This St. Blazey-St. Austell area has been quite underservedly neglected.

On regaining St. Blazey therefore, after your excursion to Luxulyan, forget for a moment your disapproval of industry and have a look at Biscovey church with its conspicuous light-coloured spire. Outside the priest's door is a monolith of granite, eight feet high, bearing the inscription : " ALRORON ULLICI FILIUS," supposed to be tenth-century, once used as a gate-post. It looks as if it were a broken crucifix, and is carved with most peculiar chain-like interlaced patterns.

We here walk parallel with and close to the sea past Landrion Point to Charlestown, the main harbour for the china-clay. It is easy to pass it by contemptuously on the ground that it is so sprinkled with white dust going out and grimy coal-dust coming in that there is no original Charlestown left, but as a study in black and white it offers great scope to an imaginative artist. Here are grimy colliers from Cardiff, sailing ships of incredible beauty from Sweden filled with cargoes of barrel-staves, and boats setting forth to America and the Far East with the all-precious kaolin. The far-reaching uses of china-clay were discovered by William Cookworthy, a Devon Quaker, who was born in Kingsbridge in 1705. Until 1708 the entire porcelain of the world came from China, whence it obtained its name. In 1745 someone discovered it in Virginia, and soon afterwards Cookworthy chanced on deposits at Tregonning Hill and

St. Stephen-in-Brannel. He obtained a patent in 1768, but died in 1780 without enriching himself at all.

China-clay is just decomposed granite, rotted by the action of water. It is dug out of quarries, easily separated by washing and left to settle in tanks. It is then dried in long single-story sheds, shovelled into barrels, and shipped abroad to assist not only in the manufacture of porcelain but also of glazing paper, calico, and linoleum. The white sugar-loaf dumps, which form so prominent a part of Cornish scenery, are the refuse which is used for making concrete. The centre of the industry is at St. Austell (locally pronounced St. Ossle), a very prosperous, thickly populated and alert town, possessing one of the loveliest churches in the Duchy. It has a fine perpendicular tower of richly-decorated Pentewan stone, some excellent stained glass, a Norman font decorated with grotesque faces, and a mysterious inscription written round a group representing a pelican in her piety over the porch, which some read as KY CH and others as RY DU, meaning "Christ is Lord," if it is the former (Greek), or "Give to God," if it is the latter (Cornish). Equally mysterious is the Menagew Stone at "Fool's Corner," where three manors meet, and from which declarations of war and proclamations of peace were once read.

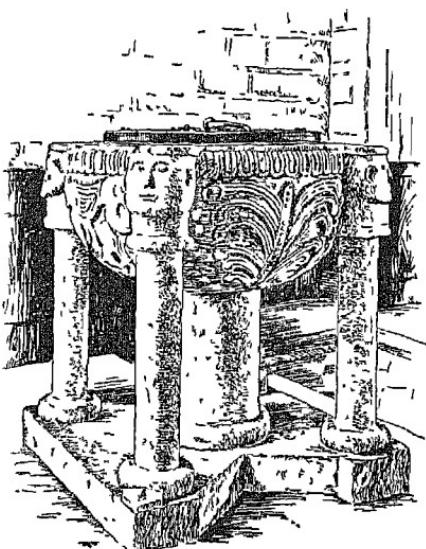


ST. AUSTELL

Impounded cattle were exposed here and sold if unclaimed. A witch was once burnt alive on it. There is a Druidical Stone chair and also a Holy Well just outside the town.

The railway makes straight from here to Truro, but there is a wonderful and previously all too-little known stretch of country to the south, which, now discovered, is being very rapidly developed. The wise people of St. Austell have up to now reserved to themselves the exquisite little sandy bay of Poithpean, which has caves and fine bathing-pools, but there are Duporth and scores of other lonely coves in this area which you may have entirely to yourself. Over the other side of Black Head you unexpectedly come on tiny Pentewan, which has a magnificent beach and was once a busy dock.

Mevagissey, three miles further on, is a port of an even more delectable kind. We are now back to the rough granite harbour with its white fishermen's cottages huddled as close together as the red-sailed fishing trawlers are. It is much less often visited than Polperro, and on that account, to many people, more attractive. It is certainly unspoilt. All the coast from here to Dodman Head is unexplored and quiet. There are a few bungalows beyond Portmellan on the way to Chapel Point, and a Norman church at



ST. AUSTELL CHURCH—THE FONT

St. Goran. Goran Haven is a protected sandy beach looking out on a group of rocks called Gwineas, a mile out at sea.

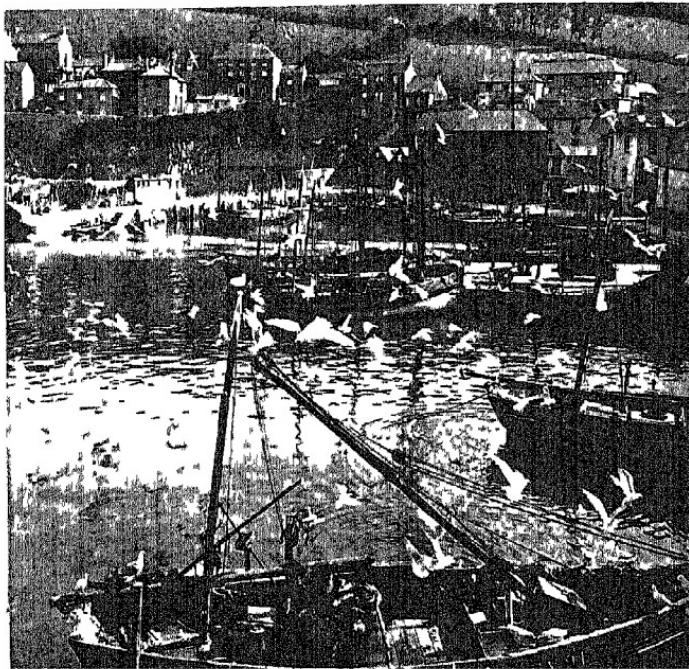
After scrambling over some more cliffs we stand on Dodman Point, on the summit of which is a granite cross. The view from this bold promontory is very fine. The whole of the South Cornish coast as far as Black Head now for the first time becomes visible, and as we look inland we get a view of the rich wooded hills and valleys that lead up to the dark desolate moors on the Duchy's spine.

Just the other side of Hemnick Sands, in Porthluney Cove, is St. Michael Caerhayes. The crenellated castle, with its many towers, which stands so majestically out of its woodland setting, is, unexpectedly, only just over a hundred years old. It is the seat of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County. Here are pine trees clinging to the tops of vast dark jagged rocks, undulating fields, wide sands, and complete loneliness. There is another St. Michael Carhaix in Brittany. The church is Norman, and contains, among other treasures, the sword used by Hugh Trevanion, Lord of the Manor, on Bosworth Field, several vizors, and a statue, painted black, dated 1812, of George Edmund Byron Bettesworth.

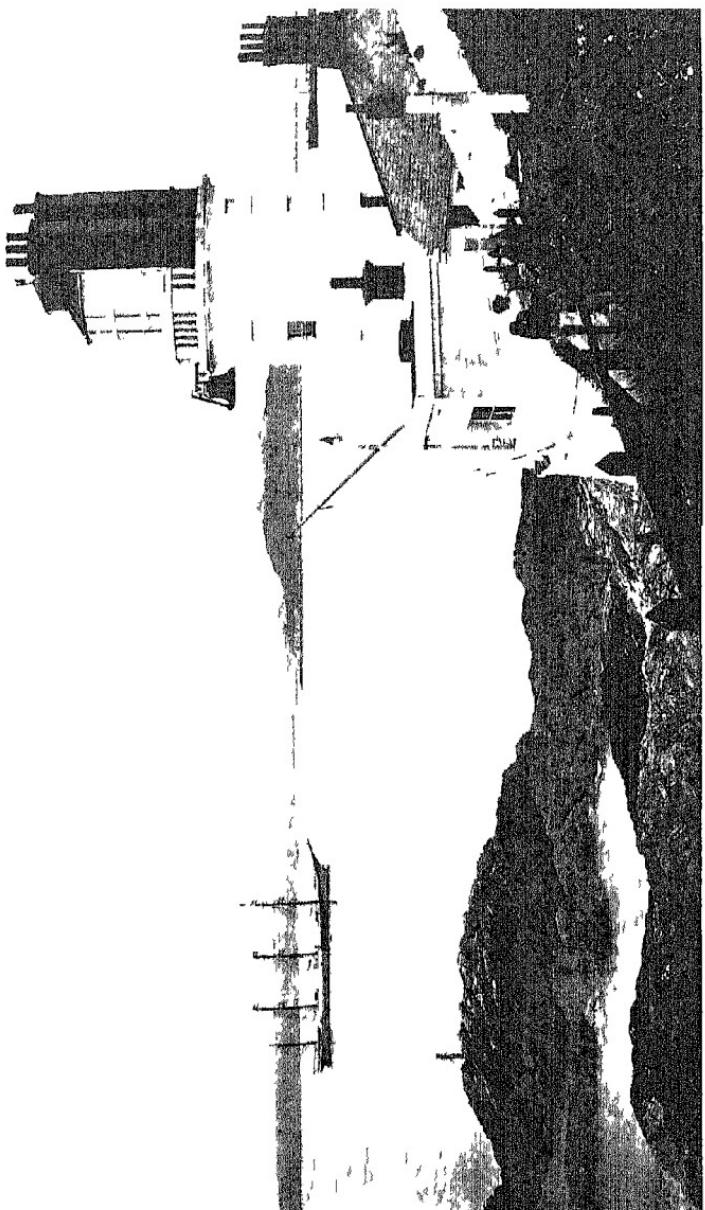
The two tiny coves of Portholland and Portloe, lying at the rocky mouths of two streams in a desolate area of high cliffs, keep us anxiously hugging the coast lest we should miss any other hamlets that combine such loneliness with such loveliness, but the village that gives its name to the bay, Veryan, lies inland and demands a visit, if only to see its four circular thatched "Parson Trist's Houses," two at each end of the village, each crowned with a cross, erected to keep the Devil away. There are also two holy wells here, and the church, dedicated to St. Symphorian, is thirteenth-century.

Close by the village, looking over Gerrans Bay, is Carn Beacon, a barrow 370 feet in circumference, supposed to

A typical
corner of
Mevagissey



The
Harbour,
Mevagissey



nouth Harbour
St. Anthony
lthouse

be the burial-place, in A.D. 600, of King Gerrenius, whose body was carried across the bay in a boat of gold propelled by silver oars. This same king gave his name to the village of Gerrans, for it was here that he died.

We are soon in Portscatho, a fishing-port close to Gerrans, very popular with Falmouth visitors, while at the end of the peninsula, near Zoze or Zoze Point, lies St. Anthony-in-Roseland, which may be allowed to own the most pleasing name of all English villages. The church here is Early English, has a stone spire, and stands in the private park of Place, the seat of the Sprys. From it we look across the estuary to St. Mawes, and are at last on the banks of Cornwall's most lovely river, the Fal.



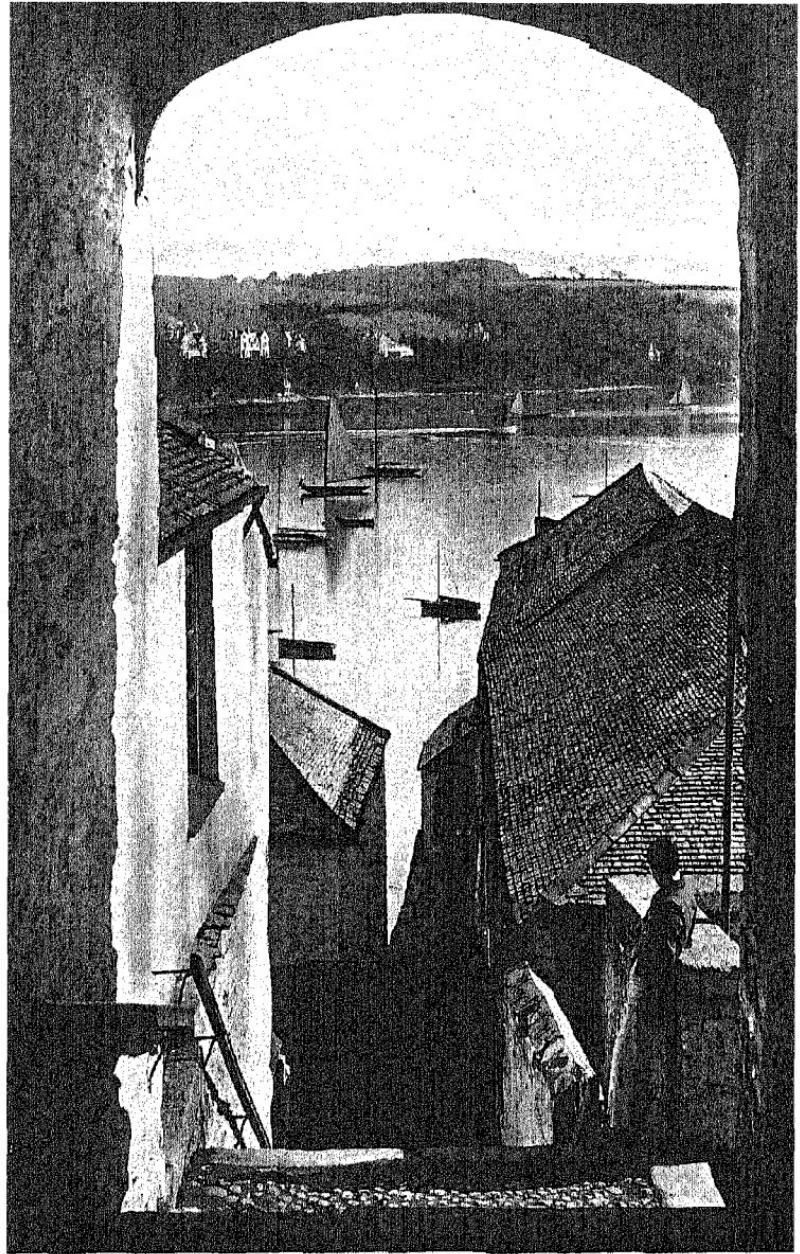
MEVAGISSEY

CHAPTER V

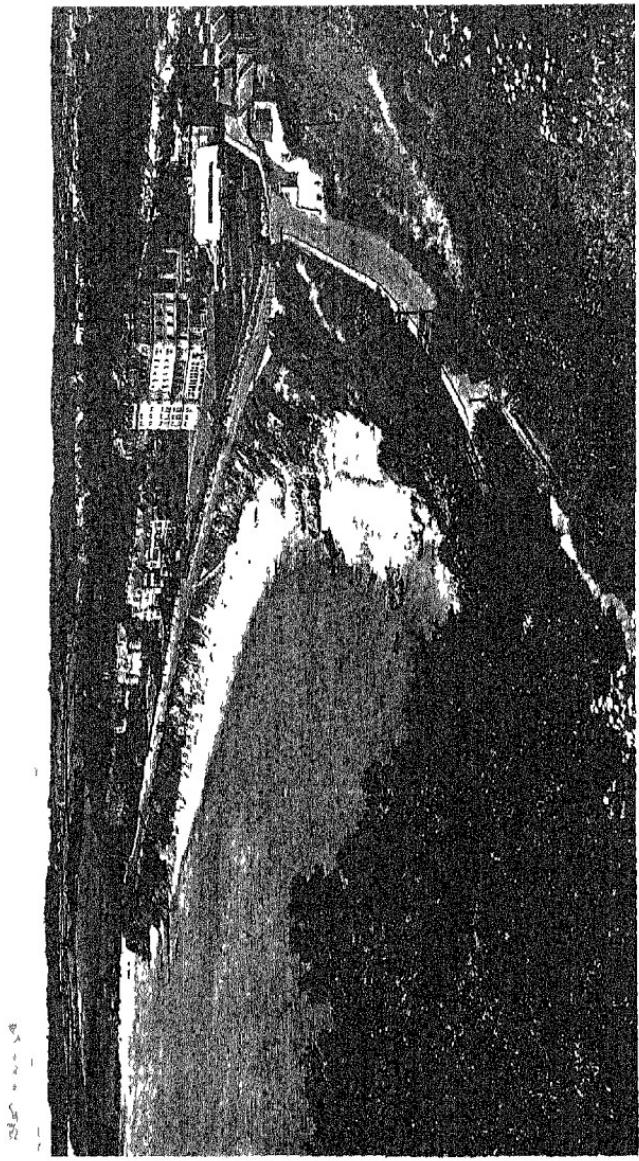
FALMOUTH AND THE FAL RIVER

If instead of taking the coast-line from St. Austell to St. Anthony-in-Roseland, we continue our journey westward in the train, we come to Probus, the church of which, dedicated to SS. Probus and Grace, whose skulls are still on view, is one of the chief glories of Cornwall. The Tudor tower is 125 feet high, and its granite sides are gorgeously decorated. It has three storeys, and above them eight clusters of pinnacles. Athelstan founded a college here, and there is still a boys' school of good repute. As we draw into the next station, Truro, we cannot help being impressed by the modern cathedral which stands out above everything else in the city, but it is better, in order to get the right atmosphere of Truro, not to yield to the temptation to get out here, but to go on in the train down to Falmouth and explore it from the water.

The first thing that strikes one about Falmouth Harbour is the justice of Leland's remark that it is "a havyn very notable and famose, and in a manner the most principale of al Britayne." It is only less majestic than Plymouth Sound, and far more lovely. It is as a harbour that it became famous. We may be sceptical about the Phœnicians coming here for tin, the Romans for corn, the Greeks for hides, the Danes for blood, and the French for revenge, but with the rise of the Killigrews we are on certain ground for to that family Falmouth owes its rise to prosperity. Henry VIII built a castle at Pendennis on the



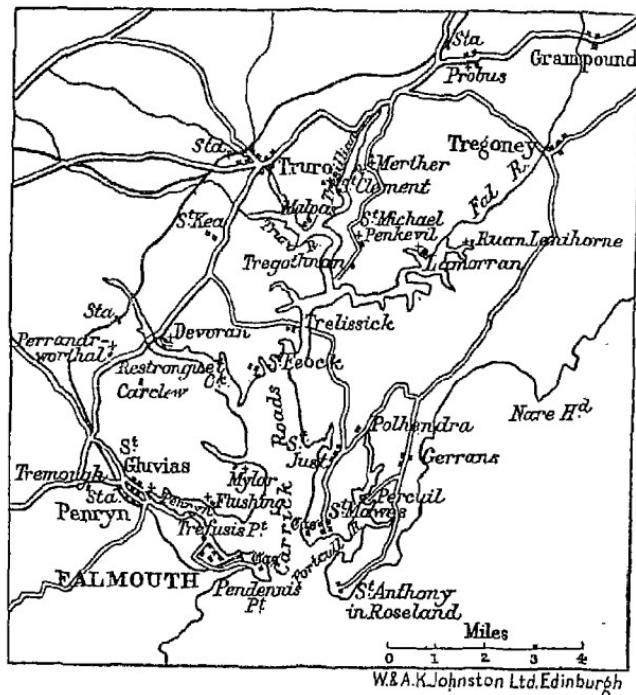
A glimpse of old Falmouth



mouth, from
idennis

west side of the river, and one at St. Mawes on the east, but the French made no effort to molest a place that didn't exist.

Sir Walter Ralegh, arriving here from Guiana fifty years later, found no houses, but appreciating the vast quiet sheet of water tried to develop the area known as

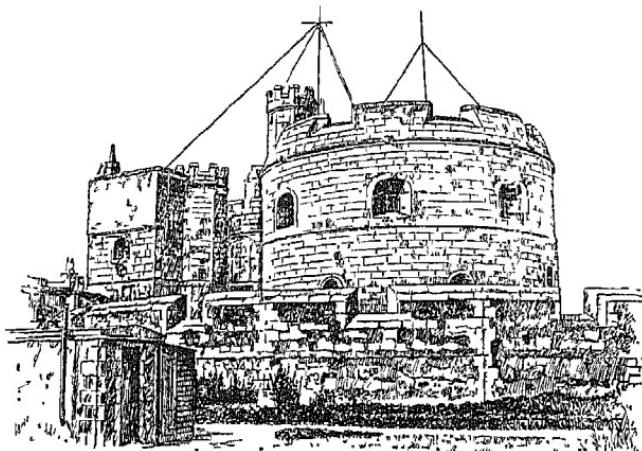


Smithick. It was in 1613 that Sir John Killigrew, to the great indignation of Penryn, Truro, and Helston, continued the agitation, with the result that Sir Nicholas Hals, Governor of Pendennis Castle, looked with favour on the scheme. The new town became known as Pennycomequick, which means "village at the head of the valley."

It was in 1663, after the Restoration, that it first became known as Falmouth, and its parish church was dedicated

to Charles I, King and Martyr. Only six or seven other churches in England share this dedication. In 1688 began its golden age of carrying the mails in fine old sailing packets to the West Indies and elsewhere.

Many are the stories of heroic endeavour of the packet crews against the marauding privateers of France and America. It was as recently as 120 years ago that the



PENDENNIS CASTLE

redoubtable Captain Rogers, of *Windsor Castle*, and his crew of twenty-eight, overcame *Jeune Richard*, with her crew of ninety-two, and took his precious prize to Barbados. In 1850, owing to the coming of the steamship, Falmouth lost its trade, and is now busy trying to get it back again. Nothing daunted by the supremacy of Southampton as a mail-station, the persistent loyalists of Falmouth then set to work to develop their resources in another way. They turned their backs for the moment on their harbour to the north and rapidly built the flourishing holiday resort on its southern side that now proudly boasts of a more equable climate than is to be found in the Riviera. In the winter it is as hot as most seaside resorts are in summer, and in summer it seems to

Falmouth
Harbour



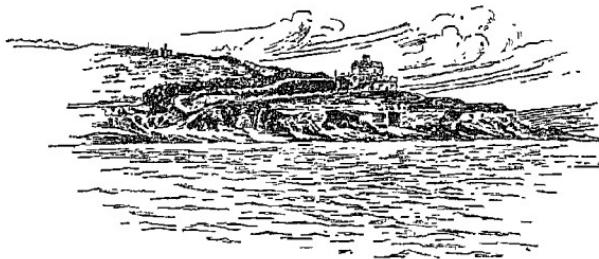
The Beach
Falmouth



St. Mawes

attract all the sun there is without ever becoming enervating.

The most famous building in the town is Arwenack, the remains of the home of the family of that name in Plantagenet days, reverting to the Killigrews, one of whom married an Arwenack in Richard II's reign. It was burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the Puritans during the siege of Pendennis. The house is now partly the Manor Office, partly let off by the Earl of Kimberley.



ST. MAWES—VIEW FROM RIVER

Pendennis Castle was besieged in 1646 by Colonel Fortescue and Admiral Batten, but held for six months by the eighty-year-old John Arundell, known as "John for the King." At the Restoration, Richard, Lord Arundell, son of John, became Governor.

While the south side of the town is all gay with palm-trees and exotic ferns, white shining hotels, and the sandy bathing-coves of Castle Beach and Gellyngvase, the north side consists, as Tonkin noticed in 1730, of "one very long street stretched out at the bottom and on the side of a very steep hill, as high as the tops of the houses backwards," but this long narrow street leads by way of ancient quays, Customs houses, and a famous antique shop, to a pier whence we can immediately set sail to explore the far-famed Fal.

As soon as we embark we see the renowned old china-tea clipper, *Cutty Sark*, the fastest sailing ship

ever built, now used as a training ship. Half-way across the mouth of the estuary is Black Rock, where the Phœnicians are reputed to have bargained for the Cornish tin, and a Trefusis of Trefusis once landed his wife, hoping that she would be drowned when the rock was covered, as it always is at high tide.

On the further shore is the lighthouse of St. Anthony-in-Roseland, a land of geraniums and fuchsias, of sultry

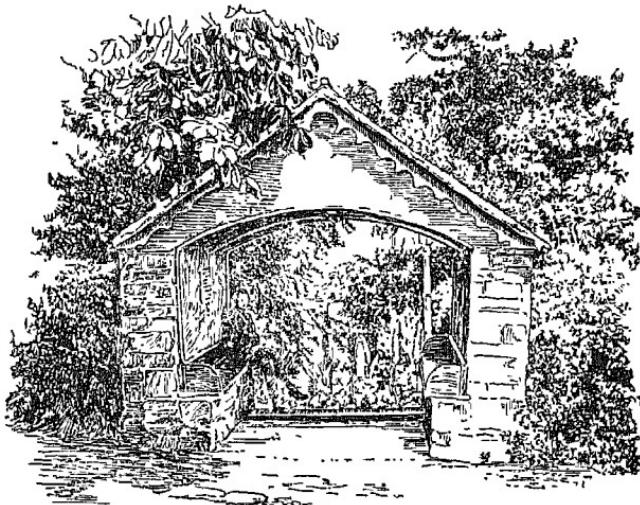


ST. MAWES BATTERY

creeks, and high cliffs. Roseland really means moorland, but this country bears no resemblance to the Bodmin Moors. It is exotic, luxuriant, and strange, from its place-names to its buildings and its people. St. Mawes is typical, at once a port, a harbour, a fishing village, and a holiday resort, with a castle built in 1542, held for the King by Sir Richard Vivian, but taken by Fairfax in 1646. St. Mawes may have been founded by St. Maudez, who gave his name to the port of St. Malo.

The creek beyond St. Mawes up the Portcull River takes us to Percuil, where there are oyster-beds and a ferry, and we can explore at high tide still further beyond Gerrans to the mill above Polhendra, whence we can take the road

if we wish just over the hill to the next creek of St. Just with its thirteenth-century church hidden in the trees at the very edge of the water. It matters little whether you just come to this unspeakably lovely wide low-roofed church with its high tower first by way of its lych-gates from the high ground behind, or from the Carrick Roads where the wooden *Implacable*, which was captured by Sir



ST. JUST-IN-ROSELAND, NEAR FALMOUTH—LYCH GATE

Richard Strachan, looks down on this sylvan scene. Once seen from whatever angle, St. Just-in-Roseland remains for ever in the mind as the England of one's dreams.

On the Falmouth side of the water the first wide creek is that made by the Penryn River, at the top of which is the grey town of Penryn. Waterloo Bridge is made of granite from these famous quarries. It is a very ancient borough, and can boast of a court-leet before the Conquest. A silver cup, presented by Lady Jane Killigrew in 1633, commemorates the town's kindness to her during her long war against her husband, "when they received me that was in great misery." It was another Killigrew, Dame

Mary, who in 1583 hired a boatload of natives to board a Spanish merchantman lying at anchor in the harbour. They then proceeded to murder the crew and loot the ship. This resulted in her being condemned to death, but on receiving a pardon she too was sheltered by the kind people of Penryn. Bishop Bronecombe founded Glasney College here in the thirteenth century, and fortified it with three strong towers and guns at the butt of the creek. It became the centre of the vernacular literature, the source of the old Cornish mystery plays. The college woods are filled with exquisite ferns, and at Tremough there are giant Himalayan rhododendrons and camellias.

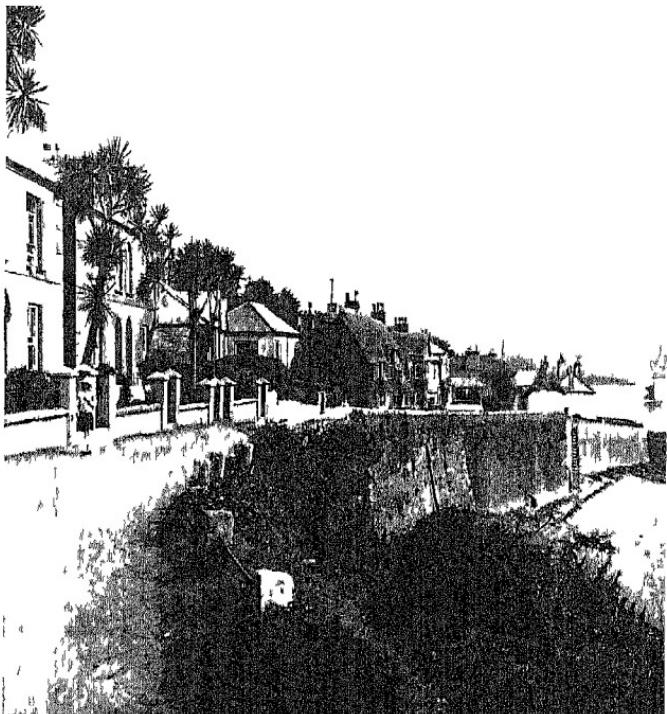
The Penryn Tragedy is known to everybody. A wanderer returned home very rich and put up for the night with his parents without making himself known to them. His mother, seeing his gold, persuaded her husband to murder him in his sleep. Next day, the sister who was in the secret came to congratulate them on the return of their dearly loved son. The parents then killed themselves in remorse.

The fifteenth-century church of St. Gluvias contains a brass to Thomas Killigrew. On the north bank of the Penryn River lies Flushing, once the home of the sailing-packet officers and their families, supposed to be the warmest place in England, founded by the Dutch in memory of the larger Flushing in Holland. At Little Falmouth, close by, there still stand the old docks where the sailing packets were built. On the way round Trefusis Point, towards Mylor, there is a cave at the end of a field which can be entered in boats.

Mylor Creek contains the smallest of all the Royal dockyards, now of course deserted. In Mylor churchyard there is the largest Cornish cross in existence, 17½ feet high with a circular head. Charles I's famous letter to the Cornish Loyalists hangs on the south wall of the church, which also contains a Norman doorway and a thirteenth-century font.

North of Mylor, on the western side of the Carrick

St. Mawes



5



Flushing



lor Creek,
ur Falmouth

Roads, lies Restronguet Creek, a deep and broad channel, lined with dense woods on both sides, ending on the left in the park and grounds of Carclew, and on the right in the port of Devoran whence tin and copper from Redruth are shipped. The creek beyond here, at Perranarworthal, called after St. Piran who crossed from Ireland on a mill-stone, is covered with a yellowy-greenish-coloured grass which has grown on the mud from the mine-water that has silted up the fairway.

North of Restronguet Point lies St. Feock, a tiny village, the church of which has a detached belfry standing by the roadside by itself. Over the lych-gate is an old vestry. The Carrick Roads end here and we enter the Fal proper, a river perhaps richer in scenery and in romantic association even than the Dart. First, on the western shore, we catch sight of the yellow-pillared mansion of Treliwick, once the home of the Daniels family. At "King Harry Passage," called after Henry VI, a steam ferry connects Carlannick and Treliwick. The real Fal River turns to the right here, up the Ruan Creek, a narrow estuary past Lamorran, which has a church with a detached tower, to Ruan Lanhorne, which is one of the most isolated of all hamlets, with woods and more tiny creeks stretching away in every direction. The river and the mud here are white. The fine church is supposed to contain the shrine of St. Rumon, who was accused of being a were-wolf.

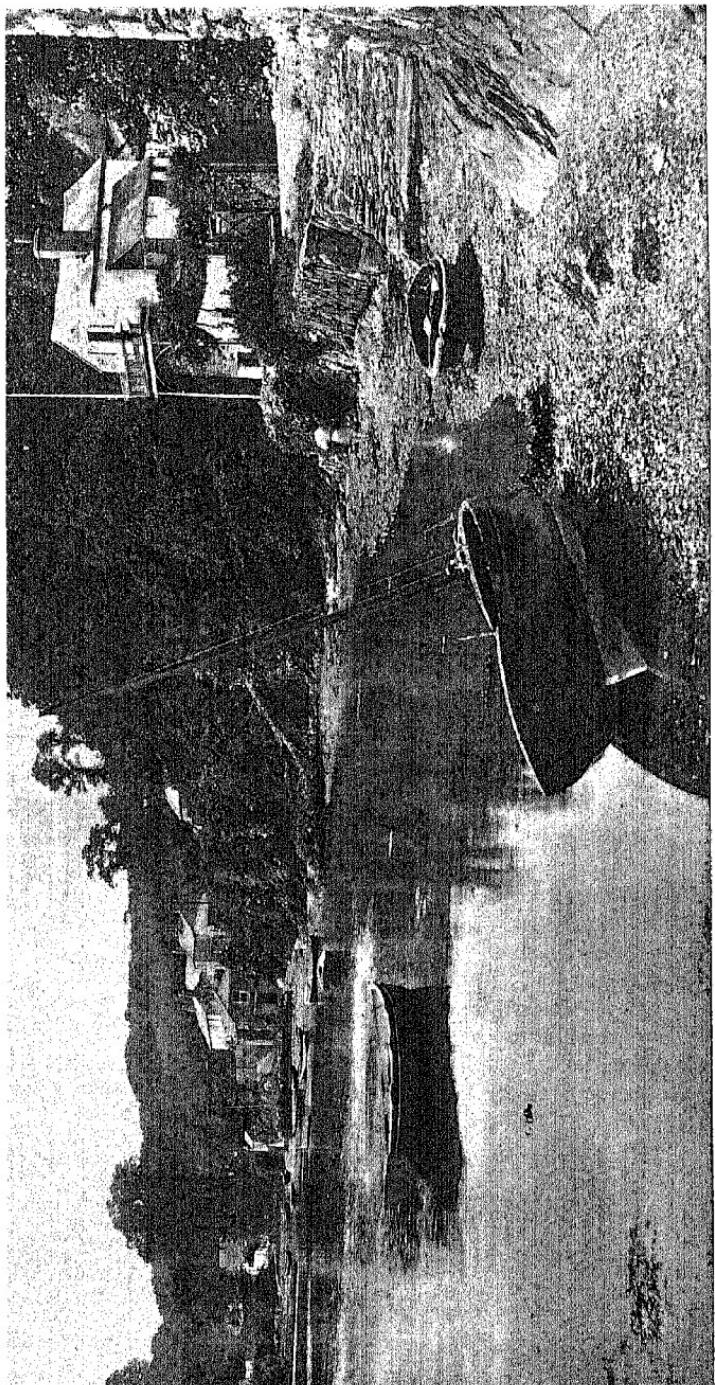
Enthusiasts of the Fal who wish to investigate the unknown Cornwall that so well repays exploration, will go on up the fast-narrowing stream to Tregoney, which was the first town ever to be built on the Fal, and once possessed a quay. The mud brought down from the tin-mines choked the river, and the town's trade died. In the defunct church of St. James some tin miners in 1861 dug up a coffin 11 feet 3 inches long and 3 feet 9 inches wide, containing the skeleton of a Cornish giant, who owned a tooth measuring $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Still further up the Fal is Grampound, where you may even yet see the pier of the

Roman bridge that used to span the river. Its source lies on Goss Moors, once the lonely hunting-ground of King Arthur, and from the railway line to Newquay, half-way between Roche and St. Columb Road, you may actually see the place where this greatest of all Cornish rivers, supposed to take its name from the sun-god, definitely begins.

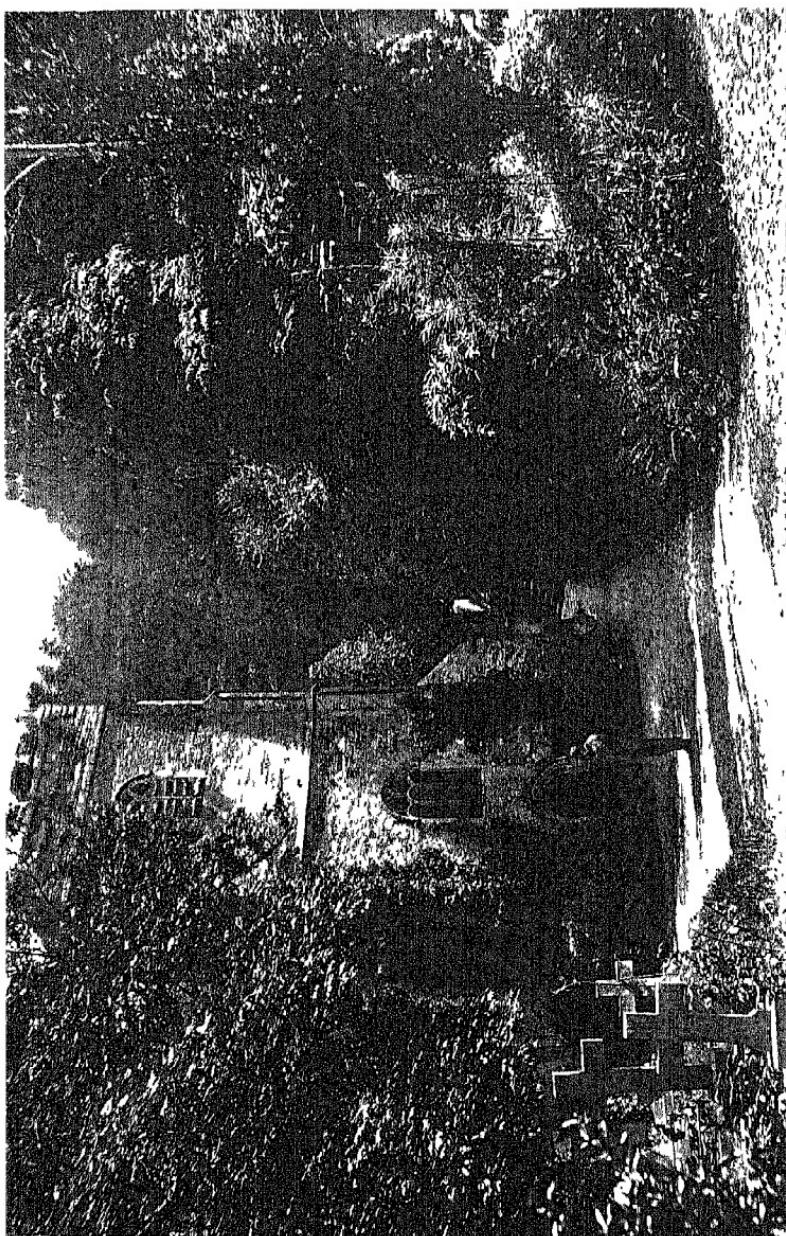
The main waterway, incorrectly called the Fal, leads not to the right of King Harry's Reach, but due north past the woods of Tregothnan, the sham-Tudor castle, built by the architect of the National Gallery, belonging to the Boscawens, Earls of Falmouth. The view of this house, *seen from the water in Carrick Roads*, is almost as wonderful as the view of Carrick Roads seen from the terrace of the house. Neither view is complete without the other. The church of Penkivel contains many monuments of the Boscawens, notably one of the admiral "Old Dreadnought."

In the narrow waters, just below Tregothnan, eighteen Spanish merchant ships chased and brought to bay a French man-of-war, and there was a fierce battle, a cannon-ball from which has been found in the woods. Opposite Tregothnan lies the hamlet and church of St. Kea, a saint who floated to Cornwall in his own granite coffin.

At Malpas (pronounced Mowpus) white cottages huddle together on a hill-side full of orchards, and there is one river coming in from the north-east and another from the north. The one on the right is the Tresillian River, which leads past many woods to the village of St. Clement's, where there is a monument to the famous historian Polwhele, and a fifth-century sepulchral stone inscribed with the words : "ISNIOCUS VITALIS FILIS TORRICI." The cottages here are all thatched and whitewashed, and the church tower stands high among the trees. Further up the creek, on the other side, is the church of Merther, standing on a knoll among the trees, with a sort of wooden dove-cote perched on the top of its stone tower. Tresillian Creek



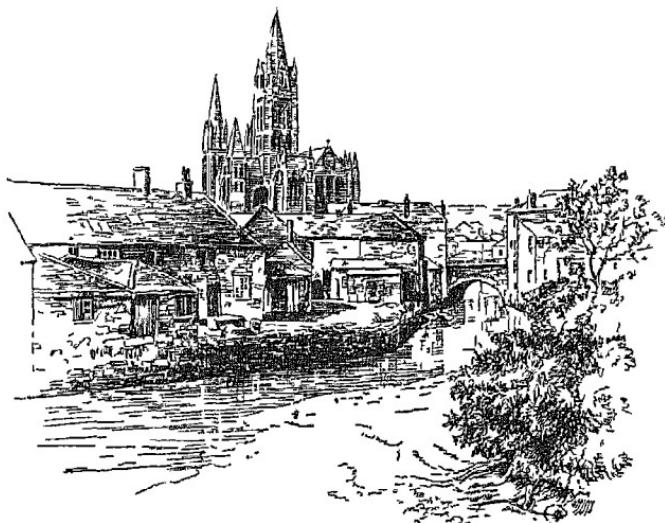
Helford Village



The Church,
it. Just-in-
loseland

ends at a bridge on the Grampound-Truro Road, just by the gates of Tregothnan. It was at this spot that the Royalist army, under Lord Hopton, eventually surrendered to Fairfax in 1646, and were allowed not only to go home in peace but to retain their arms and horses.

Our way to Truro lies up the Truro River, which goes to the left of Malpas, up the last of all our creeks, the quietest

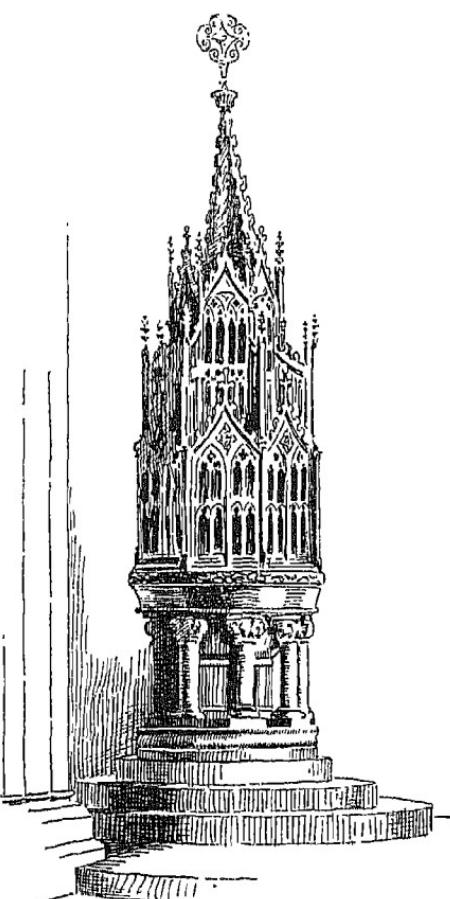


TRURO CATHEDRAL

and most frequently haunted of birds. The green copper spires of the Cathedral stand out above the green trees ahead as our ultimate goal, just as the red sandstone tower of Totnes calls us up the final reaches of the tidal Dart. The steamer lands us almost in the middle of the city, a clean, bright, prosperous town of solid granite buildings, and wide streets down the sides of which runs the clear water of the River Kenwyn. In the Red Lion Hotel in the Market Place, once a private house, Samuel Foote, the actor, was born. When in 1877 Truro was dignified with the title of a cathedral city, its patriotic citizens

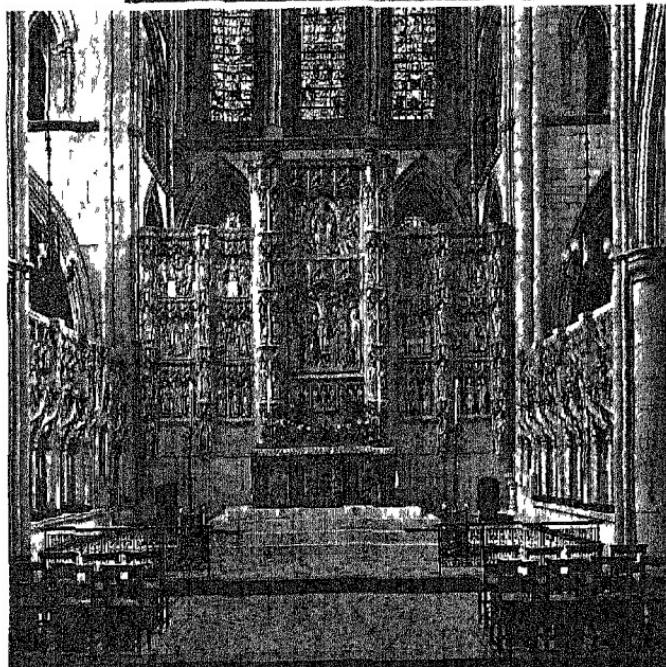
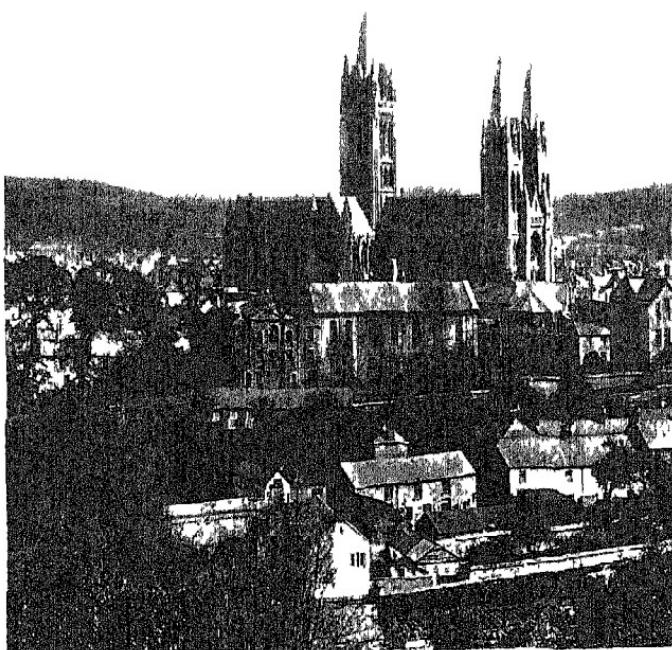
immediately raised £200,000 to build a fane worthy of the traditions of the county of great churches. Only the late perpendicular south aisle of the parish church of St. Mary, in High Cross, is old. The rest of the building is a very fine copy of the thirteenth-century style, with fine light slender columns. The main central spire is the Victoria spire, and the lesser twin spires are in memory of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. There is a Robartes memorial of 1614, and some monuments of the Vyvyan family let into the north transept wall which give an air of antiquity to that side of the building. The marble paving of the choir is noticeable, and there is a beautiful baptistery. It is too closely surrounded by houses to be seen at its best from the town, but from the railway viaduct and the river no one could fail to be proud of so fine an example of modern ecclesiastical architecture.

Truro is supposed to mean "three roads." From the days of King John, the Mayor had jurisdiction over the whole of Falmouth Harbour,

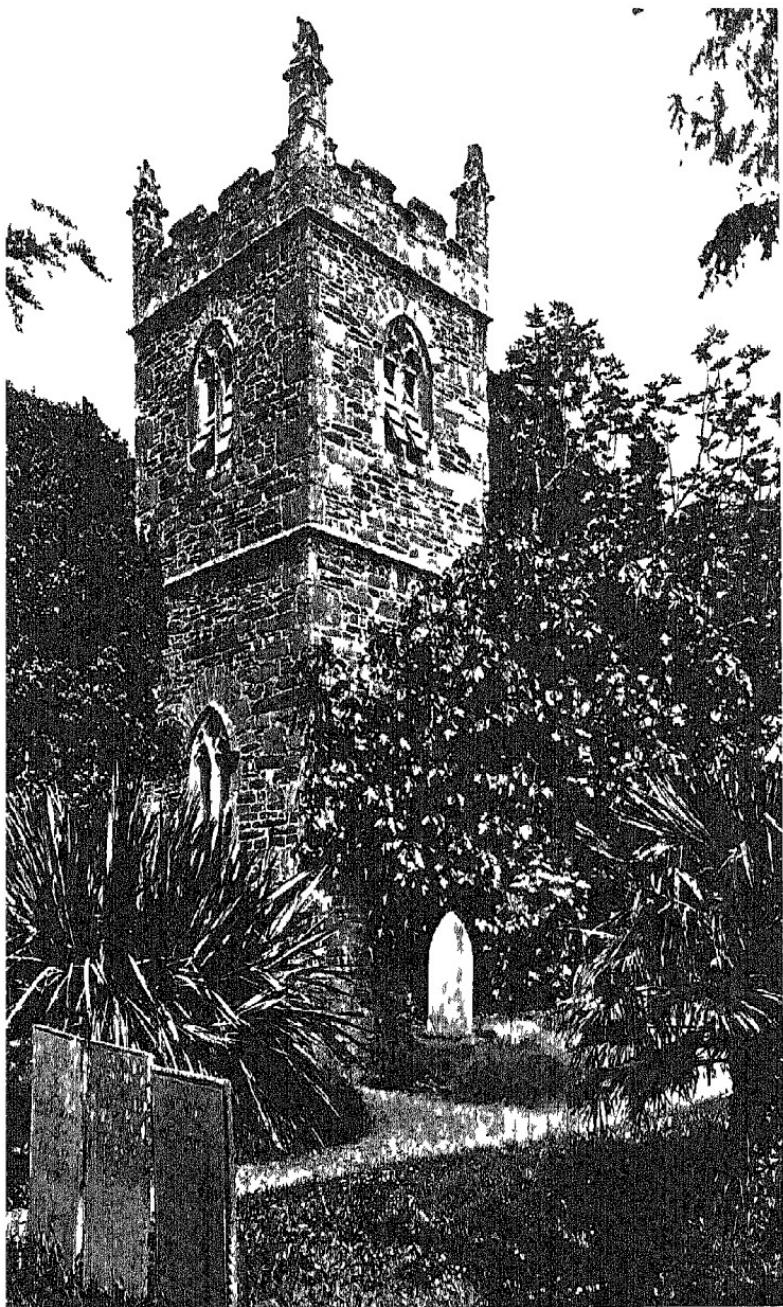


TRURO CATHEDRAL.—BAPTISTERY

Truro
Cathedral



The
Reredos,
Truro
Cathedral



Manaccan Church

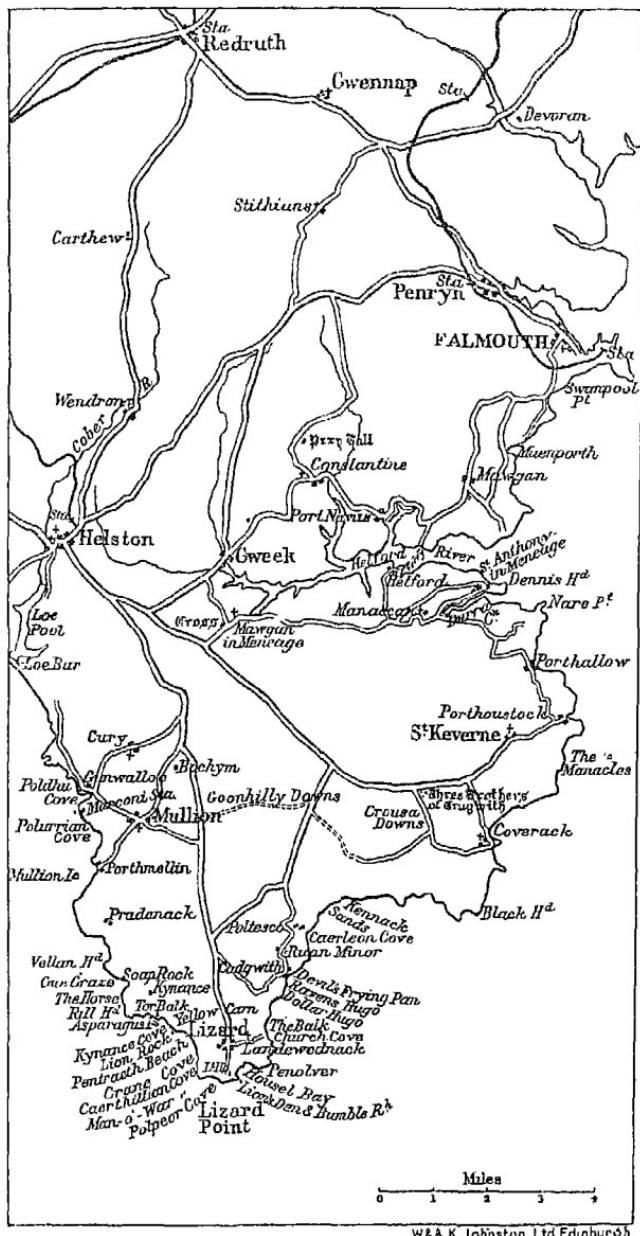
but the city's water jurisdiction has been sadly restricted since those days. It was also, in King John's day, a coinage town, and the last of the Stannary Parliaments was held here in 1752. It is only fitting that it should regard itself as the capital of Cornwall. It bears its honours with solemn dignity. It is decidedly a town with an atmosphere, and might not be displeased at being termed the Bath of the Duchy.

CHAPTER VI

THE LIZARD

ENTRANCING as is the excursion from Falmouth up the myriad creeks of the Fal River, it is, I think, excelled by the more varied tour to the Lizard. The best way is to cling to the coast and leave Falmouth by way of the Swan Pool, past the cove at Maenporth, the best bathing-beach near Falmouth, by way of Mawgan, where there is not only a fine fourteenth-century church, but a good view of the wooded reaches of the Helford River, which we cross by a ferry not far from Port Navas, which is the headquarters of the Prince of Wales' oyster farm, now the most notable in England. From Helford it is easy to take a boat up to Constantine, where we find ourselves in a district of great beauty, with granite boulders on high moors above, and streams falling through woods by our sides. The fifteenth-century church has a brass, dated 1574, to Richard Gerveys and Jane Trefusis.

Pixy Hall, close by, is a prehistoric subterranean passage, thirty feet long, five feet wide, and six feet high, lined with granite. In another tree-fringed creek is Mawgan-in-Meneage (pronounced to rhyme with "vague"), where there is an interesting church with a stone effigy of a crusading Carminow, and monuments to the Vyvyan's of Treloowarren, a brass to one of the Bassett's, and on the pinnacled tower, the coats of arms of Ferrers, Vyvyan, Reskymer, and Carminow. The granite pillars of this church are very handsome. Close by is Mawgan Cross,



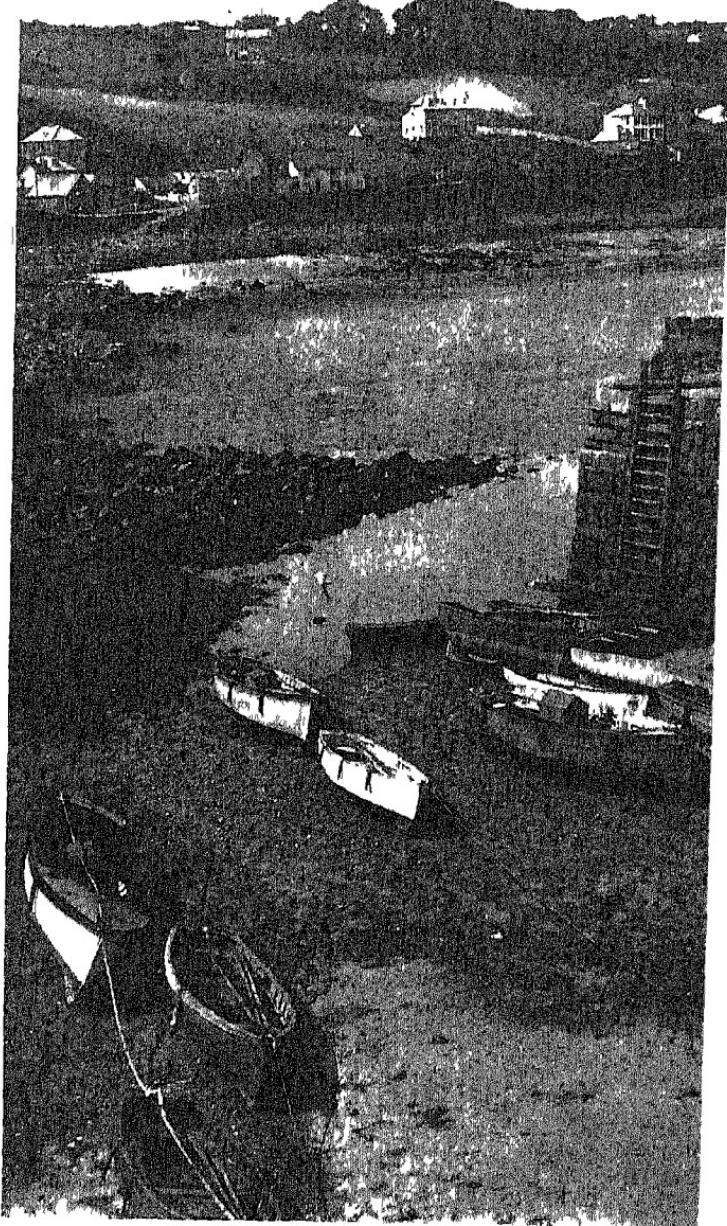
about a thousand years old, the Vyvyan seat of Trelo-warren in a fine park, and some unexplained slabs of granite called Galegallas Cave.

At the top of the estuary is Gweek, famous for an exploit of Hereward the Wake, and the fact that the high road

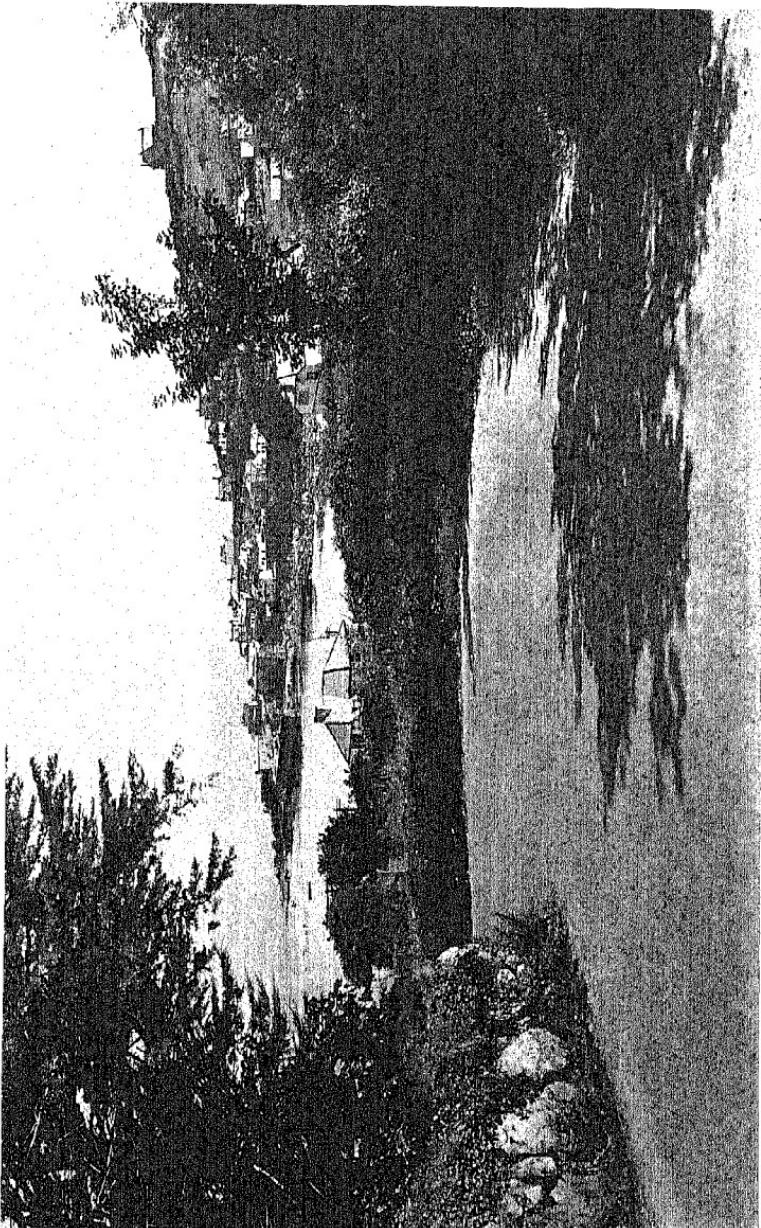


CONSTANTINE—OLD HOUSES

to Helston passes through it. Having drifted down with the tide and returned our boat at Helford, the first place to make for is Manaccan on the top of the hill, where there is a fig tree that has been growing out of the church tower for nearly two hundred years. The church is Early English, and once owned as rector the historian Polwhele. It is at the head of the Duloe Creek which takes us down to Dennis Head by way of St. Anthony-in-Meneage, the church of which is said to have been built by Norman sailors as a thank-offering for having escaped shipwreck. It stands at the very verge of the sea on a grassy bank that ends on the beach, surrounded by giant elms, out of which the grey granite tower peeps shyly. It possesses a thirteenth-century granite font, with angels carved on it



Coverack



Coverack

bearing shields between which are the initials, Q. P., B. M., B. V., and P. R.

On the further side of Nare Point are two remote and picturesque fishing hamlets, Porthallow, which boasts an inn called the "Five Pilchards," and Porthoustock, which possesses no inn but a quay whence the stone from the St. Keverne quarry is shipped. We are now overlooking the dreaded Manacles ("Men eglos," meaning "church stones") on which the *Mohegan* was wrecked with a loss of over a hundred lives thirty years ago. These scarcely visible rocks have always exercised a magnetic attraction for ships, and the list of disasters here is bigger than that on any other part of the coast.

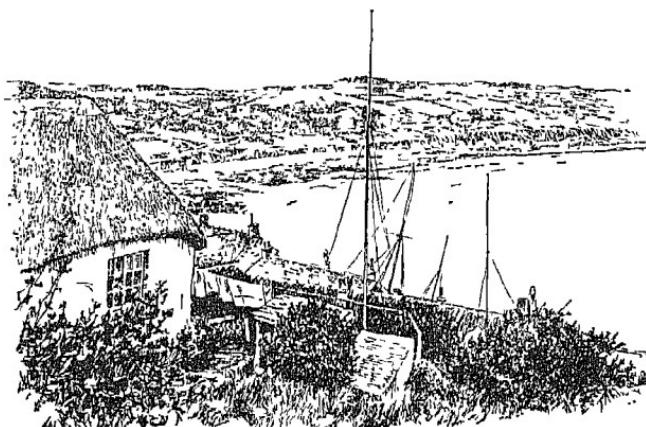
Just inland lies St. Keverne with a large thirteenth-century church, containing three sets of rood stairs and a spire 40 feet high set above its 60-foot tower as a landmark to sailors. Sir James Tillie of Cotehele was born here, and a vicar in 1467, with piratical tendencies, took three tunns of wine as his share of the loot from a Breton merchantman, for which act an order was issued for his arrest, but he was never found.

A little inland, just off the road to Coverack, are "The Three Brothers of Grugwith," a cromlech which earned its name from St. Just who stole St. Keverne's chalice, but dropped it after St. Keverne had hurled these three stones at him.

We are now on Crousa Downs, the south-western corner of the Goonhilly Downs, which is to me as full as enticing a country as the path along the dark green serpentine rocks of the coast, which we are soon to follow. It is not just Dartmoor in miniature, but strongly individual. It is a flat tableland, 300 feet above and apparently almost surrounded by the sea, hedgeless, and devoid of human habitation. There are practically no trees on the moor, but at every step over the gorse and heather you are liable to have to circumvent or climb over boulders of granite. Its outstanding glory is, of

course, its white heather, *Erica vagans*, which everyone collects for good luck, but, happily, cannot altogether uproot. In this flat plateau hundreds of ancient barrows stand up like giant grass-covered mole-hills or baby knolls.

This is a wild district of strange legends, and should be explored in all weathers. Completely unprotected as it is from the south-west, it is perhaps best appreciated in a



COVERACK

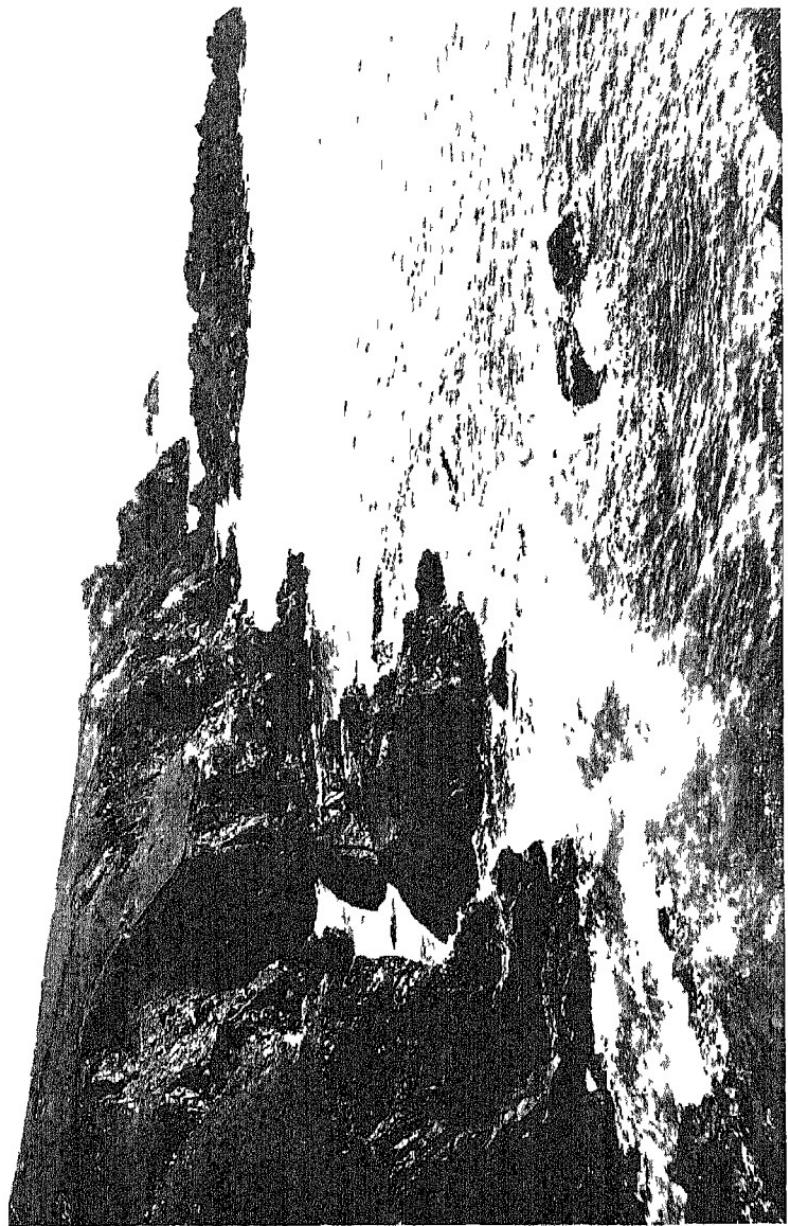
March gale late at night, as you battle your way from Coverack to Mullion. The only possible shelter is under one of the boulders or in the black wet peat-holes. On a hot summer day, when the only noise is the sleep-inducing hum of the bees as they move from one sweet-scented gorse bush to another, it is hard to believe tales of lost travellers, but when the mist is down it is easy enough to be pixy-led, and only then will you discover how few are the tracks, how baffling to one's sense of direction is a level moor over which streams flow as rarely as the roads run.

Coverack is an admirable centre from which to explore the Goonhillies, but most people stay in this remote but

Cadgwith



Cadgwith



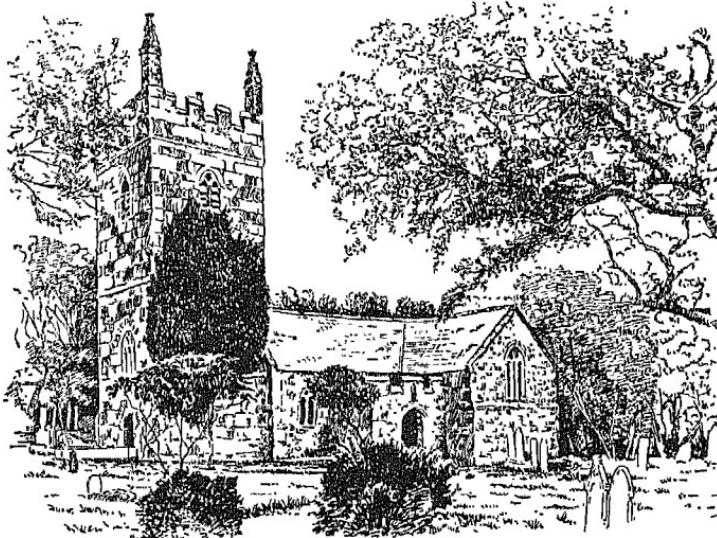
L and Crane
, Kynance

popular village for its bass and pollock fishing, and its rock scenery, which is magnificent. An added fascination is the fact that you have the dreaded, though to the outward eye quite inoffensively mild, rocks of the Manacles practically at your door, and the natives will show you places on the cliffs where you may sit and see the hulks of old wrecks fathoms deep under the crystal-clear water.

The bathing in the Coverack Coves, famous for their smugglers, and from now on all round the Cornish coast is unlike any other that I know. There are sun-dried rocks which perform at once the office of linen-cupboard and bathing machine. Under their shelter you undress, on their hot surface you spread out your clothes to air. The sands are not the pale dull yellow of ordinary sand, but glistening gold, shining like a girl's hair, soft as her cheeks to the touch, and yet firm to walk on as a fresh-mown lawn. But the crowning glory of this coast is not the combination of green rock and golden strand, but the sea itself, which changes from light emerald to deep blue, but always has a clarity that no gem can approach. To dive from dark rocks through such water to the white shells or glittering seaweed in the depths below is to get the illusion of sinking through a new element, to watch others cutting through it like human arrows is to marvel at a beauty which moves one to an ecstasy that is quite incomunicable. It doesn't matter in the least which cove you select. Climb Black Head and you will see below you the long fine stretch of Kennack Sands, at the further end of which lie Poltesco and Caerleon Cove. The baskers in the sun will choose Kennack. Lovely as it is, I prefer the rough rocky gorge that ends at Caerleon in still deep pools, the colour of which no painter can reproduce, where one can lie on hot rocks and slip into the water with the ease of, and one hopes no more splash than, a sea-lion.

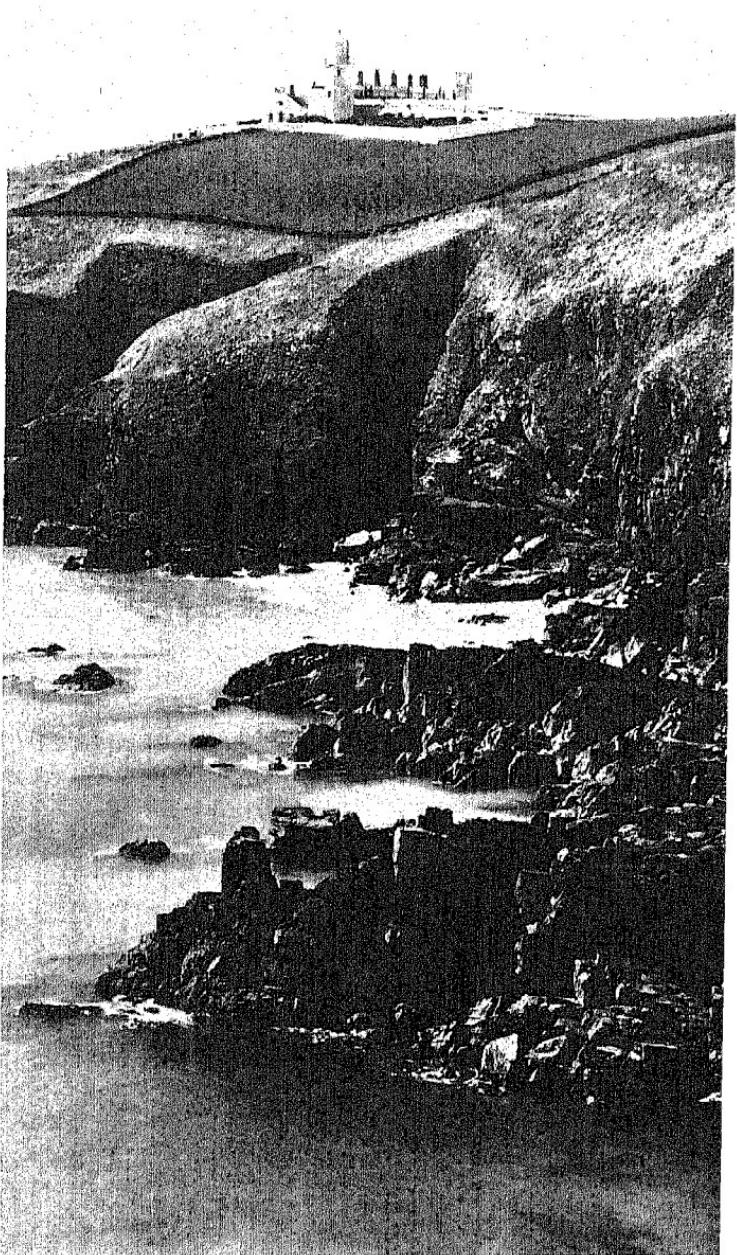
Poltesco and Caerleon, Ruan Minor and Cadgwith are not to be matched for diverse excellencies in the Duchy, and certainly not in the world outside. They form a quite

imitable quartette. Poltesco's old water-wheel, Caerleon's lonely pools, Ruan Minor's tiny but perfect perpendicular church with its pinnacled tower rising no higher than the cottage chimney-pots, and Cadgwith's steep zigzagging street of thatched whitewashed cottages clinging just anyhow to the sides of dark rocks, are enough in themselves to make the traveller pitch his tent here and make this area his headquarters for the Lizard.

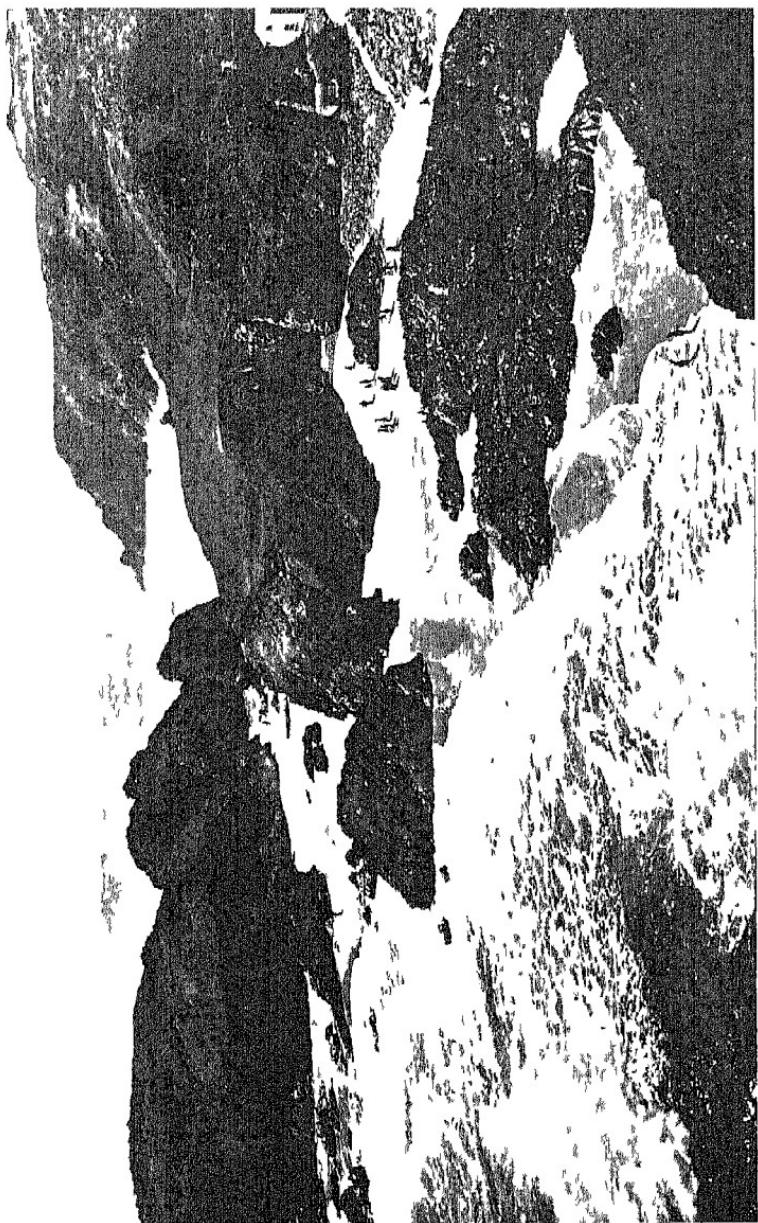


LANDEWEDNACK CHURCH

The best way from Cadgwith to the Lizard is by boat. First you pass the "Devil's Frying Pan," a chasm formed by the falling-in of the roof of a cave, leaving a wide opening with a neck of land which makes a fine archway. Just beyond are Ravens Hugo and Dollar Hugo, two huge caves of serpentine, which are made the more awe-inspiring by reason of the heavy ground-swell which one feels in exploring them.



The Lizard, showing Lighthouse,
from Housel Bay

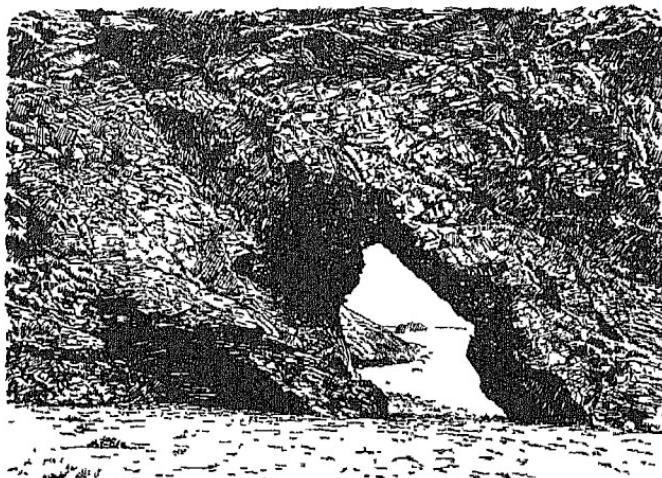


Mane Cove

Beyond the perpendicular cliff called "the Balk," lies Church Cove, whence we climb up a shady lane rich with honeysuckle to the sheltered hamlet of Landewednack, the church of which contains a pinnacled fifteenth-century tower of chequered serpentine and granite. It has a Norman door, and a stone-groined porch, built in 1300, of great beauty. It is said that in this, the most southerly church in England, was preached in 1678 the last sermon in the Cornish language. The churchyard is filled with graves of shipwrecked and plague-stricken sailors. The font, mounted on polished serpentine, is dated 1404, and bears the inscription : "I.H.C. D. Ric. Bolham me fecit."

There is a strange contrast between the lovely village of Landewednack, which few visitors ever reach, and Lizard Town, half a mile away, which everyone visits and no one, quite rightly, likes. This general stopping-place for the Lizard is simply a dreary collection of workshops in which are made those streaked souvenirs of lighthouses and Cornish crosses with which the unthinking tourist desires, apparently, to cumber himself. It requires no little ingenuity at this point to find out where actually the Lizard itself, which means a "rocky height," lies. There are lanes going off like fingers from the palm of one's hand, all presumably leading to the place we want. One of the left-hand ones leads to Housel Bay, where there is an unexpected hotel, an unexpected sandy beach, and a fine pit in the cliff called Lion's Den, caused by the falling in of the roof of Daws Hugo, a great cave. Housel is protected on the east by a fine headland called Penolver, and on the west by Bumble, over which we climb to see the Lizard itself or whatever jutting nose of rocks we like to christen the Lizard. They all look the same, and the interest of most visitors is concentrated at this stage on the famous lighthouse which stands on the smooth grassy summit of the headland. This is the successor of the lighthouse built by Sir John Killigrew, in 1619, at his own

expense in the teeth of the opposition both of Trinity House, who thought it would serve as a beacon for pirates and enemies, and of the natives who complained that they would no more receive "benefit by shipwreck." It cost him £500 to erect, and ten shillings a night to keep his brazier of coal alight. In spite of obtaining the right to levy a toll of a halfpenny a ton on all passing ships, he never got a penny back, and in the end the lighthouse was pulled



PISTOL ARCH—LIZARD

down. The new one is 180 years old, and its one electric beam of 15 million candle-power is the strongest in the world, visible once every three seconds over a radius of twenty-three miles.

At Polpeor Cove, just below, is the Life-boat Station, and on its notice-board there is a list of wrecks, together with the number of lives saved, which is sufficient evidence of the danger. From here to Kynance Cove is one of the wildest of cliff walks, and much to be preferred to the track from Lizard Town which lies monotonously along the top of a Cornish "hedge" of stones and earth.

I say "monotonously," because we, natives of the west, always use our hedge-tops as pathways, but whenever I have taken this path I have noticed that it amuses London visitors who are unaccustomed to this form of walk, so on their behalf I qualify "monotonously."

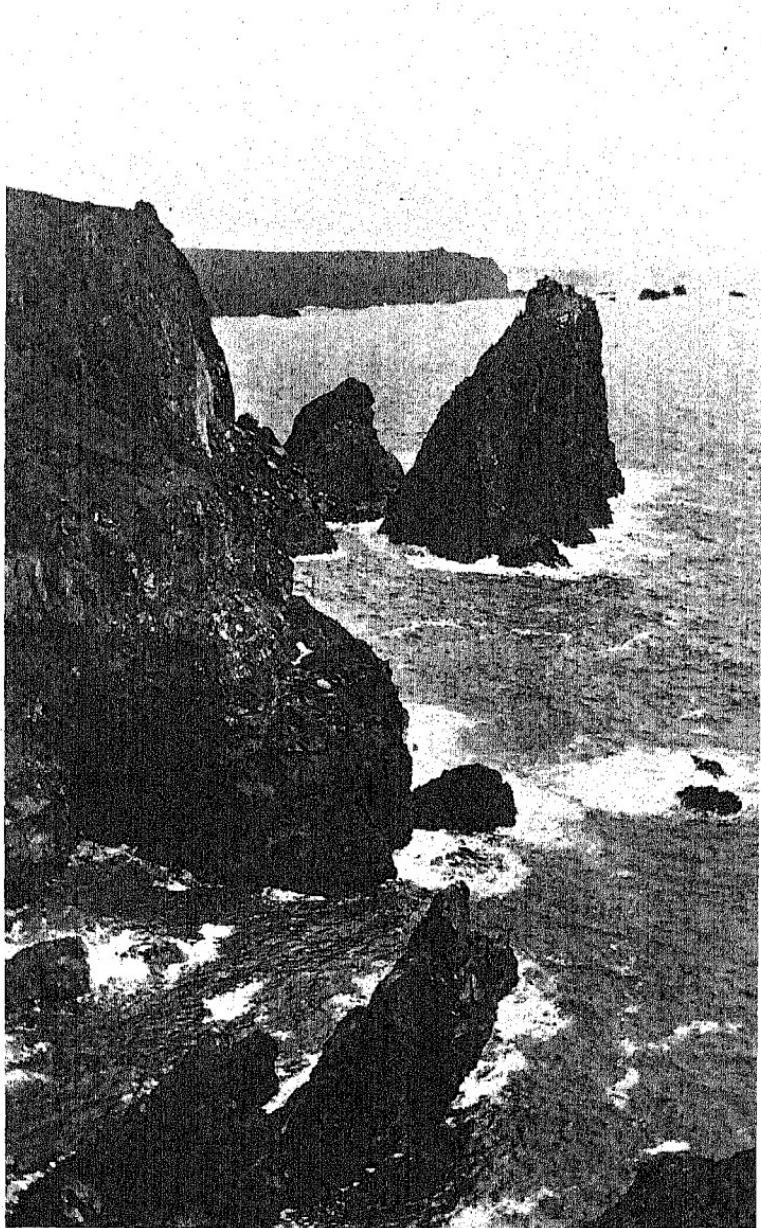
Beyond the cave at Polperro lie, out at sea, the Man-o'-War Rocks, which really ought to be called "Menen Vawr" (the "great stones"), but a transport, being wrecked here, caused its name to be changed. The mounds in "Pistol Meadow" show where the seven hundred nameless dead are buried. Not even the name of the ship is known. Beyond old Lizard Head, called "False Lizard," lie the coves of Crane and Caerthillian, and then crossing Pentreath and the cliffs of Yellow Carn, we at last look down on the most famous cove in the British Isles. If it is high water you will not notice anything very remarkable about it, and not be able to explore it, so for once you must arrange your time-scheme to be there at low tide.

Kynance has a stream called Dog's Brook, that comes tumbling down the rocky valley of Tor Balk, past the remains of a British village, into the cove just opposite Asparagus Island, one of the cove's many great crags with which these light sands are studded. The glory of the cove lies partly in its myriad colours, and partly in the myriad shapes of its isolated jagged rocks, all of which have fanciful names. There is the Lion Rock, a most noble animal, couchant but guarding its eastern end, the huge Steeple Rock, and the Devil's Post Office, a fissure through which the sea spouts, posting its white foam, where the air hurls such papers as you hold up for it to snatch far out to sea. There are serpentine caves of enormous extent known as the Drawing-room, which is all green, the Kitchen, which is all white, and the Parlour, which has a bay-window. There is a great cavity above the Bishop's Rock known as the Devil's Mouth. A Ladies' Bathing-pool reminds us that Kynance is not only pictur-

esque, but a fine bathing-cove. This is no place merely to peer down upon from the heights, and pretend that you have seen it ; you must possess your soul in patience until both the sea and the crowd have ebbed, which, unfortunately, rarely happens simultaneously. To appreciate its grandeur you must see it in isolation, at dawn or sunset. Its colours and shapes, however, remain unspoilt even by the largest crowds.

Our way now lies northward by way of the cliffs over Rill Head, on the top of which is a pile of rocks known as the Apron-string, where the Devil dropped an apron full of stones with which he intended to bridge the Channel for smugglers. The next promontory is the Horse, which is a dangerous saddleback from which we look down on a black cove below, called the "Horse-pond," where is Pigeon Hugo, an inaccessible cave. You cannot get down to the sea till you come to Gue Graze, where there is a soapstone (French chalk) quarry.

Beyond Vellan Head is a succession of black rocks leading to Pradanack, where we look across Mullion Island to the superb curve of Mount's Bay. Our way over the rough boulders is indicated by whitewashed cairns, and we descend into Mullion Cove where there is, unexpectedly, a tiny harbour set among the cruellest black rocks imaginable. There are lobster-pots, fishing-lines and nets, rowing and sailing-boats lying at all sorts of angles by the cottages and the quay, and above on the headland is a large hotel which has perhaps the most satisfying views of any in the Duchy. A Greek sailor, once rescued from a wreck in this cove, had the distinction of being the sole survivor in no less than three wrecks. The natives of Mullion had a bad reputation in the old days of the wreckers, and in Mullion Cove, which is certainly forbidding, the old stories of their malign savagery seem less improbable than they do in print. The fifteenth-century church has a speckled tower of black and white, like that at Landewednack, being made partly



**The Cornish Coast
at Kynance Cove**



ion Rock,
yndance Cove

of granite, partly of serpentine. Its bench-ends are ornately and grotesquely carved, and include the symbols of the Crucifixion.

There are really three coves in the Mullion area with a huge hotel overlooking each, but Porthmellin, or Mullion Cove, is the only one with a harbour. The others, Polurrian and Poldhu, are tiny bathing coves, separated by the Marconi Station. Beyond the sandy beach at Poldhu the cliffs sink, giving place for a time to towans, beloved of golfers. Half-buried among these giant sand-dunes, right at the sea's edge, is the church of Gunwalloe, erected, we are told, by a shipwrecked sailor in the fifteenth century on the spot where he reached safety. Its tower is detached and built into the rock close by. These sand-banks are supposed to be full of hidden treasure, and you may still see optimists searching the sands here for silver Spanish dollars which are occasionally recovered from a famous wreck of 150 years ago, but golf balls are commoner.

The church of St. Corantyn, built in 1261, a little inland at Cury, is worth visiting for its ancient cross with wheel-head. In this parish lived Richard Bonython of Bonython, one of the first emigrants to America, an ancestor of Longfellow. A big house near here, Bochym, is world-famous among botanists for its giant trees and rare plants, and possesses an interesting collection of old furniture.

On regaining the sea we find ourselves faced by an enormous stretch of sands, half-way along which is Loe Bar which cuts off the Loe from the sea. Once upon a time this was the port of Helston, but the wretched Tregeagle, steward of Lanhydrock, whom we have already met and are often to meet again before we leave the Duchy, was condemned, among his other punishments, to carry sand in sacks across the mouth of the estuary from Gunwalloe and empty them in Porthleven. As the sands hereabouts are soft and shifting it was a bad enough job anyway, but the minions of the

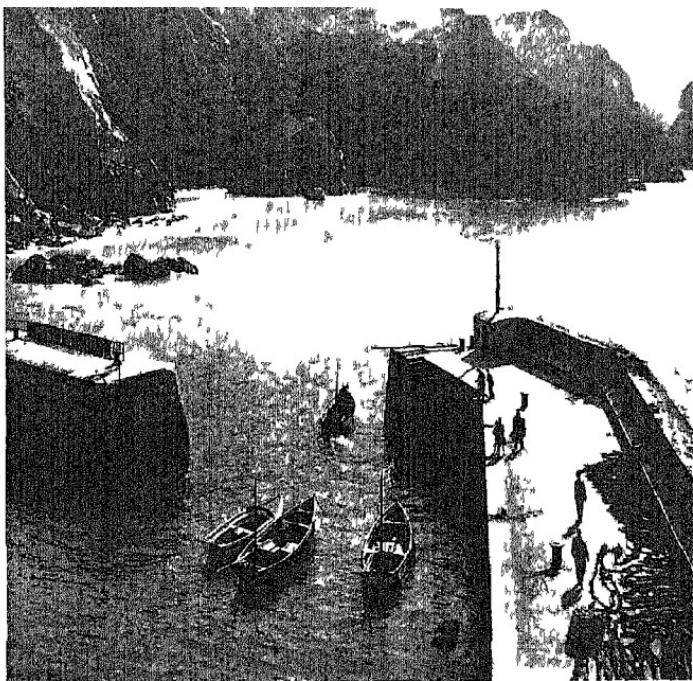
Devil, always on the look-out for him, tripped him up, and his sacks full of sand silted up the river mouth. There was a time when the people of Helston presented the lords of the manor, the Penroses and afterwards the Rogers of Penrose, with a leather purse containing threepence in exchange for the right to cut Tregeagle's sand bar and so let the water out. This custom is still continued with the present Lord of the Manor.



HELSTON—FURRY DANCE

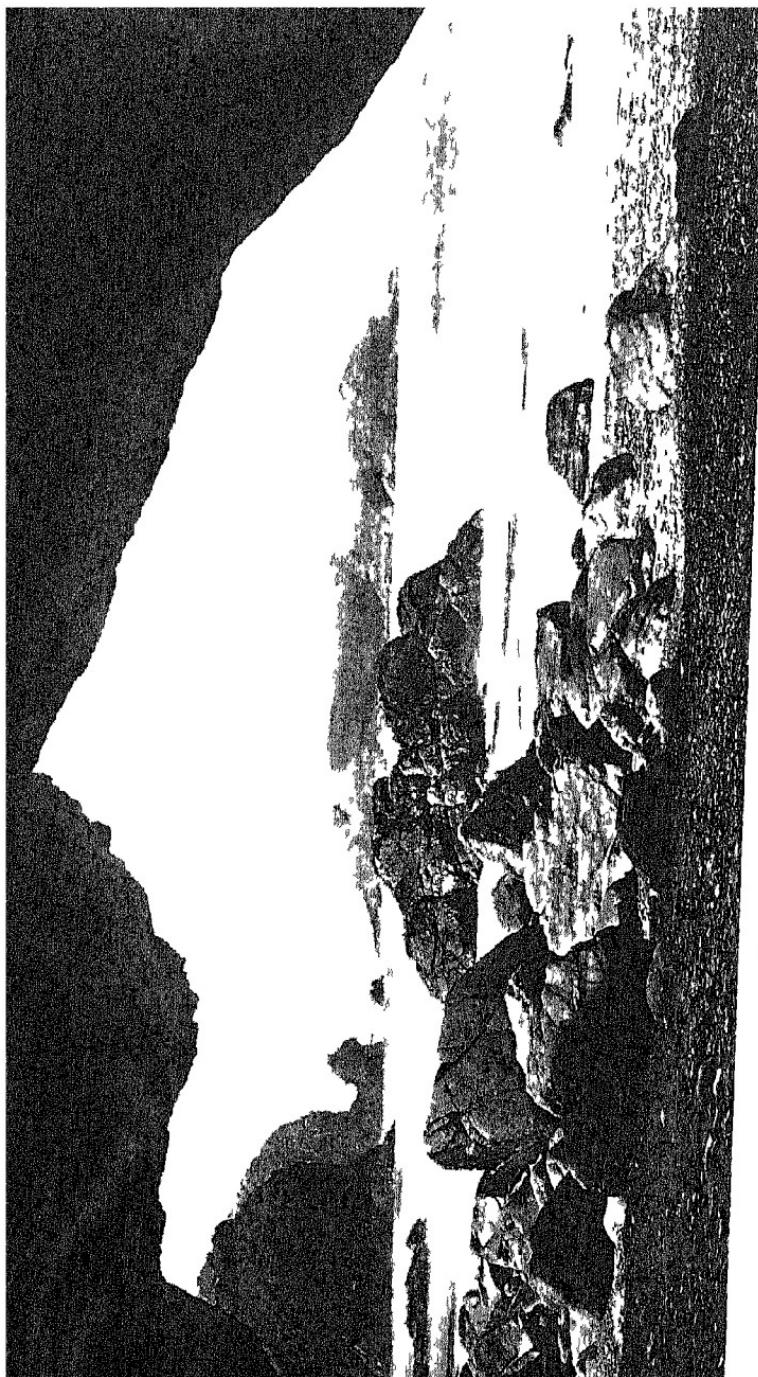
Our way to Helston lies across the sands to the bar, and then up the thickly-wooded sides of the famous pool, which is seven miles in circumference, and is, according to Tennyson, the place where Sir Bedivere threw Excalibur. Helston is a market town with a clear stream, like that at Truro, running on either side of the wide main street. It

Mullion
Cove



Mullion
Church

Mullion Cove, from the Caves



is mainly famous for its Furry Dance, which takes place on the 8th May, and is attended by all the inhabitants, who go out to collect garlands early in the morning and spend the day dancing in couples in at the front and out of the back door of every house. Its history is a long one, stretching back to Saxon times. King John granted it a charter, and in 1201 the inhabitants presented the King with forty silver marks and a palfrey. Edward I created it a coinage town. It was also at one time a Stannary town, and ships were able, before Tregeagle's day, rather long before, to sail right up to its walls. In Defoe's day it was "spacious and populous," and he much admired the church, which, however, was rebuilt in 1763. Charles Kingsley was educated at the Grammar School, where Coleridge's son was headmaster. Helston is the only town of any size in the Lizard area, and the only one with a railway station.

CHAPTER VII

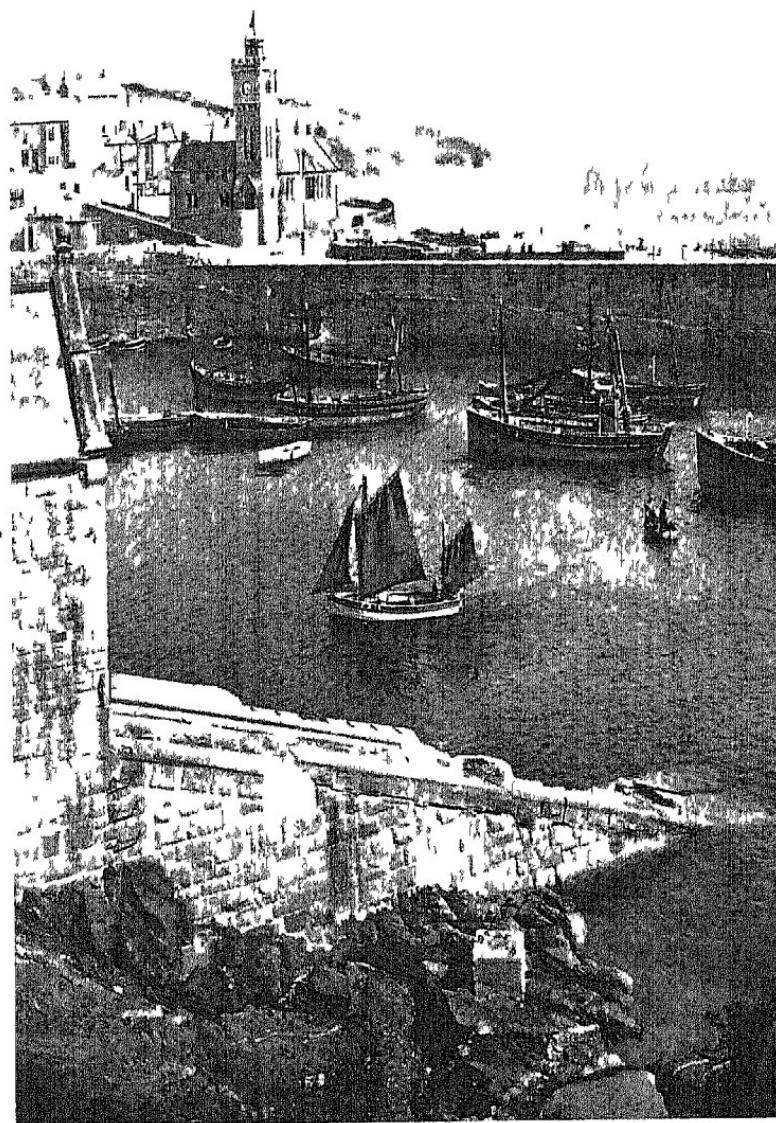
FROM HELSTON TO LAND'S END

ON leaving Helston westward it is pleasant to go by way of the Penrose Woods down to Porthleven, a busy fishing village with a harbour where one may watch granite-lading and ship-building, but on no account must Breage (pronounced "Brague," to rhyme with Mencage), which lies inland, be missed. There is a holed sandstone cross in the churchyard said to be hardened with blood. In the large and fine church, dedicated to the Irish Saint, Breaca, there is a ten-foot fresco of our Lord surrounded by fifty articles of handicraft, scythes, rakes, anchors, carts, and so on, all sprinkled with blood, a Godolphin tomb, dated 1678, and the largest church-bell in Cornwall, which is apparently never rung.

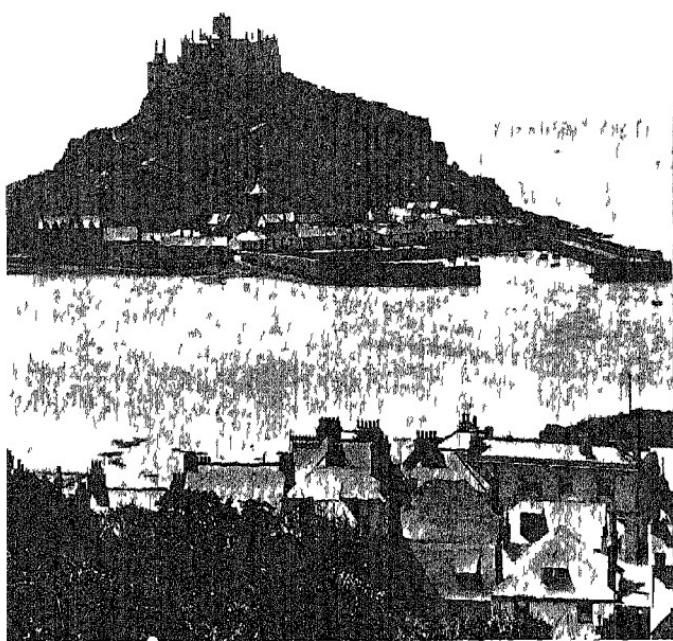
We strike the sea again at Praa Sands, pronounced "Pray," the scene of many wrecks, at the end of which lies the old embattled tower of Pengersick Castle, built in the reign of Henry VIII by a mysterious stranger who lived here with a wife in mutual loathing. At a dinner arranged to celebrate a temporary reconciliation, each poisoned the other's wine, but the wife was left with the last word, for it took her two minutes longer to die, which left her time enough to kick her dead husband's body.

Just inland lies Germoe, closely connected with Breage in wrecking, as can be seen from the old couplet :—

"God keep us from rocks and shelving sands,
And save us from Breage and Germoe men's hands."



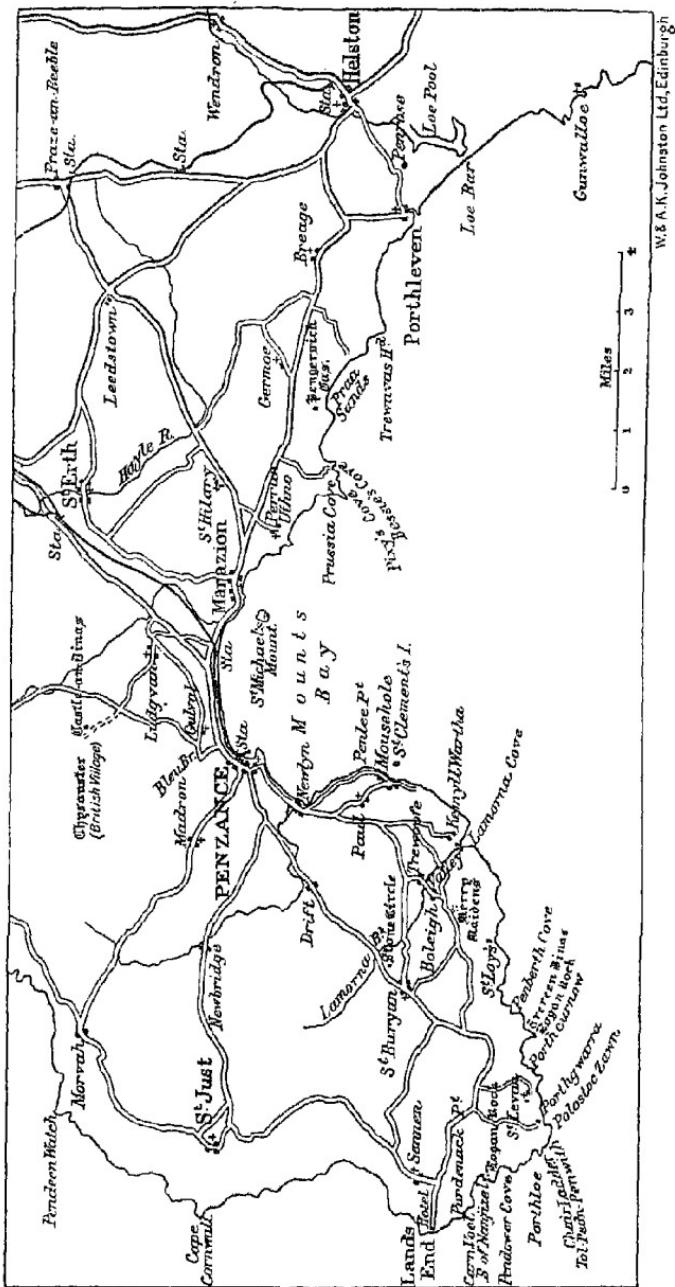
Porthleven



St.
Michael's
Mount



Chevy
Chase
Room, St.
Michael's
Mount



According to another Cornish saying, Germoe was a king while Breaca was a midwife. The font in the church is very ancient, and the stones in the porch are carved with monkeys. In the churchyard is St. Germoe's chair, a canopied stone building of three sedilia, roofed and fronted by two pillared arches.

The most famous place in this neighbourhood is, however, Prussia Cove, with its satellites Bessie's Cove and Pixy's Cove. Here we are back again among the chasms and black rocks as at Cadgwith, with quiet diving-pools, and stories by the score of that famous John Carter, most notorious of smugglers, who was called by his followers the King of Prussia.

Bessie's Cove was christened after Bessie Burrow, who kept the "Kidleywink," or public-house, on the cliff-top. The Carters were ostensibly farmers, but really smugglers on an extensive scale with a reputation for scrupulous fairness. In 1770 John Carter built a large stone house here, which he used as an inn and a hold for contraband, until he had the misfortune to fire on H.M.S. *Fairy*, a revenue sloop, an action which curtailed his activities. His brother Henry, who also dealt in contraband, left an autobiography behind him in which we learn how it is possible for a conscientious man to be both preacher and smuggler.

A little inland lies sandy Perran Uthno, where a famous Trevelyan arrived on horseback somewhat tired after being pursued by water over the submerged land of Lyonesse all the way from the Scillies, and behind lies St. Hilary, where there are two famous inscribed stones, one containing this obvious witness to Roman occupation : "FLAVIO JULIO CONSTANTIN PII CAESARI DUC CONSTANTINI PII AUGUSTI FILIO," which is the longest Roman-British inscription in Cornwall, and an obvious dedication to the Emperor Constantine the Great, erected A.D. 307. The other stone is a seven-foot block of granite, inscribed with the one word,

"NOTI," written twice and ornamented by what look like masonic symbols.

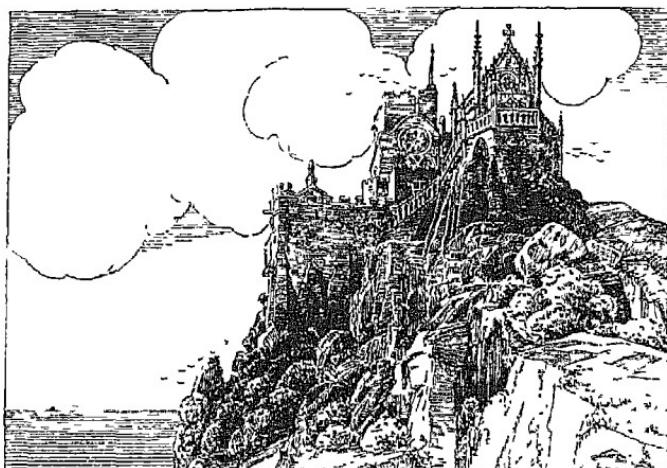
The church, which contains decorated panels by contemporary leading artists, including Dod and Ernest Procter, has one of the few stone spires in the county, and there was a time when St. Ives, on the other coast, paid a yearly sum for it to be whitewashed, so it can be guessed how considerable a landmark it is.

We return to the sea at Marazion, or Market Jew, visited by countless thousands for the sake of St. Michael's Mount, the most faery-like of all British castles, but interesting in itself by reason of the fact that it was once a famous mart between the early Cornish and the Orient. Marazion probably means "John's Market." Neither name has anything to do with the race of Jews, though there are Jews in this part of Cornwall. It was plundered by the French in 1513. St. Michael's Mount is a vast crag rising 231 feet above the sea, surmounted by a pinnacled castle, with a village at its base about half a mile off the mainland and cut off from it at high tide. At some early period Mount's Bay was a forest, and at exceptionally low tides in exceptionally clear water traces of black trees on the white sands far out in the



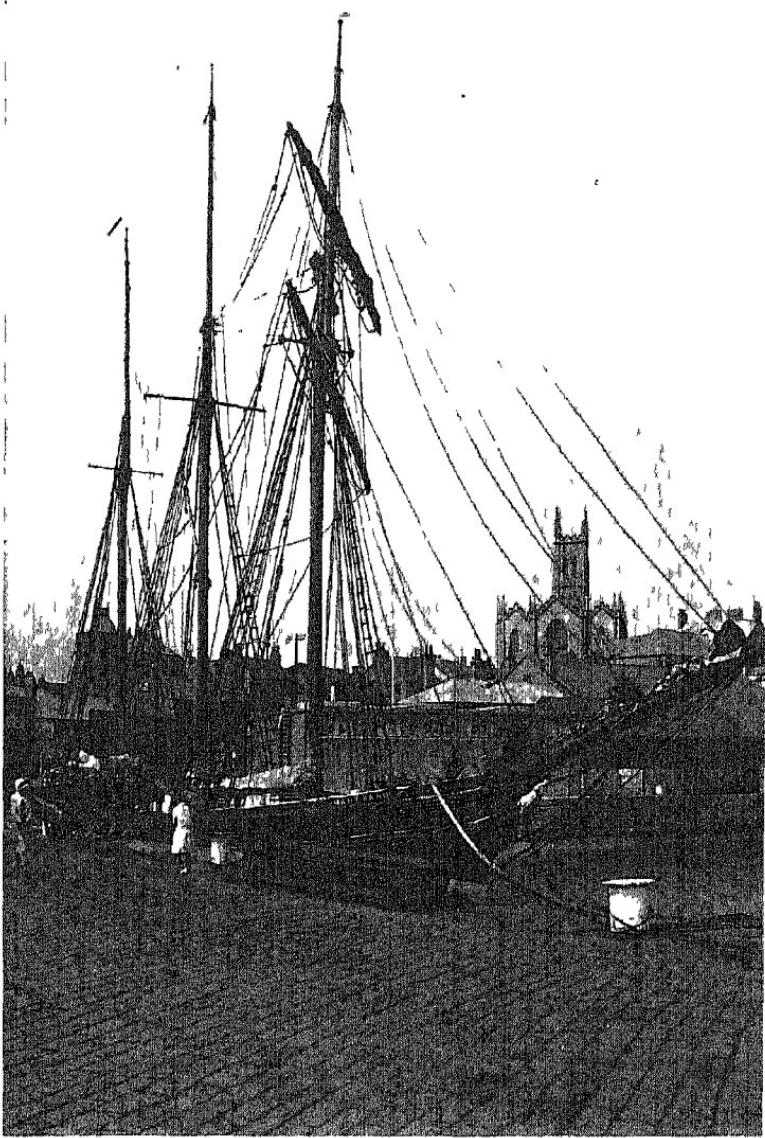
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
CHAPEL DOOR

bay have been traced, and after great storms trunks of these submerged trees have been cast up on the shore. In ancient days the Mount must have been a part of the mainland. It soon became holy as the haunt of hermits, and was certainly regarded so by St. Keyne who visited it in A.D. 490. Edward the Confessor granted it to the Benedictine Abbey of Mont St. Michel,



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

and a Priory was established on the summit which was afterwards transferred to the Abbey of Sion in Middlesex. In addition to being a religious house it was a fortress, for the possession of which Henry de Pomeroy, in the absence of Richard I, fought, only to open his veins and bleed to death on the unexpected return of that King rather than wait to be hanged for treason. In 1471 Lord Oxford took refuge from Edward IV there, by posing as a pilgrim, and then taking possession of the mount by force. Sir John Arundell, the high Sheriff of the Duchy, tried in vain to dislodge him, and was killed on the sands. Lady Catherine Gordon, wife of Perkin Warbeck,



Penzance Harbour



Market Jew St.,
Paris

sought sanctuary here with less good fortune. She was dragged out. During the great Cornish Rebellion of 1549 against the Reformed religion, Humphrey Arundell held it for the rebels, but was captured at Exeter and put to death. During the Civil War the Royalist, Sir Francis Basset, held it until it was captured by Colonel Hammond. Since 1660 it has belonged to the St. Aubyn family. To explore it is to be steeped in feudalism. The Lord St. Levan has liveried boatmen to row him to and fro, and everything on the island is, of course, his. Below the floor of the castle chapel, in an oublie six feet square, there was discovered, just over a hundred years ago, the skeleton of a giant. The Chevy Chase Hall, once the refectory, has a fine timber roof and plaster frieze depicting hunting scenes. The tower is the oldest part of the castle, and at the top of it there is a granite seat known as "St. Michael's chair," which has the reputation of giving the mastery for life to the husband or wife who first sits in it. There is always a rush on the part of engaged couples to secure this advantage, though it requires a certain courage to get into and out of it. This so-called "seat" is really the frame of a lantern.

Seen from far or near, in whatever weather, at whatever time of day, St. Michael's Mount stands out as one of the Seven Wonders of England, mysterious, exquisitely beautiful, a citadel of romance on which to base all the castles of one's dreams. I had myself the great good fortune to see it first at midnight under a harvest moon with the lights in its high walls flashing over the sea. I have seen it emerge above a sea-mist like a magic palace sitting on a cloud, I have seen it with the storms beating great waves against its granite sides, and I have seen it shimmering in the noonday heat of a perfect midsummer day. Each time it has seemed beyond compare, the most exquisite gem of all English homes.

You can, if you so wish, reach Penzance by walking along the flat beach all the way, but there are two villages

intervening to call us inland. Ludgvan (pronounced Ludjan) was the home of that family of which Sir Humphry Davy was the most famous member, and is the burial-place of the historian Borlase, the friend of Alexander Pope. There is a holy well here, and anyone baptised in it is guaranteed against death by hanging. Unfortunately a Ludgvan woman was once actually hanged, but it was found that she had been baptised elsewhere. Behind the



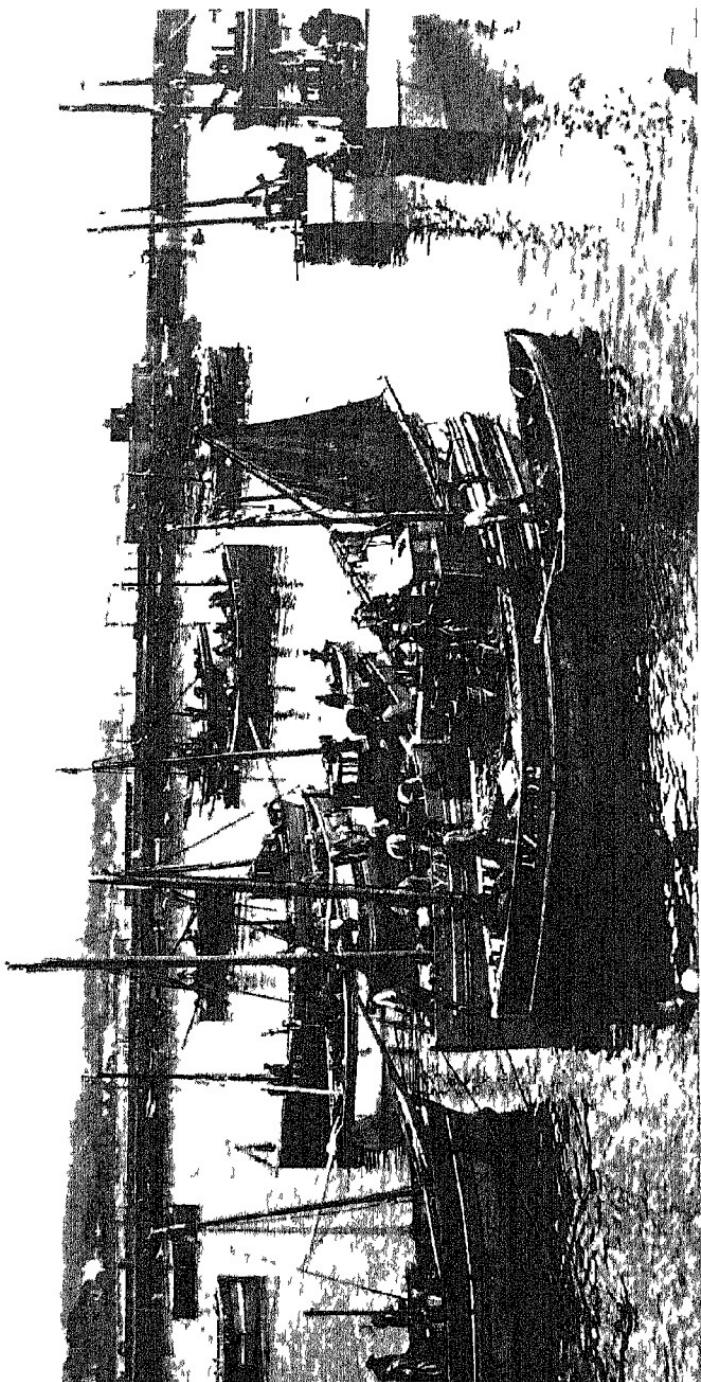
GULVAL

village is the hill, 765 feet high, of Castell-an-Dinas, a very famous prehistoric camp, with a modern tower in the middle of it. On the way to Gulval we pass Chysauster, a fine collection of ancient huts. At Bleu Bridge there is an inscribed pillar, and at Gulval we find ourselves in a churchyard filled with lovely tropical plants. The old church has been enriched by monuments of Derbyshire felspar, commemorating the family of Bolitho. This daffodil-narcissi-hydrangea-haunted village forms a fitting introduction to Penzance, the town of tropical flowers.

In the
Harbour,
Mousehole



An odd
corner,
Mousehole



Newlyn



PENZANCE—MORRAB GARDENS

Penzance means holy headland, and should be pronounced "Pen-sans," its true derivation, and not "Pen's aunts" in the Londoner's fashion. The arms of the town, St. John's head on a charger, is a fanciful allusion to Holy Head. It was

once a coinage town, and was burnt and sacked by the Spaniards in 1595. Being loyal to the King in the Civil War it suffered once more at the hands of Fairfax in 1646. In Defoe's day it was "a place of good business, well built and populous, having a good trade and a great many ships belonging to it." The description still holds good. It is now a suburb of Covent Garden, and a great fishing centre. Sir Humphry Davy, the son of a local wood-carver, was born here in 1778. It possesses good shops, and a not unattractive promenade. There is always something going on in the harbour, whence sail the steamers to the Scilly Islands, forty miles away. The view of St. Mount's Bay from here is best seen on a calm hot summer night, when there is a vast arc of twinkling lights from the hamlets and villages, and more from the fishing-fleet at sea. It is always superb, but never more so than at such a time.

On its western side lies Newlyn, the adopted home for the last fifty



PENZANCE—MORRAB GARDENS

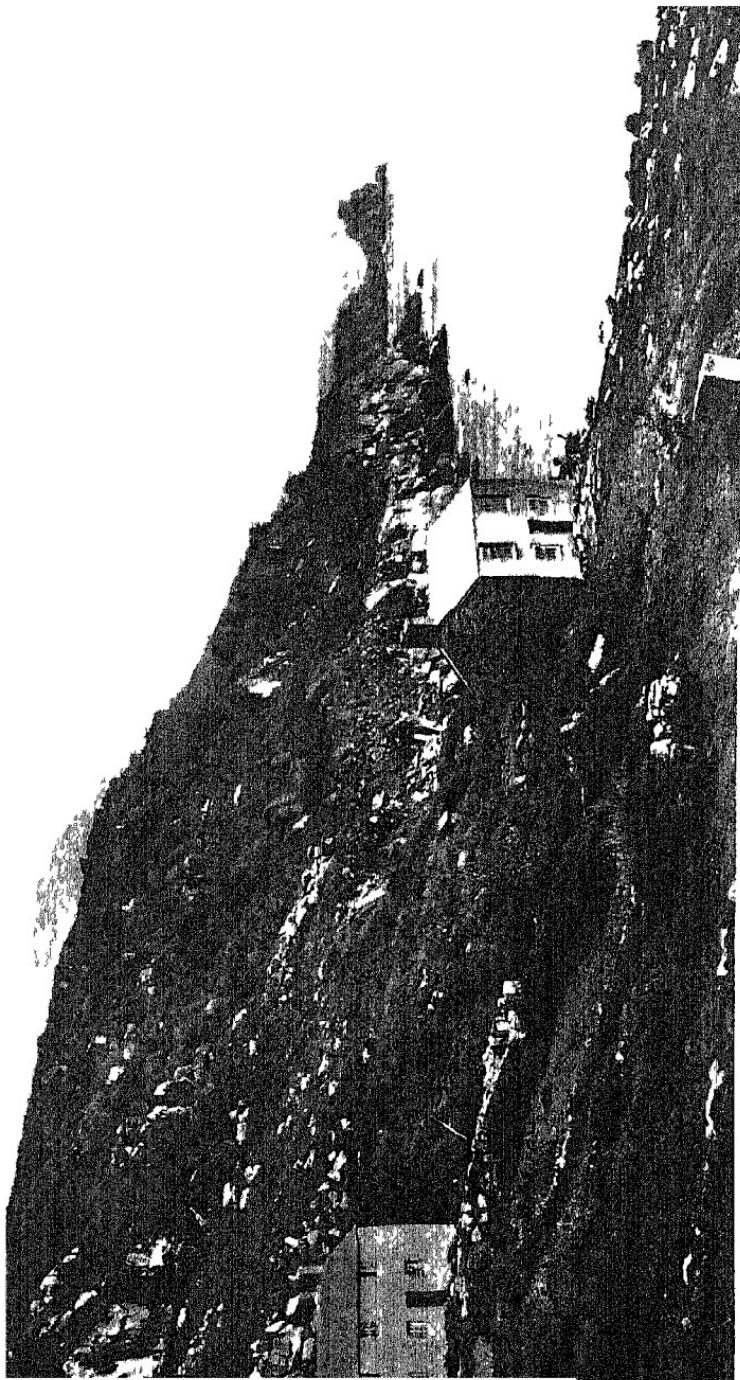
years of some of our most famous artists, and the real home for countless generations of Cornish fishermen. Its old name was Lulwyn meaning, perhaps, "the sheltered lake." The harbour is as much alive as that at Brixham, and affords an excellent refutation of the fallacy that only the old, useless, and neglected are fit objects for the artist. Not that the Newlyn artists of to-day are engaged in imitating their pre-



NEWLYN HARBOUR

decessors, Stanhope Forbes and H. S. Tuke, who spent most of their time painting fishermen and bathing boys. The younger generation, headed by Harold and Gertrude Harvey, Harold and Laura Knight, Dod and Ernest Procter, and Gladys Hines, show a certain affinity with the Primitives. They are a most sincere band of pioneers who strive to express man's deepest feelings in a new way both in regard to combinations of colour and subject-matter. They have fought an amazingly successful fight against the pretty-pretty and the conventionally beautiful. Their Madonnas are sturdy Cornish girls whose

Lamorna Cove

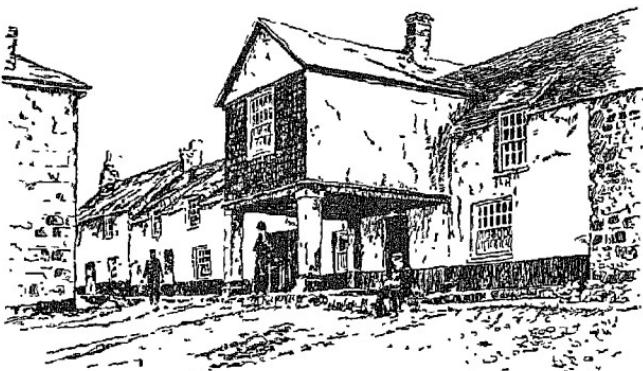




"Rock, near
Hornow Cove

dignity of bearing and stillness arouse in the beholder an emotion only comparable to that felt on hearing the most majestic music.

If art has been saved in England it is mainly due to the stupendous battle waged by the men and women of Newlyn, who have stuck to their principles and carried them into action in spite of ridicule, in spite of penury, in spite of envenomed animosity. Every visitor to Newlyn should make a point of inspecting their studios



NEWLYN

and their work, even if his knowledge or appreciation of painting is meagre. It will help him more quickly to probe to the spirit of Cornwall than all the word-painting in this book of mine. At first sight their work seems to bear no relation to the place they work in. They do not sketch nooks and crannies of Newlyn. They seem not to see, or at any rate not to care about, the obvious beauties of the Duchy. But look a little deeper and you will see that they owe their almost fantastically brilliant colouring to colours that you may yourselves see any day of the week on the cliffs or moors of this intensely light district. Their pictures make you remember the ancient saints who once made pilgrimage here, make you look more than casually

at the farm-girls and the fishermen, and realise that frocks do not make a figure any more than paint makes a face. Best of all, you will at last see how amazing are the effects of light and shade in this strange land that is almost an island.

Newlyn's fishing fame is world-wide. Her pilchards are salted, put into tanks, and under the names of "fairmaids," a corruption of *fermados*, exported to Italy. To watch the two hundred drifters putting out of port, shooting their nets, and hoisting their lamps at sunset is to be held spellbound by beauty perhaps of a more easily understandable sort than that portrayed on the canvases of the Newlyn artist. The fishing-fleet give us the poetry of motion, and the artists the poetry of immobility. There ought to be room for an appreciation of both in a well-furnished, well-aired mind.

On the way to Mousehole (pronounced Mouzell) it is worth while leaving the cliff paths to see in the church at Paul, a monument, erected by Prince Luis Lucien Buonaparte, who was a keen philologist, to Dolly Pentreath, the last person known to have used the Cornish language in conversation. She died in 1777. There happens to be a Cornish epitaph, dated 1709, on a stone in the south aisle, which runs :—

“Bounas heb dueth, Eu pocs karens wei
Tha Pobl Bohodzhak Paull Han Egles nei.”

the first line of which has an undeniably attractive rhythm. It certainly sounds much less attractive in English, for it means :—

“Eternal life be his whose loving care
Gave Paul an almshouse and the church repair.”

It is not surprising to find that George Borrow, whose father was after all a Cornishman, should have made a special pilgrimage here. He tells us in his diary that he sat “in a pew under the black suit of armour belonging to the Godolphin family with two swords.” The Godolphin was Nicholas, who died in 1633.

We drop down from this high bare upland village, with its fine landmark of a tower, to Penlee Point, where the deep blue of the quiet sea below is made more lovely by the peeps one gets of it through green trees and over bracken and yellow gorse. Mousehole, in some ways like Polperro, lies round the corner, a higgledy-piggledy grey fishing village clinging to the sides of a gorge, famous for its raid of 1595, when a squadron of Spanish galleons appeared off the village, landed 200 soldiers who pillaged Paul, burnt Mousehole and Newlyn, and then moved on to Penzance, where Sir Francis Godolphin tried, in vain at first, but afterwards successfully, to repel the invaders. You may still see the spot where Jenkin Keigwin was killed by a cannon-ball in front of the fine projecting porch of his own granite manor house, the most notable building in the village, now the "Keigwin Arms." The wood-work in this manor, the walls of which are four feet thick, is supposed to have come from the submerged forest in the bay. There is a cavern near by, and a rock off the coast, called St. Clement's Isle, where there was once a chapel.

The walk from here to Lamorna is one of much diversity and charm, over flat granite stiles, through the muddy farmyards of Kemyll Wartha, over fields whence you may look down on the widest expanse of blue water that you will ever see from any one place on land. A steep and narrow lane brings you out on a vast granite quarry above a tiny bay with a toy harbour, where a trout stream emerges from a narrow valley filled with flowers and woods, and tumbles into the sea. This cove is already the home of wise artists and novelists, but it ought to be the headquarters also of archaeologists, for no area, even in rich Cornwall, is richer in prehistoric treasures. This is a valley that must be taken slowly and every temptation to wander casually succumbed to. Everything here seems to have been touched by a magic hand from the moment you first look down into the clear water of the cove.

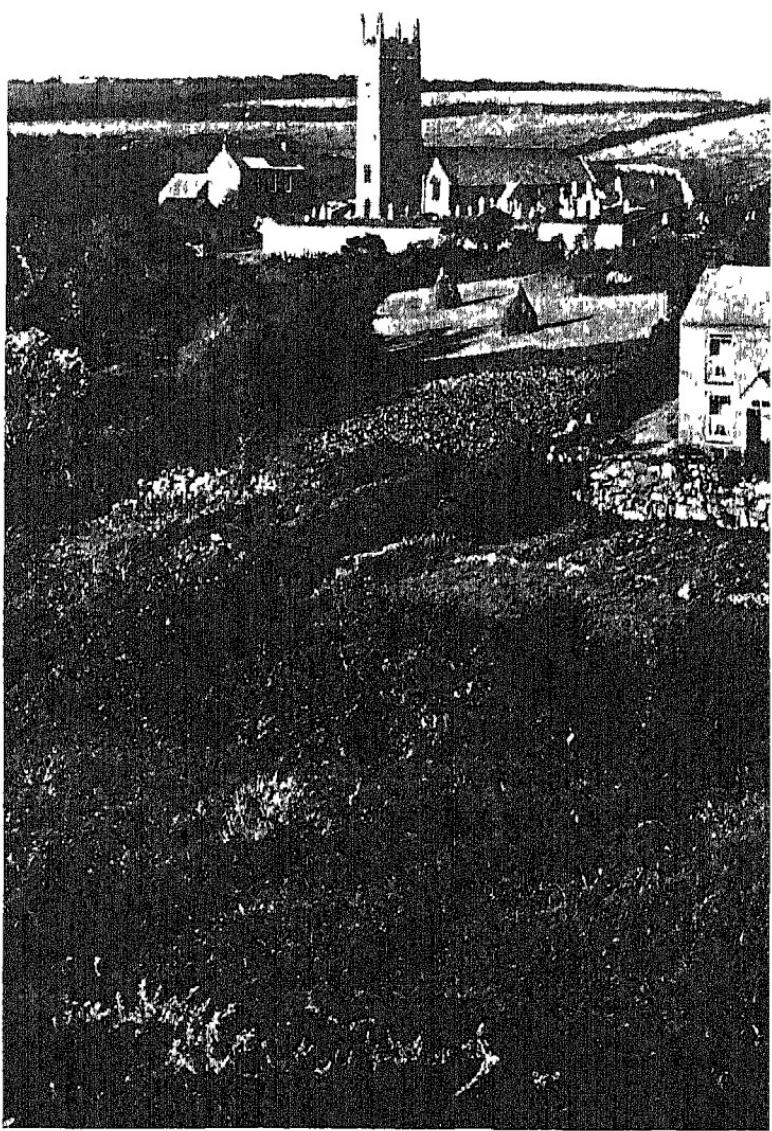
The music of the stream, as it winds more or less invisibly by your side through the dense foliage in the valley, is magical, the grey manor house of Trewoofe (pronounced Troove), with its great chimney, richly-decorated doorway, and ruined rooms, overshadowed and protected by giant elms, is equally magical. Here lived for 600 years the family of Levelis, about the last of whom, Arthur, who died in 1671, a most memorable epitaph can be read in Buryan church. We learn there that he immortalised his name by his virtues,

“ Much more than children could, or Bookes, for Love
Recordes it Here in Harters in Life Above.”

which surely deserves a place by the side of Ben Jonson's epitaph on Lady Pembroke.

At Boleigh, or Boleit, on the other side of the Lamorna Brook, Athelstan finally conquered the Cornish in the great battle of A.D. 936. There are two vast pillars in a field here, 12 feet high and 120 feet apart, called “The Pipers,” which are supposed to represent the petrified images of those men who played for the “Merry Maidens,” a marvellous circle of nineteen maidens now turned to stone for dancing on Sunday. There is a *fogou* hereabouts, an underground passage, used as a prehistoric hiding-place, some thirty-five feet long, roofed with slabs of granite, but hard to find by reason of the brambles and undergrowth that hide its entrance. The man who fails to be moved by these eerie relics of bygone ages, the lonely manor, the deserted *fogou*, the mound-covered battlefield, and the mysterious stones, is to be pitied. Cornwall speaks to him in vain.

A short walk over the fields brings us to St. Buryan, on the other side of which is another stone circle of “Ni Maen,” more commonly called “nine Maidens.” The fifteenth-century church, dedicated to St. Buriena, a daughter of a King of Ireland, contains two ancient crosses, the remnants of a thirteenth-century arch, a tomb



St. Levan



Treen Dinas,
Porthcurnow Cove

of the same age, bearing the inscription : “ Clarice, wife of Geoffrey de Boleit, lies here. God of her soul have mercy : who pray for her soul shall have ten days’ pardon,” a fourteenth-century font, and a richly-decorated restored screen. It was at St. Burien’s shrine, still to be seen, that Athelstan vowed to found in her honour a college of priests if he conquered the Scillies. Having achieved his wish he performed his vow in A.D. 930, and the choir wear red cassocks as a sign that theirs is a royal foundation.

A well-known epitaph in the churchyard ends :—

“ Largest is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.”

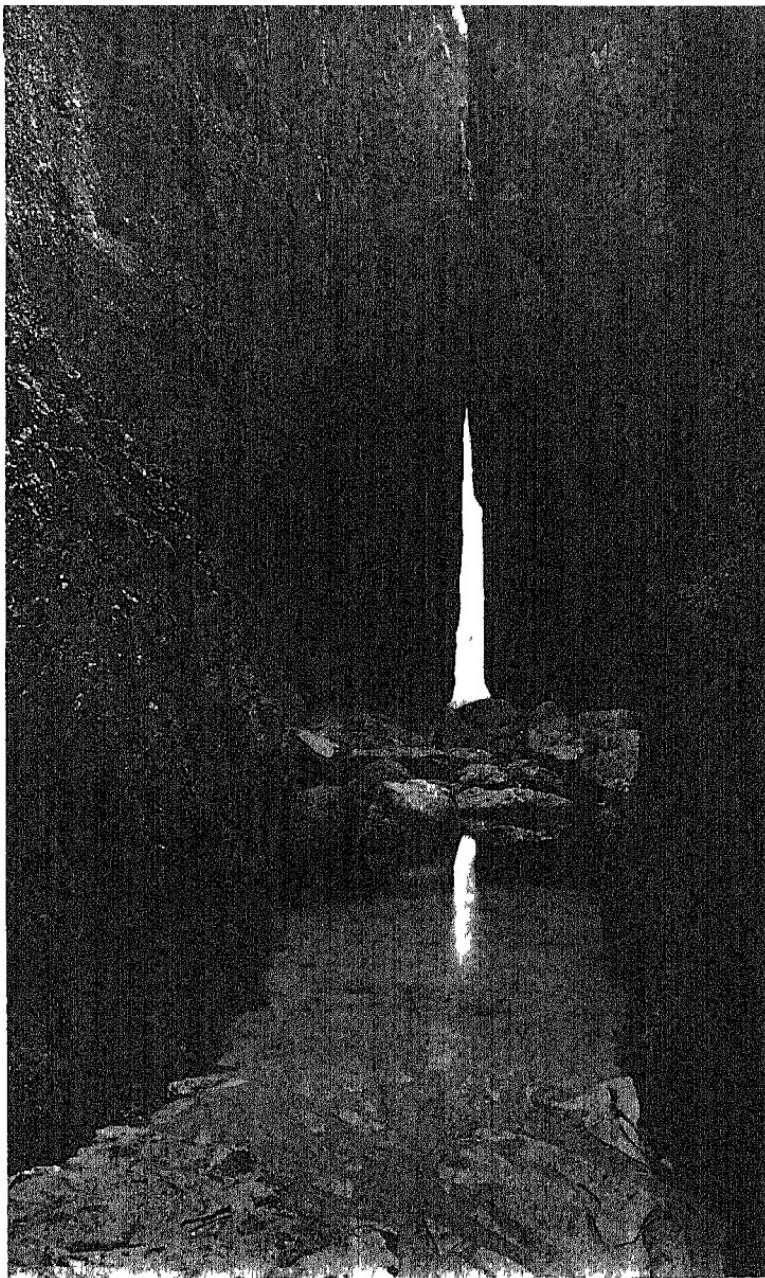
We are now quite close to Land’s End, but to cut straight over the fields is to miss probably the finest cliff scenery in Cornwall, so we regain the coast at wooded St. Loy’s or granite-paved Penberth Cove. Just beyond here is Trereen Dinas, on which rugged headland stands a wonderful cliff-castle surrounded with earthworks, triple vallum, and a fosse, and at the end, above the granite blocks, stands the famous 65-ton Logan Rock which caused Goldsmith’s nephew, a naval officer, to lose his fortune and ruin his career in his endeavours to replace it after having with great difficulty dislodged it a hundred years ago. It was here that Palgrave got the idea of making his famous anthology. Beyond the Logan are the shell-strewn sands of Porthcurnow, the local station of the Eastern Telegraph Company. Just inland is St. Levan, where there is an ancient wheel-cross and an old church in a hollow, dedicated to St. Levan, a fifth-century hermit, who choked his sister by giving her chad. There is a rock in the churchyard called St. Levan’s Stone. The Day of Judgment is due when there is room for a packhorse to pass through a gap in it. The bench-ends in the church are decorated with knights, ladies, jesters, and palmers, a very Chaucerian band of pilgrims. At Porthgwarra, famous for its lobsters, there are two tunnels through the cliff connecting the

village with the beach, which is paved with large stones. The quaintness of this village is partly said to be due to the fact that it is a Breton settlement. This part of the coast is made more beautiful by reason of the ivy, the snapdragon, and weird red and yellow ice-plant which grows all along the cliffs and walls.



"CHAIR LADDER" ON THE CLIFFS, NEAR LAND'S END

Beyond Polostoc Zawn, which is a rock shaped like a fisherman's cap, the coast turns north at Tol-Pedn-Penwith, the "Holed Headland," which gets its name from a terrifying chasm or funnel, thirty feet wide, formed by the roof of a cave falling in. Close to it is the "Chair Ladder," a huge pile of granite blocks, not altogether black, but made lovely by the lichen and the weather which have added a lustre of yellow and green, red and orange, that are all the more startling and brilliant by contrast



"The Song of the Sea"
Nanjizel Bay, near Land's End



Porthgwarra Cove

with the black base. Porthloe, famous for the wreck of the *Khyber*, leads to Pendower, where is another Logan Stone, and beyond that to Nanjizel, where the sands are formed of pure white shells, and there is a natural archway leading into a pool-filled grotto known as "Song of the Sea," which is as lovely a place as it sounds.

At Carn Voel there is another cavern, the "Lion's Den," and beyond that is Pardenack Point, 200 feet above the sea, formed entirely of huge granite blocks from which Turner painted his famous picture, and we can best see and appreciate that world-famed stack of rocks, known as the Headland of Blood, Bolerium, or Land's End.

CHAPTER VIII

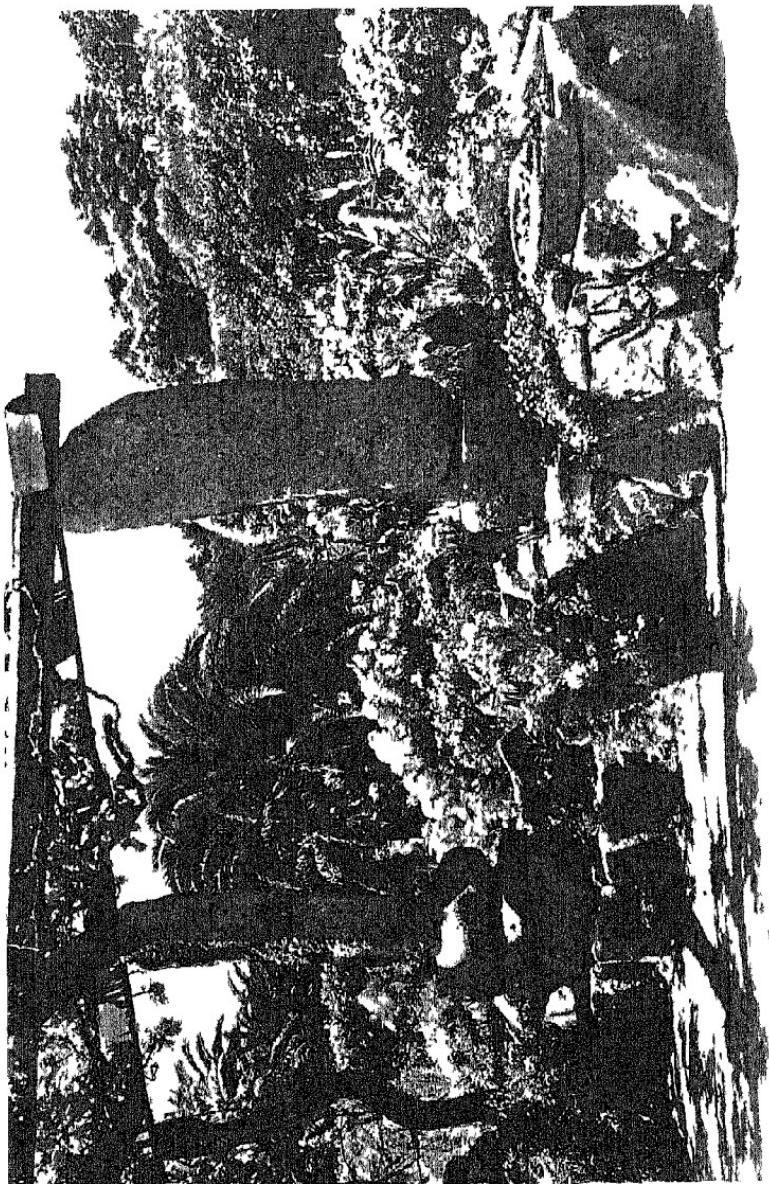
THE SCILLY ISLANDS

THE most popular excursion from Penzance, for those who like the sea, is the voyage to the Scilly Islands, the garden of flowers, an archipelago of about three hundred islands and rocks lying twenty-seven miles from the mainland and forty from Penzance. Five of the islands, St. Mary's, Tresco, Bryher, St. Martin's, and St. Agnes, have a total population of about two thousand people, and tradition has it that the once lovely land of Lyonnesse, connecting these islands with the mainland, was submerged on the day that Arthur died. They are full of Druidical remains, and it is suggested that they form the Cassiterides where the Phoenicians carried their tin. The Romans used them as a convenient dumping-ground for banished offenders, while the Danes used them as a rendezvous for raids until Athelstan dislodged them. They eventually became the property of the Abbey of Tavistock. The Godolphins held them after the Dissolution at a rental of £10 a year, which afterwards rose to £40 a year until about a hundred years ago, when the Smiths of Ashlyn leased them from William IV and built Tresco Abbey, the only part of the islands still to remain in the hands of that family, now that the Duchy have taken over the rest.

It was held for the King in the Civil War by Sir John Grenville, who was conquered by Admiral Blake, and Charles II took refuge there. About a hundred years ago the islanders, neglected by their overlords, after the

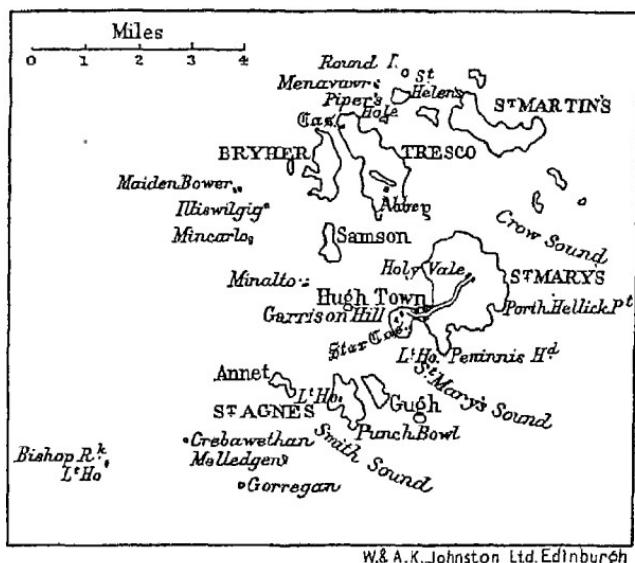


A ruined arch of Tresco Abbey,
Isles of Scilly



Tresco Abbey
ruens

failure of the kelp industry, found themselves starving through lack of work, but helped by the Government, started a fishing company. This having also failed they began to build ships, an industry that collapsed on the arrival of steam and iron. It was at this juncture that one of the Smiths began sending narcissi to Covent Garden in a hat-box. From that day their prosperity was assured. Every man, woman, and child on the



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islands is occupied on the flower-farms during the busy season, and we are told that they export 700 tons of flowers yearly, which approximates to five million bunches, each of twelve blooms, of narcissi, daffodils, arum-lilies, stocks, and red anemones.

On the voyage out we pass first the Wolf Lighthouse, and then the shining Day Mark, a round seventeenth-century tower in St. Martin's. We land at Hugh Town on St. Mary's, an island about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and 9 miles round. Hugh Town is built on an isthmus,

so that you can bathe either from a north-facing or a southern beach. The western end of the island is occupied by Garrison Hill, once strongly fortified. On it stands Star Castle, an Elizabethan house, originally the home of the Governor, now occupied by the Agent. From here you can see all the dots of islands and rocks lying towards the sunset, noticeably that of two-peaked Samson where are ruined cottages and many barrows, before climbing down to admire the amazing tropical trees, cacti, and palms, in the churchyard. On Peninnis, a great granite mass of rock, there is a lighthouse, a Logan Rock, supposed to



HUGH TOWN, ST. MARY'S—
PULPIT ROCK

weigh over three hundred tons, and several other picturesque isolated rocks in the shape of a monk's cowl, a giant's tooth, and a pulpit that resembles a cannon. Inland, on Clapper Down, are many barrows, covered with slabs of granite. The only place on the island that is really prolific of trees is Holy Vale, right in the middle. The fields in which the flowers are grown are hedged protectively with veronica, and a small green shrub called escallonia.

At Porth Hellick, the bay of willows, Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed ashore on his return from the expedition against Toulon, in 1707, after his flagship, *Association*, had foundered on the Bishop and Clerk Rocks, and was

buried where he was washed ashore at a spot where no grass will grow. Four days later his body was dug up, identified, and given a State funeral in Westminster Abbey. In 1734 a St. Mary's woman, on her death-bed, confessed that she had choked the exhausted Admiral to get his clothes and jewellery. She thereupon produced his missing emerald ring, which is now in the possession of the family of Berkeley.



TRESCO—ABBEY RUINS

Tresco is two miles from St. Mary's, and contains, in addition to a round tower called Cromwell's Castle, Athelstan's Abbey, now the home of the Lord of the Isle, always visited for the sake of its gardens, which are said to be more wonderful than those at Kew. Sir Walter Besant talks in very generous terms of its bamboos, eucalyptus, ferns, aloes, prickly pears, and palms. "It is as if Kew had taken off her glass roofs and placed all her plants and trees to face the English winter." There are figure-heads of wrecked vessels arranged in a row, and one of the old cressets, in which coal-fires were lit for lighthouses, is preserved here. In the cliffs on the northern headland is

the Piper's Hole, a dark passage 200 yards long which leads to a pool and sands towards which you have to be guided with lights.

On the island of Bryher, where there are fine rocks and good views, there is a spring on which the sun never shines, reputed to cure wounds.

The Outer Isles are composed of lovely-sounding but stern-looking rocks called Illiswilgig, Mincarlo, Minalto, and Maiden Bower. The main island of the Western Isles is St. Agnes, an island of short dark men, famous for its wreckers and Druidical remains on the Gugh. On a huge granite rock, called the Punch Bowl, is a basin three feet deep. Here also is the maze of Troy Town, a series of pebbles placed on the face of the Downs about three hundred years ago. The old lighthouse, built in 1680, is now used by Lord Onslow as a private house. Smith Sound separates St. Agnes from Annet, which is the breeding-ground of tens of thousands of puffins who are allowed to live unmolested by the sportsman, as all the Scillonians are allowed to live unmolested by the income-tax authorities. Here are more rocks and sunken ledges with unexpectedly delightful names, Meledgen, Gorregan, Jackys, Crebawethans, Rosevean, and Rosevear. On the outer ledge is the Bishop's Rock, on which is perched the most westerly of English lighthouses, with a million-candle-power beacon that is visible for eighteen miles. On the opposite side of St. Mary's lies St. Martin's, where the inhabitants are tall and fair, Round Island, which is a solid rock of granite 137 feet high, surmounted by a lighthouse, St. Helen's, called after St. Teilo, where are the remains of an ancient church, and Menavawr, whose three peaks give it the appearance of a sailing ship seen from a distance. One leaves this "Small sweet world of wave-encompassed wonder," as Swinburne called it, with very great reluctance, remembering, perhaps, best of all not the tropical gardens, the sweet-smelling flowers, the wild waves, the



Tooth Rock, Peninnis Point,
St. Maay's

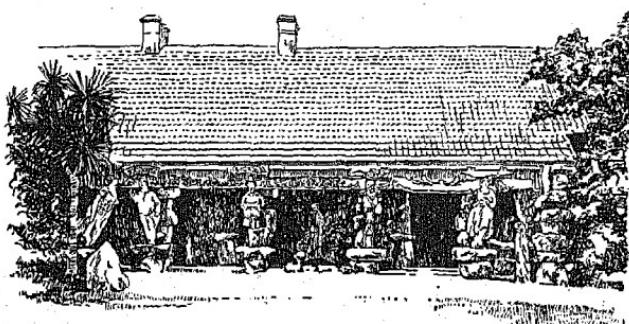
St. Mary's,
Isles of
Scilly



Flower
Culture,
Isles of
Scilly



mild climate, the rugged granite rocks, not even the tempestuous four hours' voyage, but the twin-peaked crater-like uninhabited tiny islet of Samson, which Sir Walter Besant described so delightfully in his romance, "Amarel of Lyonesse," which is the kind of book that makes you restless until you have visited the magic islands, and on your return from them has the power to keep them always fragrant in your memory.



TRESCO—FIGURE-HEADS

CHAPTER IX

FROM LAND'S END TO ST. IVES

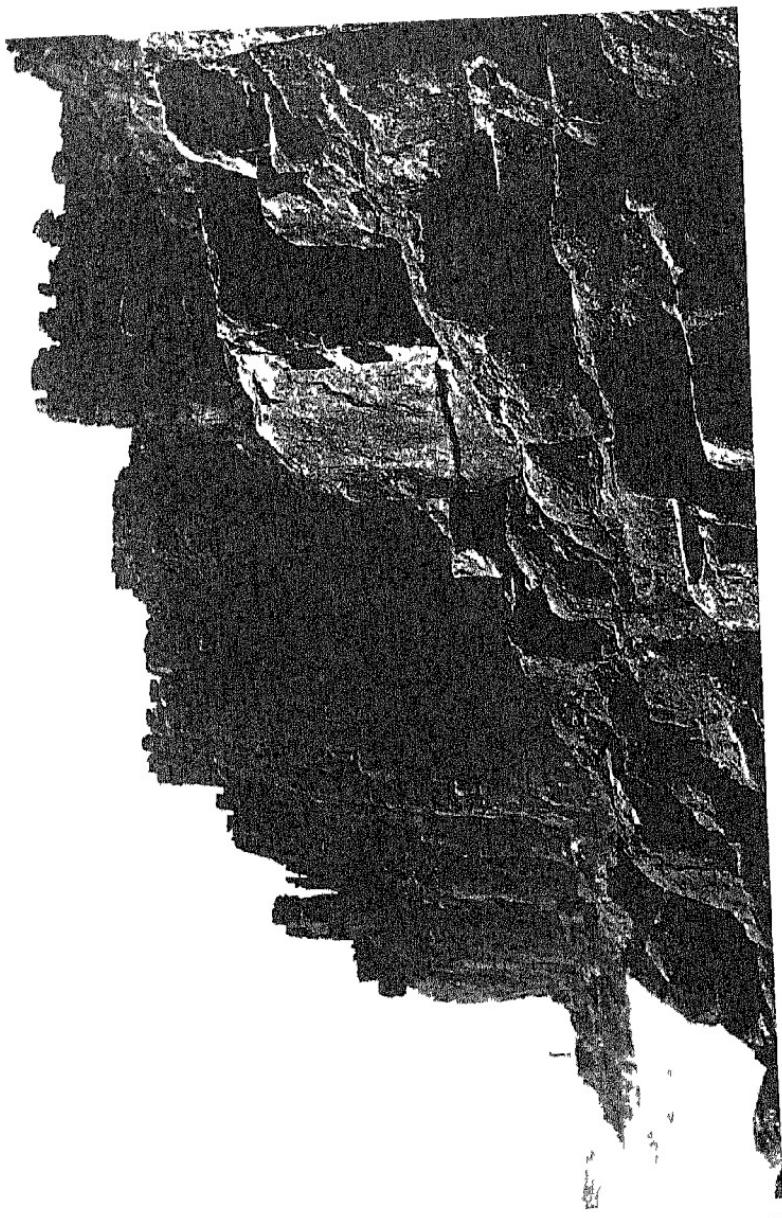
FROM no place do the Scilly Isles look quite so romantic as they do on those not altogether rare clear days when they stand out visible, distant and very, very low, black and purple specks across a clear blue sea, to keen-eyed watchers on Pardenack Point at Land's End. No one in his senses stands long either on the Lizard or Land's End itself on a fine summer day. The crowds are far too great for that peaceful communion with Nature which every man, faced with a stupendous scene, rightly demands. But there is room here for tens of thousands. It is only a question of walking a few hundred yards. People pretend to be disappointed with Land's End, expecting a fine narrow point jutting out into the Atlantic. The ordinary person's idea of what Land's End ought to look like is to be found at the Needles in the Isle of Wight. One glance at the map ought to correct that impression. It ought, too, to be added that Cape Cornwall appears to jut out much further, thereby adding a grievance to those already disappointed at the lack of solitude, and the lack of a point. Its compensations are, however, many. In the first place, no one could deny grandeur to this succession of tremendous crags of granite. In the second the view immediately at one's feet is, to put it mildly, arresting.

There stands, two miles away, the Longships Lighthouse, standing fifty feet above a sixty-foot rock, with waves ever licking its base, looking about the size of a

Enys
Dodman,
near
Land's End

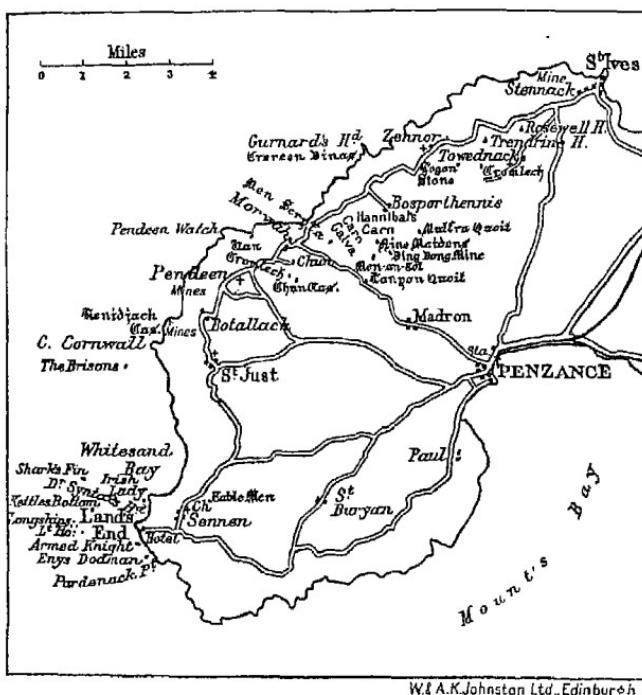


Longships
Lighthouse



Land's End

miniature serpentine souvenir of itself. Six miles to the south stands the Wolf. Everywhere on the shore and just off the shore stand rocks of majestic or grotesque shape, the Armed Knight, Enys Dodman, the Irish Lady, the Spire, the Kettle Bottom, the Shark's Fin, and Dr. Syntax's Head. Everywhere there are hosts of gulls, a sea of everchanging green and blue, and always some sailing ship or collier



W. & A. K. Johnston Ltd., Edinburgh

battling towards home out of the vast Atlantic. To scamper lightly from a car to the edge of the cliff, peer over, and shrug one's shoulders with contempt at so many other people doing the same thing, is not to give Land's End a fair chance. There is an hotel full of windows on the headland. Stay there at least one night. See the sunset over the distant Scillies, let the moon give the Longships

Lighthouse a chance to cast its pencil-like shadow across the still water, see the granite boulders on the hill-top as J. M. W. Turner saw them, desolate, like petrified sheep, and then you may begin to see that there is something in Land's End more than the furthest stretched-out toe of your native land. It is by no means the grandest cliff in Cornwall, being only sixty feet above the sea, but when you scramble down—few people ever think of doing so—and explore the pierced archway of Enys Dodman, climbing further and further away from the hordes of the

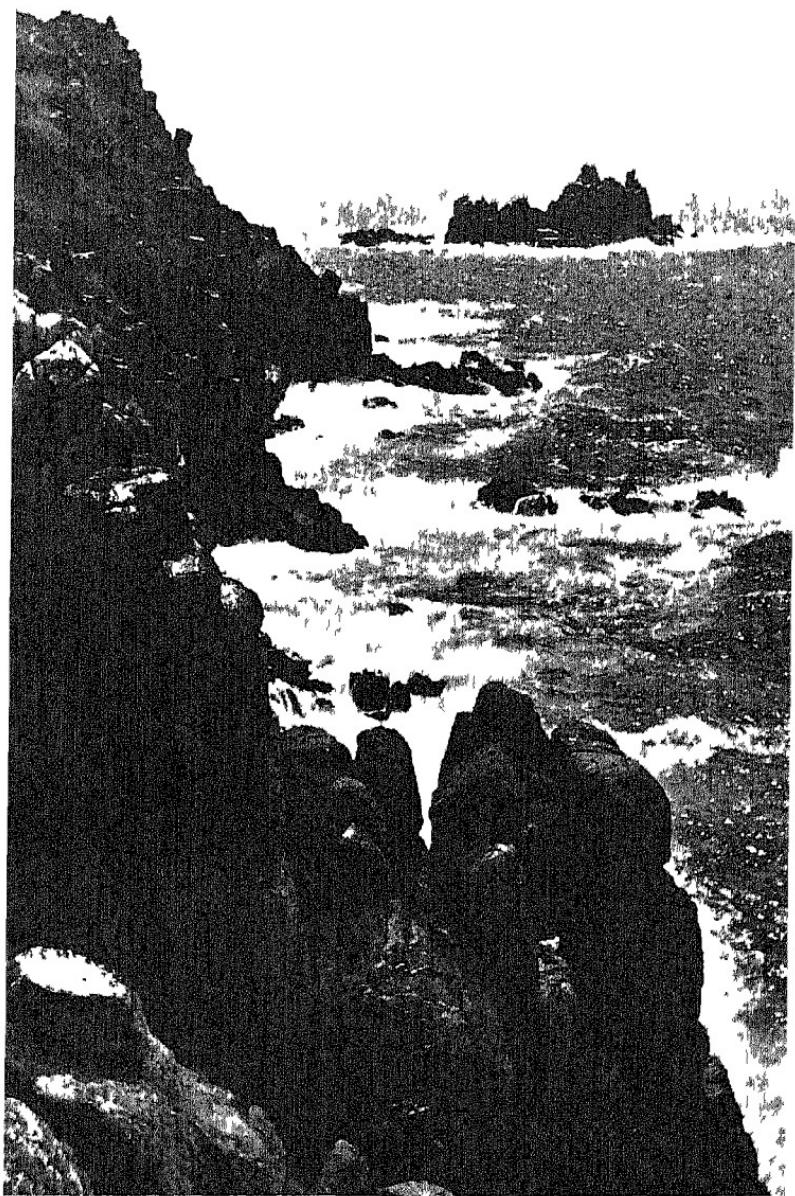


LAND'S END—CORNWALL

other visitors, some sense of its peculiar atmosphere will descend upon you, and you will find yourself agreeing that it does not do to dismiss Land's End with a sneer.

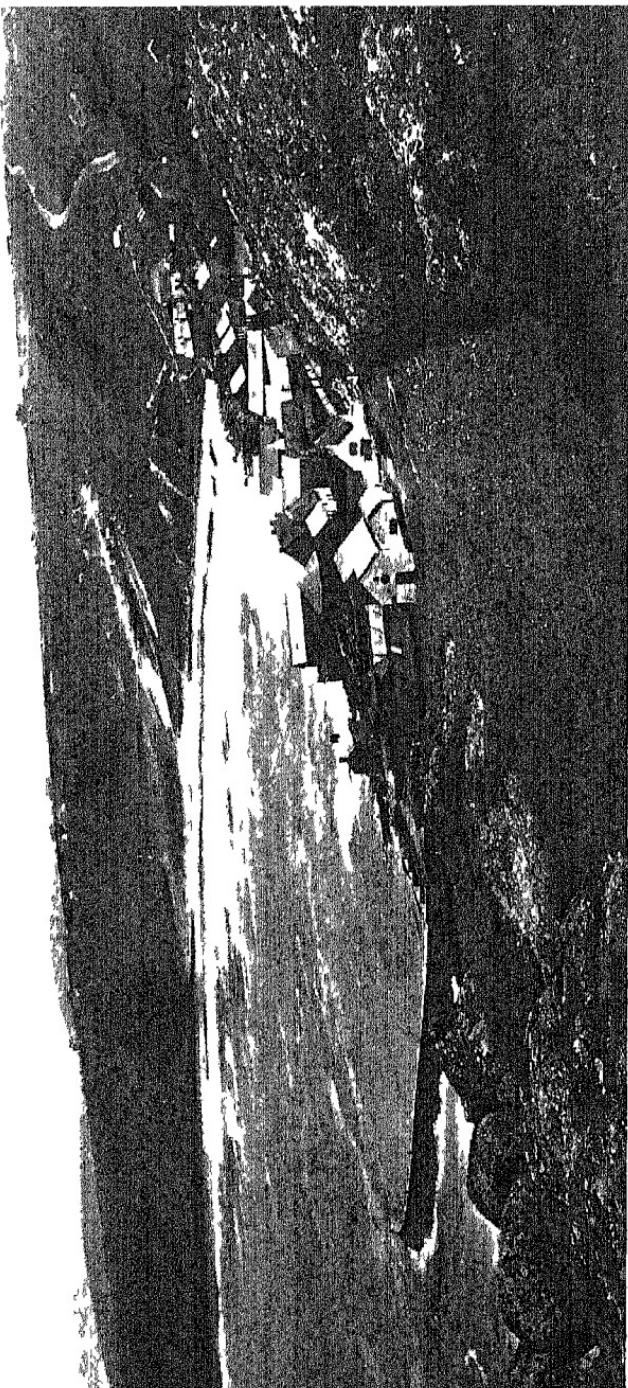
Our way now lies northwards, and we are very soon surprised to find that the awe-inspiring granite cliffs, which at one moment look like sticks of Edinburgh Rock and at another are more frightening than the Giant's Causeway, give place to a beautiful cove of dazzling white sand backed by a moorland all yellow with gorse and purple with heather. It is like a sudden transformation scene from an Inferno to Elysium.

The southern end is Sennen, the north Whitesand. Here, where children now build sand castles, artists set up



The Armed Knight, from Land's End

Sennen Cove and Whitesand Bay



their easels, and all the world bathes, Athelstan once landed after his conquest of the Scillies, Stephen in 1135, King John on his return from Ireland, and later Perkin Warbeck in 1497. On the bare treeless uplands, where the village lies, is St. Senan's church and near it the rock, Table-Men, at which King Arthur dined to commemorate his victory over the Danish pirates at Vellan-Drauachar.

Due north lies the village of St. Just (pronounced St. Joost) memorable chiefly for its amphitheatre, St. Just



SENNEN COVE—NEAR LAND'S END

Round, the “plan-an-guere,” where the Medieval Cornish interludes and miracle plays were acted, and wrestling, boxing, and “hurling” matches took place until John Wesley came to show them the wickedness of such pursuits. It is a grey, bare town full of bleak cottages which contrast strangely with the sixteenth-century Perpendicular church, whose walls are made of massive granite boulders left in the rough state. The pillars and capitals made of Beer Stone are finely carved, and the traceries of the east windows are most delicate. A sixth-century inscribed stone bears the letters **NI SALIS IC JACIT** and the famous Chi-Ro monogram. The whole countryside here is littered with ruined miners’ huts and old deserted shafts and chimneys.

It is worth while going out to Cape Cornwall to look out over that most terrifying pile of rocks known as the Brisons, dreaded of all sailors, and then to explore Kenidjack Castle, "the place of Howling," a famous prehistoric camp composed of hoary stones heaped up in very eerie shapes, with mounds and barrows and strange altars impinging on the three great copper and tin mines of Levant, Botallack, and Wheal Owles. Here stand, on the very face of the rock, old broken-down chimneys and roofless sheds, and a medley of ladders and platforms all mixed up with modern works.



CAPE CORNWALL—NEAR ST. JUST

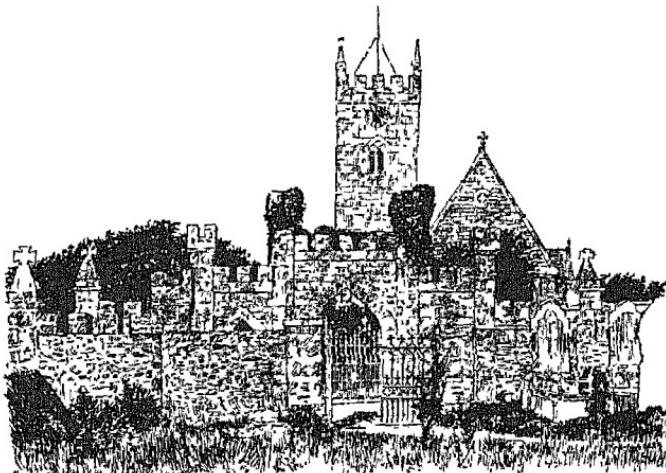
It is not strange that there should have been appalling disasters here. It must require grim courage for miners to pursue their work day after day 2,000 feet below the sea-level and half a mile out to sea. Something of the strange atmosphere of this north-west corner of the Duchy can be gleaned from the novels of Charles Mariott.

Near Pendeen Lighthouse is a seventeenth-century manor house, where Dr. Borlase was born in 1695. Near by is a *fogou* called Vau. The church is modelled on Iona Cathedral, and was built by the miners. It fits the scene.

At Morvah, in some remote way associated locally with mermaids, lies Chun Castle among the desolate crags on the summit of a hill, a grey concentric circle of three

heaped-up walls about 150 feet across, with four ditches 40 feet deep between them. It is presumed that it was built by Irish saints in the fifth century. Close by is Chun Cromlech that is far older.

We are now definitely in prehistoric Cornwall, and it is perhaps fitting that I can think of no headquarters nearer than Madron, whose holy well is almost as famous for working miraculous cures as Lourdes, but even if you



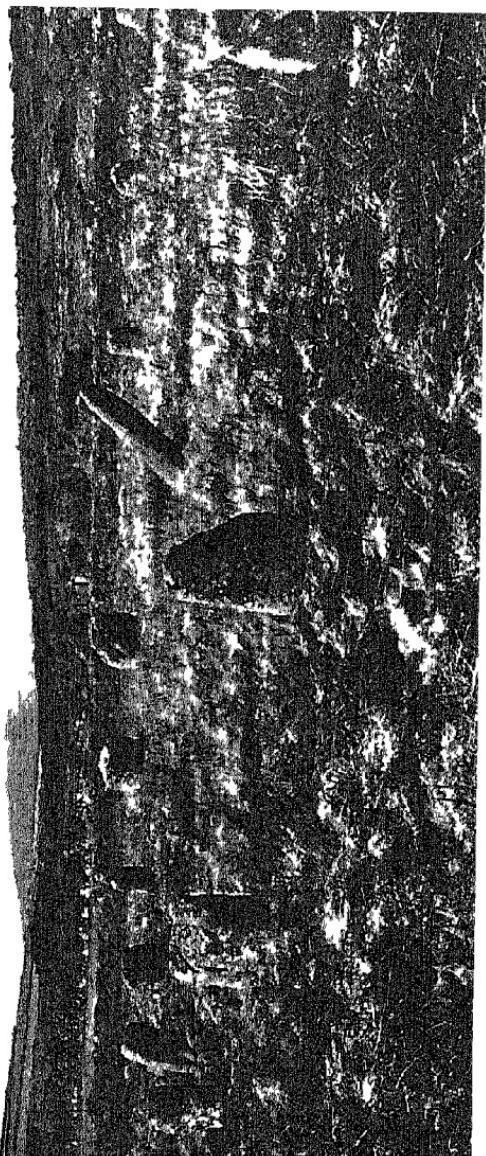
PENDEEAN CHURCH

sleep out you simply cannot leave this amazing district unexplored. Leave the coast-line and the roads and just plunge into these rocky treeless fastnesses above you, and you will establish contact, probably for the only time in your life, and certainly as you can nowhere else in our islands, with your earliest ancestors. Here are some of the things you will discover on these remote moors. Lanyon Quoit, perhaps the finest cromlech in existence, lies two miles north of Madron not far from Chun, and is formed by a flat stone over eighteen feet long and nine feet wide, standing on three granite slabs five feet high. Close by is the Ding Dong Mine, supposed to be the oldest in the

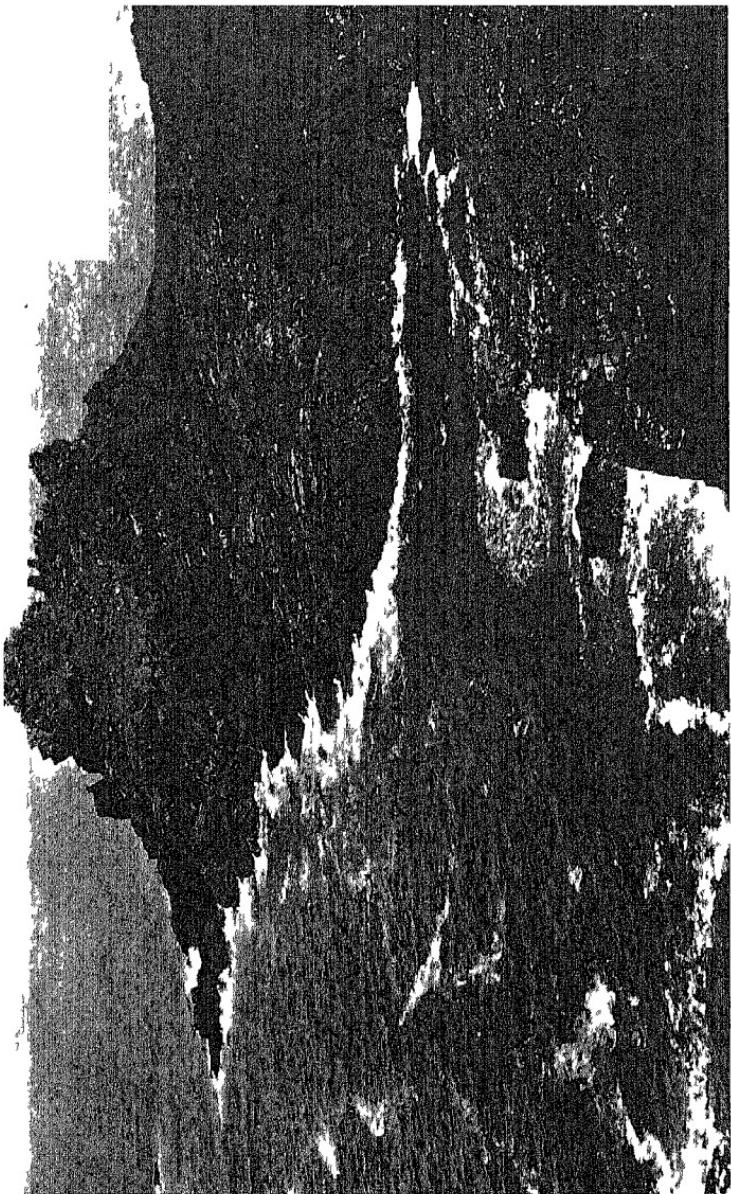
country. Its depth may be gauged by dropping stones down and listening to them as they ricochet against its dark sides. A few hundred yards away is a stone circle called the Nine Maidens, which originally consisted of twenty two stones, only six of which are standing. On the way to Carn Galva is the Men-an-Tol, the "holed stone," which consists of two upright stones with a pierced slab standing between them containing a hole two feet in diameter through which everyone who passed was cured of rickets, spine diseases, or scrofula. Astronomers now tell us that these stones were used for sighting the sunrise. There is an inscribed stone hereabouts known as Men Scryfa, on which is written **RIALOBRAH CUNOVAL FIL.** Cunovalus is said to be Cymbeline, King of Britain.

After exploring Mulfra Quoit, the best way back to the coast is to climb the seven hundred feet of Hannibal's Cairn, a fine pile of rocks overlooking the whole coast to the north and the waste of rugged moorland to the south, beyond which you may see the majestic sweep of Mount's Bay. No one would dare to deny grandeur to the cliff scenery on the coast just here, but Cornwall's cliffs are fine nearly everywhere. On the other hand, there is no inland scenery so packed with interest for the antiquarian as these few miles at the back of Morvah.

We rejoin the main coast by way of Bosporthennis, which is the site of an ancient British village, some of the beehive huts of which are still visible among the bracken and the brambles. Taste in these matters is bound to differ, but whenever I think of Cornwall, the corner that remains in my mind as the most memorable, for which I most often feel an overpowering nostalgia, is not that section that is softly beautiful with deep combes and running water, but these wild waterless, treeless uplands, where one has to pick one's track over an untamed irreclaimable wilderness of giant boulders, with the ocean visible on three sides, and at every turn come across a



The
Nine Maidens ”
stone Circle,
Ioscawen-Un

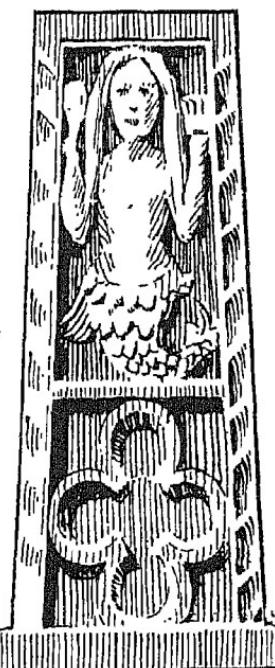


Burnard's Head,
near St. Ives

reminder of a lost world of men who worshipped strange gods, but were, one cannot help but believe, as much under the influence of the mystery of beauty as we are.

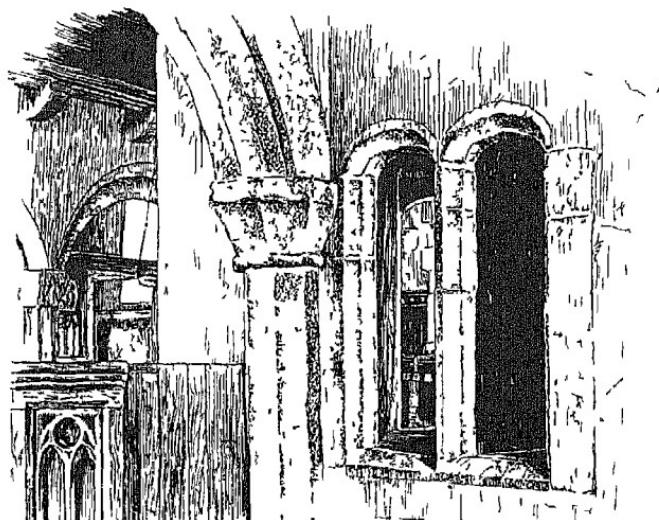
It is with a queer sense of regaining consciousness in a modern civilisation, that we join the crowds below and listen to their approval of the headland we have now reached. Gurnard's Head is as often visited as the Lizard and Land's End. It is a noble and wild saddle-back, but there is irony in the thought that its olden name, "Trereen Dinas," is exactly the same as that of the headland where the Logan Stone stands, and that this rock is an almost exact replica of that one even to the earthworks of its fortifications. The only difference is that all the world goes into rhapsodies over this "Trereen Dinas," while its twin is practically unknown. There are traces of an ancient chapel and beehive huts on this wild and lovely headland, and it is reputed to have been the last stronghold of the men of the Stone Age.

A walk over the fields parallel with the rocky coast brings us to Zennor, a granite hamlet, "the place where the cow ate the bell-rope" in the absence of any grass. The church has a commanding tower, but has been badly restored. One old pew-end remains carved, showing a mermaid holding a mirror and a crude comb. Her features are obliterated. The squire's son, we are told, sang so sweetly in the choir that one of the mermaids in the cove, hearing him, fell in love with him,



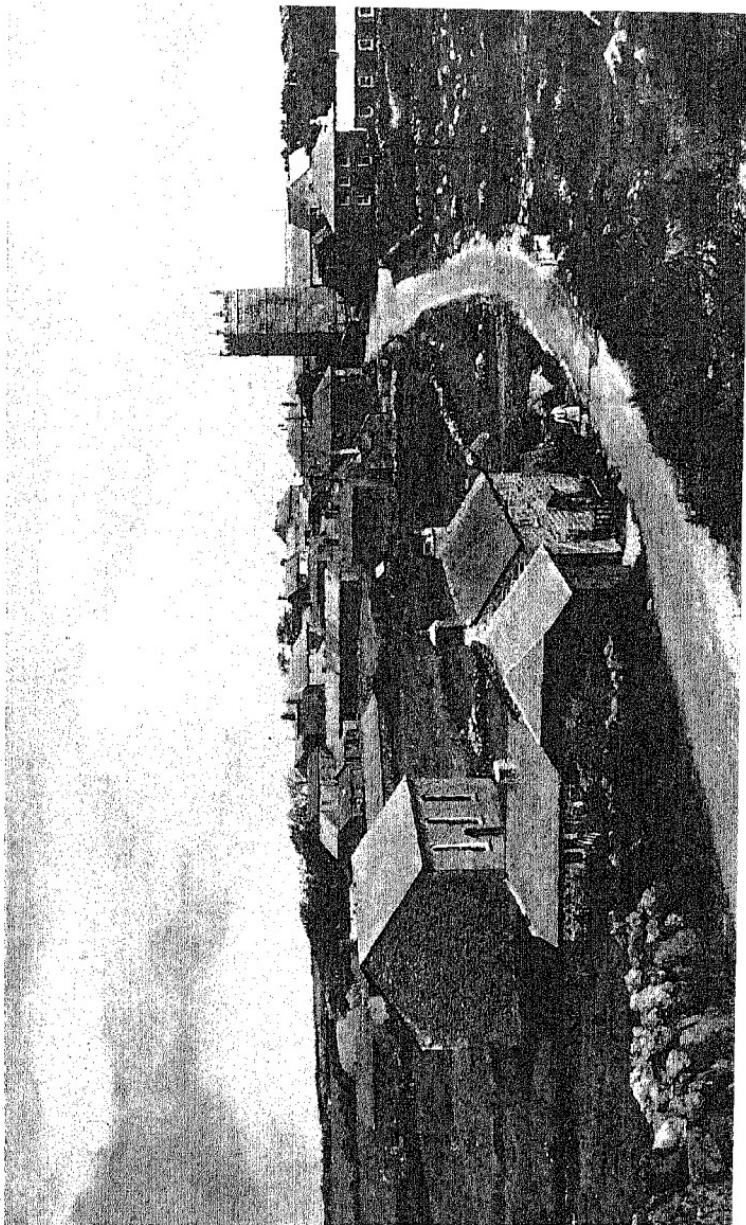
THE MERMAID OF ZENNOR

actually attended services, lured him away, and he was seen no more. Her figure appears again on a bronze sundial on the tower wall, which is inscribed with the words : "The glory of the world Paseth. Paul Quick fecit. 1737." There is a glorious account in the Parish Register of four villagers bringing butter and cheese into church during service as a substitute of their tithes for cows and calves, and the parson ordering the churchwardens to

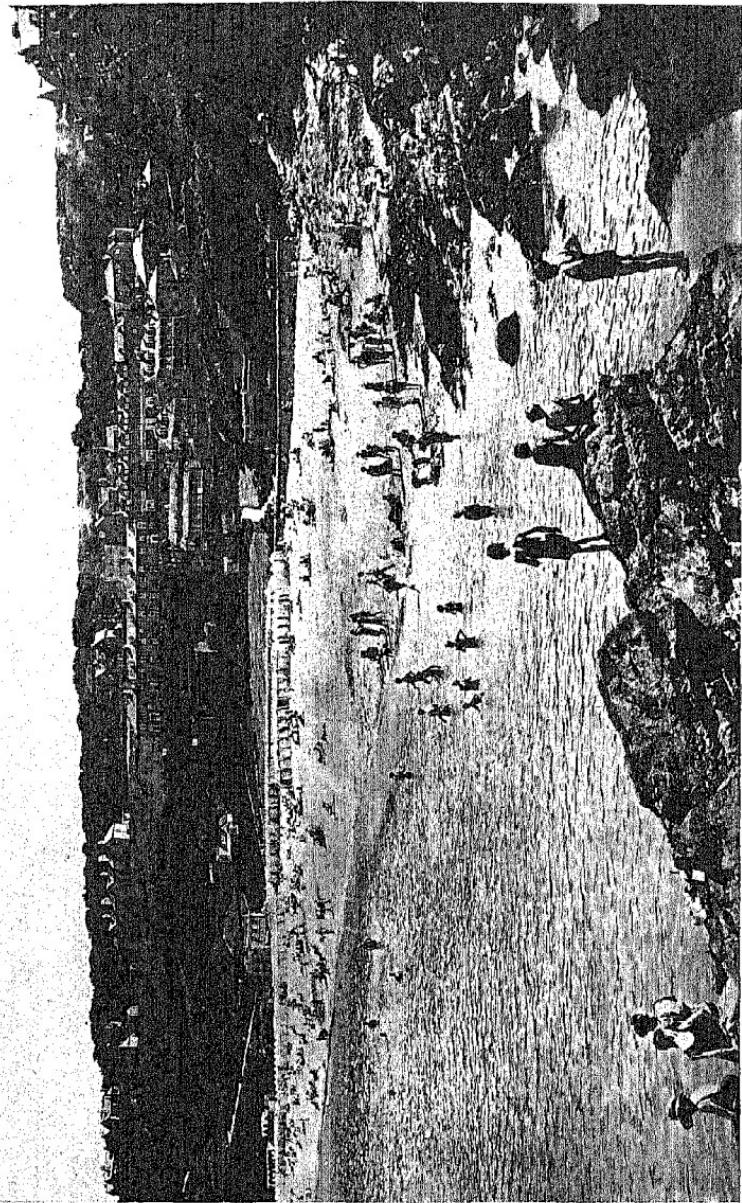


ZENNOR CHURCH

remove them after they became offensive as "an Indecency and a Nuisance." There is a Logan Stone near the church which is so sensitive that if any girl desires to become a witch she can do so if she can climb it nine times in succession without shaking it. Just off the rocky road to St. Ives lies the Zennor Quoit, or Cromlech, the capstone of which is 18 feet by $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet, but no longer rests on its supports of which there were once seven. This is the only cromlech known to have contained two tombs.



Zennor



Porthminster
Beach,
St. Ives

The usual way into St. Ives is by the footpath across the fields parallel with the coast. It passes many grey farms, gives glimpses of the sea, and is near the road, but a much more satisfactory, though rougher way, is to keep on the desolate high ground of Tredrine and Rosewell, descending to the village of Towednack, that lies between these two gorse-clad hills, in order to investigate the village where the inhabitants built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep summer always with them. "If we had built one more course," they lament, "we should have kept him in." Indeed, their "hedges," stone walls that is, are exceptionally low.

Whether you elect to come in to St. Ives by the road, the fields, or the high moor, you cannot fail to notice the vast Trenwith Mine above Stennack, where they search for radium. Whichever way you come into these quaint steep streets it is with reluctance. I have nothing finer to offer you. The cream of Cornwall lies in the area we have just covered. Not again shall we see such a combination of blue sea, towering rocks, purple and yellow moors, nor come so near to the heart of prehistoric man. We have come to St. Ives.

CHAPTER X

FROM ST. IVES TO NEWQUAY

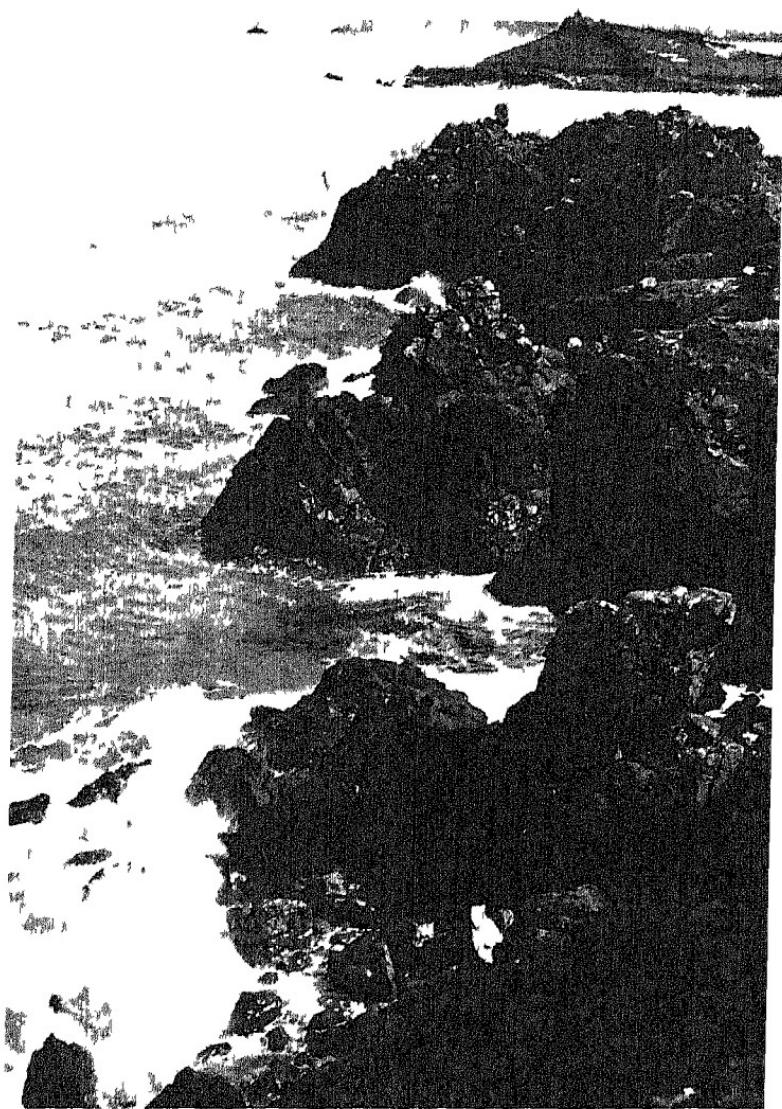
ST. IVES has dignity, beauty, and a more than usually honourable history, and the fact that John Wesley visited it no less than twenty-seven times showed that he thought it worth converting. Like Newlyn, its industries are evenly divided between painting and fishing, but its fishing, to judge from the visitors, takes precedence. It is doubtful whether there is a more popular seaside resort in England. It is a place to which one gives one's love and loyalty at once, never to retract or forswear allegiance in spite of streets that are crowded almost to bursting-point in the height

of the season. It is easily the best centre for the extreme west of Cornwall, partly because of its own inherent loveliness, partly because the natives go so far out of their way to ensure their visitors' comfort. If ever there was a place where one feels instantly at home it is St. Ives.

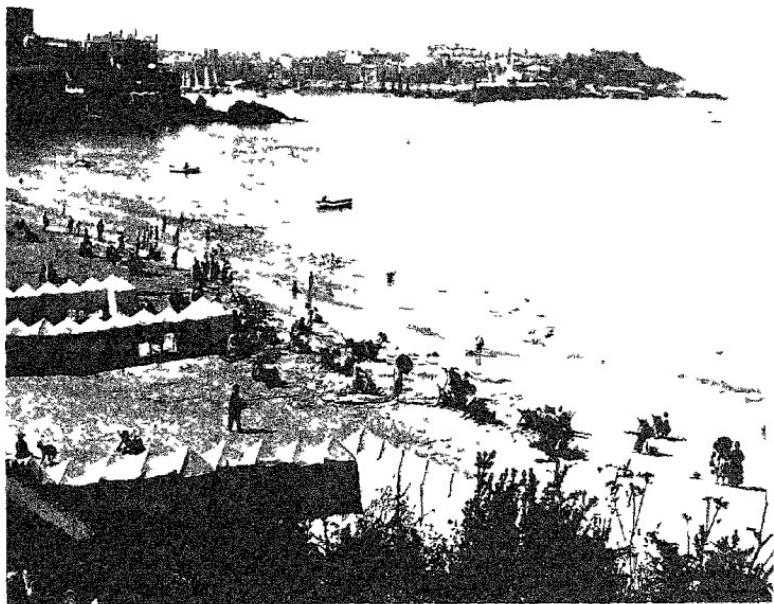
It got its name



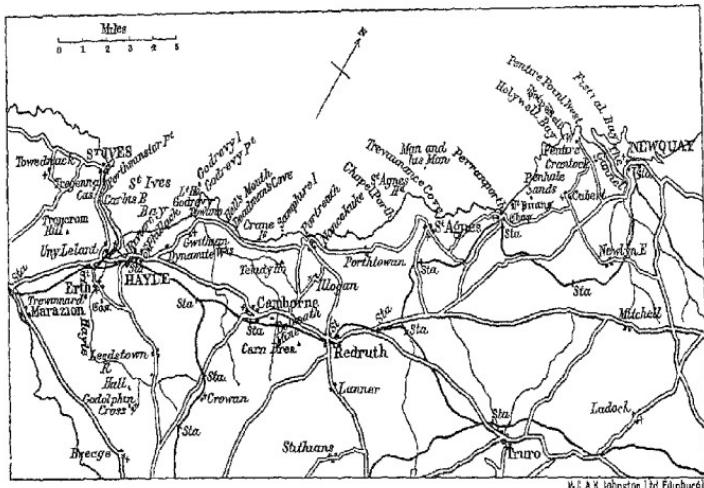
ST. IVES



The Coast at Clodgy, St. Ives



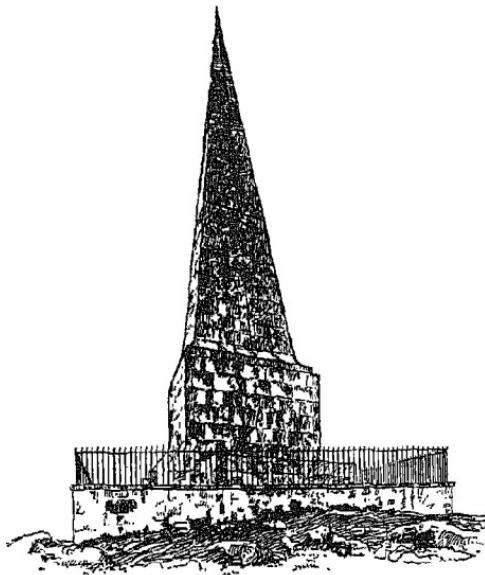
St. Ives



from the Irish Saint Ia, who came over, not on a granite slab, but on a miraculous leaf in the fifth century. She was then murdered by Tewdrig or Theodoric, for no ascertainable reason. The fifteenth-century church, over which high seas fall, stands on the site of her oratory. It was, until 1460, an insignificant fishing village in the parish of Lelant; then the Champernowne of that day, the Lord of the Manor, petitioned by his patriotic retainers, got to work, and the fine church was built of Zennor granite. There is a brass to Otho Trenwith and his wife (1463) on the east wall, and some very ancient carving on the panels of the choir-stalls of a man in a cocked hat, a hammer, anvil, bellows, and so on, all supposed to have been wrought by the village blacksmith. There is a lovely fifteenth-century cross, about twelve feet high, outside the south door, but so placed

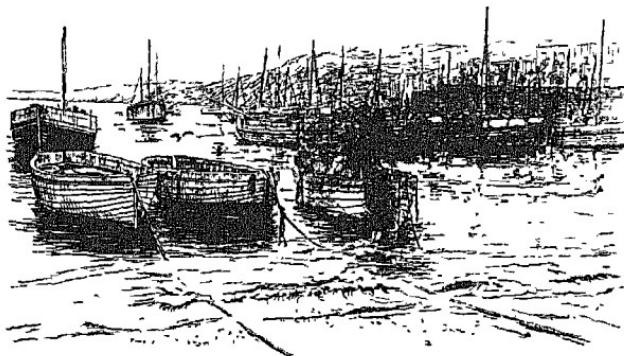
that nobody ever seems to notice it.

A market-place was built in 1490, Perkin Warbeck landed with his wife, the Rose of Scotland, at Whitesand Bay, in 1497, accompanied by 150 men, and during the Civil War the town, surprisingly for Cornwall, threw in its lot, under Peter Ceely, with the Roundheads. The Duke of Monmouth, in 1685, appeared off



ST. IVES—KNILL'S MONUMENT

the harbour on board the *Rising Sun*. Pirates from as far away as Turkey sought without success to raid it, and John Knill, a one-time mayor, erected an obelisk, which everyone visits in order to see the place where once every five years, on St. James's day, under the terms of his will, ten girls under fourteen years of age, dressed in white, and accompanied by a fiddler and two widows dance for one and a quarter hours at least, while they sing the Hundredth Psalm and a strange song imploring "virgins fair and pure as fair," to "fly St. Ives and all her treasures,



ST. IVES—HARBOUR

"fly her soft voluptuous pleasures," which conveys an impression of the place which it scarcely deserves.

The life of the St. Ives' visitor revolves round its two bathing coves, Porthminster, which is sandy and sheltered, and a haven for sleep, and Porthmeor, which is also sandy but open to the green Atlantic breakers, a heaven for surf-riders and the energetic. Between these two coves lies the old town with its whitewashed cottages, each with its outside stone staircase and tall irregular chimneys, mysterious alley-ways enticing you under granite arches to explore cavernous studios, its narrow street of antique shops, and best of all, its ever-busy harbour

and quay. Always there are fishermen propping up the walls of the Sloop Inn, the haunt of all artists, novelists, and searchers after old wives' tales, waiting for the great moment when the huers shall signal the approach of pilchards in the bay with cries of "Heva! Heva!" Then the seine-boats are launched, the tuck-boats follow, the vast shoal is netted, and all the world of gulls and men collects to see pilchards in the million. Once in the 'forties, seventy-five million were netted in one day, and



ST. IVES—HARBOUR

St. Ives was £60,000 the richer. It is, however, a precarious business. The pilchard comes in millions or not at all, and of recent years the huers have scanned the waters in vain for many weary months. The men of Towednack, to get their own back about the cuckoo story, tell of St. Ives' men whipping a hake through the town to warn its fellows not to touch the pilchards.

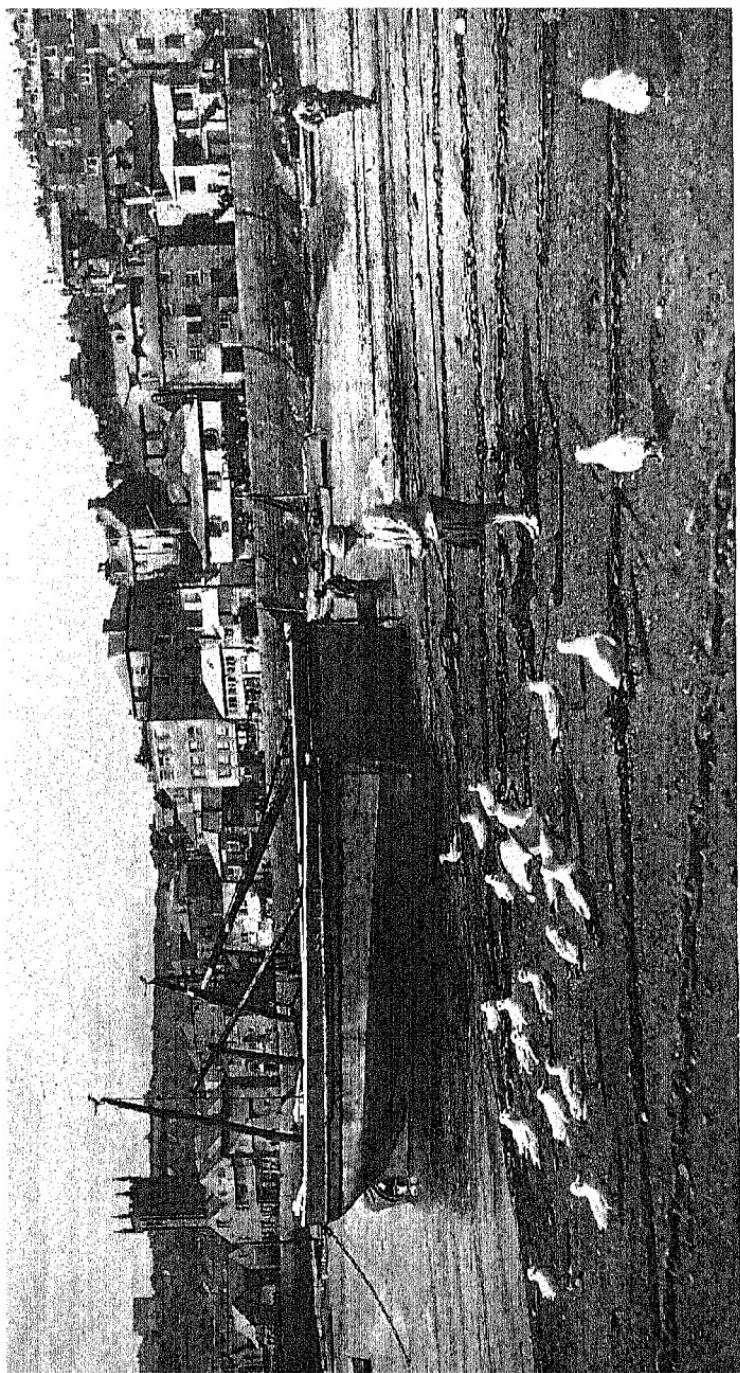
It may be this intertown rivalry that led Francis Basset to leave his silver loving-cup to the town bearing, among others, these lines:—

"It is desyred that this my cup of love
To everie one a peacemaker may prove."



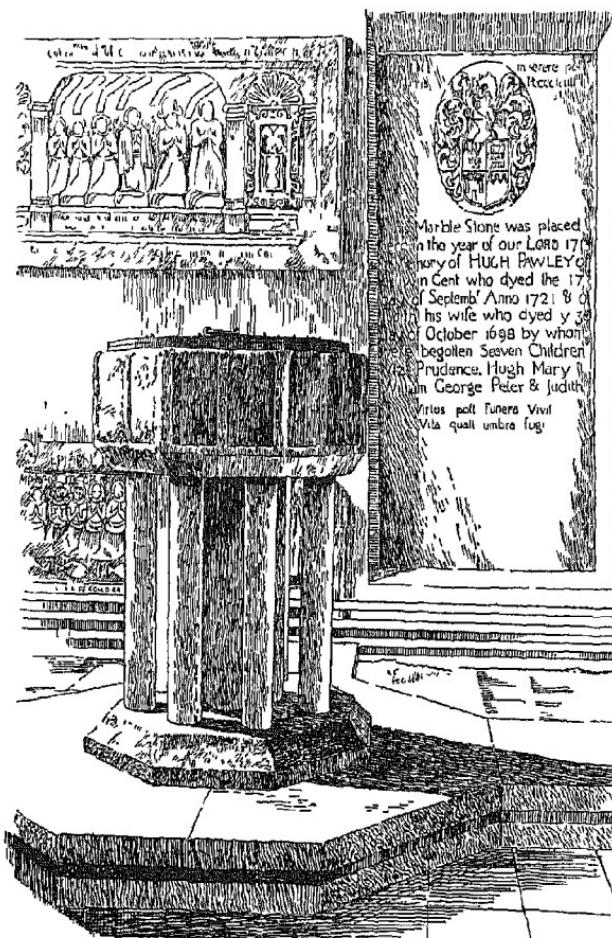
A glimpse at old St. Ives

The Harbour, St. Ives

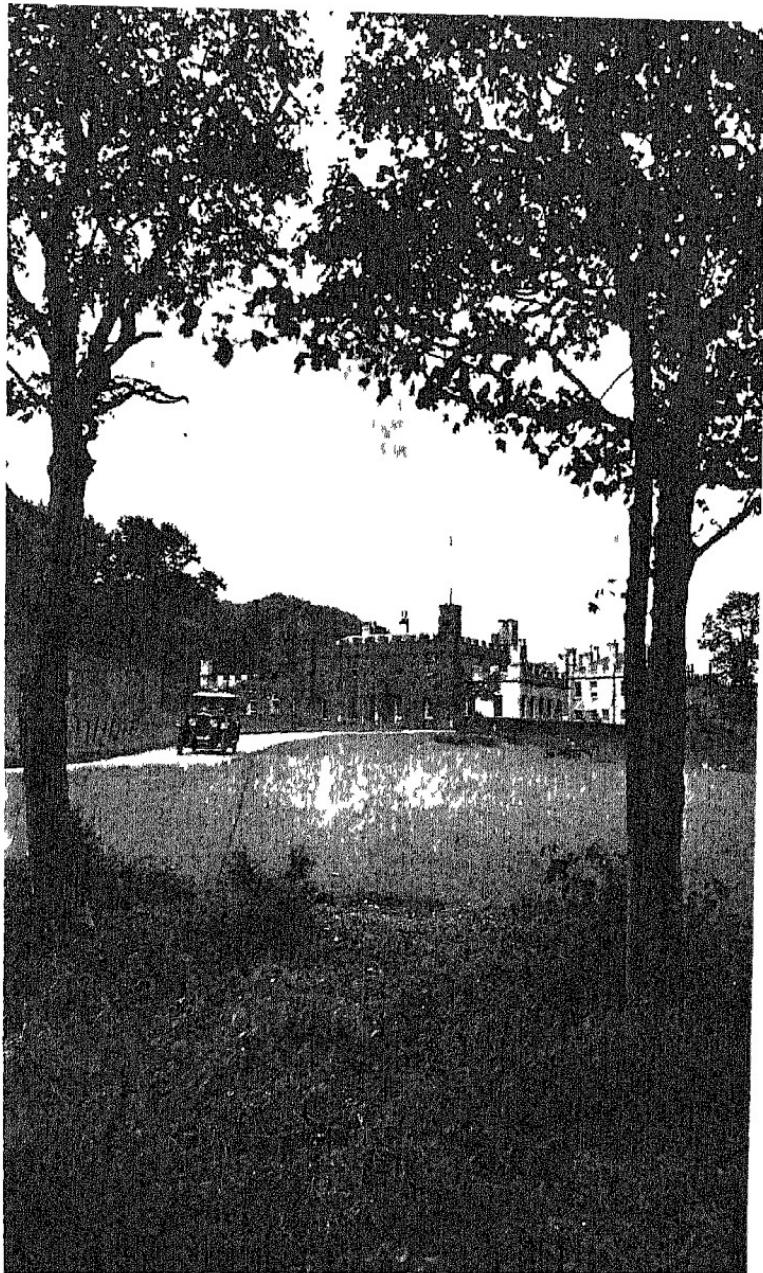


Every visitor must drink of this loving-cup on entering the town without knowing it, for I have yet to meet the person who did not regard St. Ives with deep affection. It is one of those rare places where in no circumstances could anyone ever feel lonely or depressed. The view across the great bay to Godrevy when the sun shines down on its golden sands by day, or the lighthouse beams light it up at night, is the very epitome of peace and loving-kindness. The truth is, of course, that we have emerged quite suddenly from a land terrible, awe-inspiring, and majestic, and are suddenly transported to a bay of soft towans. The rocks for the moment are all behind us.

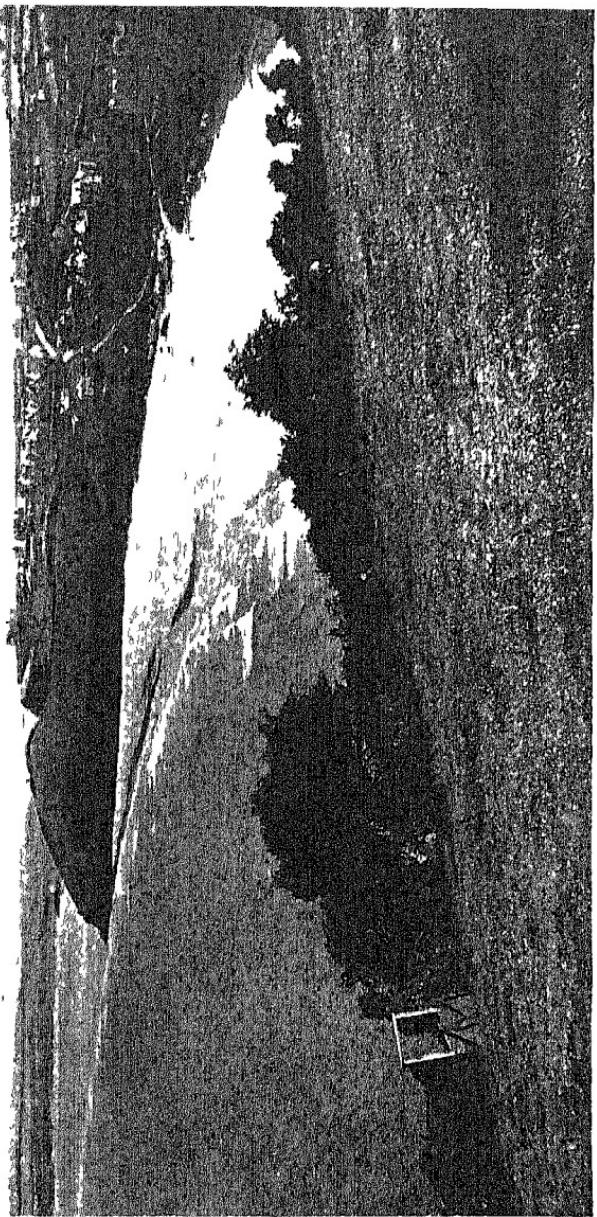
Our way lies over the hill-top clinging to the coast past the ivy-clad battlemented Tregenna Castle, from which the whole sweep of the bay is seen at its best. We are soon overlooking Carbis Bay, another fine strip of perfect sands, more protected even than Porthminster, and from there we climb over the sand-hills to the fifteenth-century church of St. Uny Lelant, which is built among the towans, where a fisherman going home late one night saw a pixy-funeral. Ivernian skeletons have been dug up from these sand-hills, and two Celtic crosses still stand where Tewdrig, or Theodoric, King of Cornwall, once had his castle, and from it slew St. Ia. Golfers now play over the sand under which the castles and cities of our ancestors lie buried, and the church, which has exquisite pillars and some very strange monuments, looks almost as if it were either the club-house or a natural hazard. W. H. Hudson spent much time at Elm Tree Cottage. We are now, for the first time for at least forty miles, in an area once more of trees and green parks, but it is worth climbing 550 feet to the summit of Tren-crom, at the back of Lelant, to see the spot from which the giant of that name used to throw boulders across the valley to St. Michael's Mount at his brother Corcoran, who, taking the joke in ill-part, murdered him. The view from here is



LELANT CHURCH—FONT AND MONUMENTS



Tregenna Castle Hotel,
St. Ives



Carbis Bay

one of the most comprehensive in all Cornwall, for it includes all those mysterious moors to the west which we traversed in search of quoits and huts, *fagous* and dolmens, the whole of St. Ives' Bay on the north, all the flat treeless tableland leading to the Lizard on the south, at first studded with grey and white cottages, then one carpet of purple where it becomes Goonhilly, and on the east the great mining area of Camborne and Redruth at the foot of Carn Brea. With St. Michael's Mount thrown in I would ask you to tell me of a hill in the United Kingdom from which you can get any view comparable in variety with this.

We come down to the valley again at St. Erth, and leave the main road to explore the village, which for some unaccountable reason is seldom visited. It is, to my mind, one of the unforgettable villages of England. It lies well up the Hayle River, in a rich valley of trees and fields, contains grey Trewinnard, the old seat of the Mohuns and Arundells, a circular earthwork of great interest in Castle Kayle, and a church with most astounding gargoyle, standing above a cluster of ancient cottages each possessed of intense individuality of shape. St. Erth is one of those villages about which a man dreams all his life, and wishing that so beautiful and quiet a place could exist, when he finds his dream come true, has to rub his eyes before he will believe it. Trewinnard, with its fine avenue and position over the river, its remoteness from everything except the tidal water winding below among the reeds, and the atmosphere still hanging over it of the time when my lord and lady drove proudly up this vast avenue in their royal equipage, outrivals even Trewoofe. Yet this amazing place



TRENCROM TOR—ST. IVES

lies just off the main line, just off the most frequently-used main road in England, and no one thinks of turning aside. I found it while carrying out my principle of exploring whenever possible every river to its source. The Hayle rises above Godolphin Cross, and on its banks lie not only Trewinnard but Godolphin Hall, a grey quadrangular farm, with the remains of an ancient chapel in one of its gateways. It was once the home of Sidney Godolphin, one of the "four wheels of Charles's wain," and a later Sidney, who became Lord High Treasurer in Queen Anne's reign. He who would know the real Cornwall should explore the relics of her late aristocracy no less than the caves where her first aristocracy lived.

We come back to modernity at Hayle, which gives signs of having been an important engineering and shipping centre. This fairly thriving port, the early home of Compton Mackenzie and Fay Compton, was the landing-place of the great Irish saints in the fifth century. There is a famous inscribed stone here, dated A.D. 500.

At Riviere was the palace of King Tewdrig, who seemed to dispense hospitality and death indiscriminately to the saints, who seemed, however, capable of standing up to his entertainment. Once you disentangle yourself from the breweries, foundries, rope-walks, timber-yards, and a thousand and one other activities of modern Hayle, you emerge once more on to the towans at Phillack, where in the church of St. Felicitas, saved from being buried in the sand only by the marram-grass, we see the labarum or symbolic banner on the porch's gable, which dates back to the century in which St. Piala came over, a saint who suffered under Tewdrig's murderous mood. A phial of iridescent glass, containing what was thought to be the blood of this saint, was discovered about seventy years ago during restoration.

A long walk over the towans, past the explosives factory, now dismantled, brings us to Gwithian, the oratory of which was buried in the sand until about a

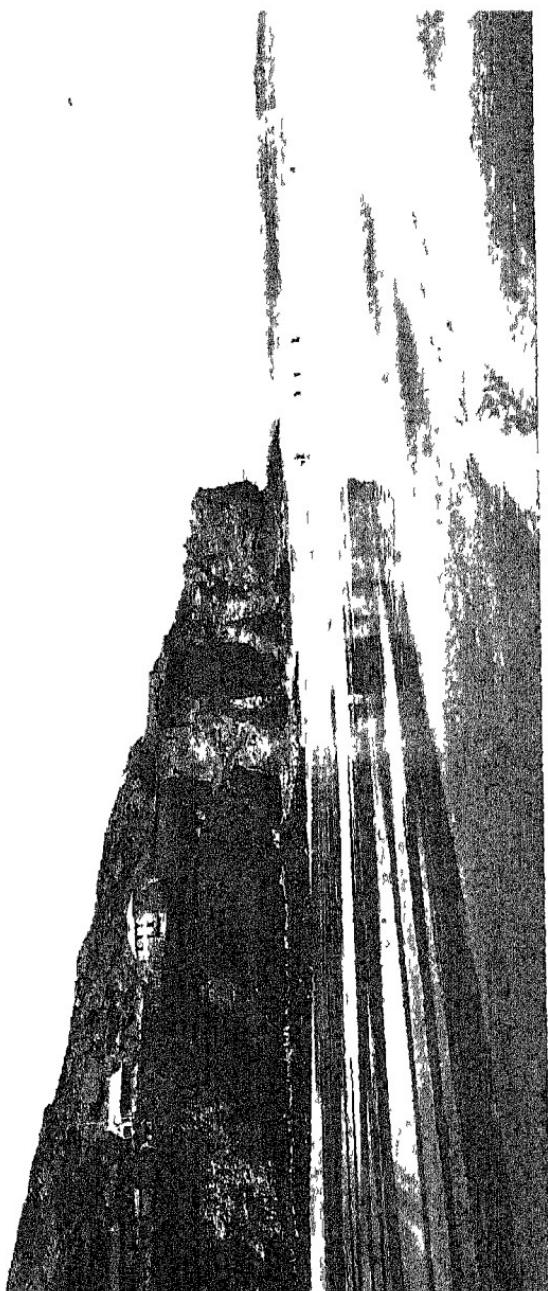
Porth-
towan



Carn Brea
Monument



St. Agnes



hundred years ago. This oratory, and that at Perranzabuloe are said to be the oldest Christian buildings in England. There are traces here of a priest's doorway, and of benches round the walls, but the altar was destroyed when it was turned into a cowshed. The walls were put together without any cement.

We are now close to Godrevy, on the rocks of which, beyond the Point, is a lighthouse, on the spot where, on the day of Charles I's death, a ship containing his wardrobe and personal belongings was wrecked together with



GODREVVY LIGHTHOUSE

its crew of sixty. The towans now give place to a high

tableland with cliffs over the sea, and a hedgeless moor of gorse and heather on the inland side. No one ever comes here, and yet within sight, to the south-east, is the most densely-populated area in all the Duchy, the mining area of Camborne and Redruth. On our way we can look down into Hell's Mouth, once the resort of smugglers and now of seals, Deadman's Cove, a horrible chasm cut into the cliffs, and, out at sea, Crane Island, and Samphire Island which is covered with luxuriant green.
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On the other side of the road is Tehidy, until lately the seat of the Bassets, of which family Francis, who died nearly a hundred years ago, built coast-defences, and a mineral tramway, and was created Baron de Dunstanville. The accent is on the penultimate, not the first syllable. A monument to his memory stands 740 feet above sea-level on the top of Carn Brea among a mass of stone circles, beehive huts, cliff castles, and logan stones. The house which had been in the family since 1140 is now a Sanatorium, the Cornwall War Memorial. In the church at Illogan are many monuments to this oldest of Cornish families, who made much money out of the most famous, oldest, and most prolific of all the mines, that at Dolcoath, which was originally worked for copper and then tried for tin, with the result that over seven million pounds' worth of metal has been unearthed within half a mile of the surface of the earth in the last hundred years. Poldory, Wheal Cupboard, Ale and Cakes, and Tresavean are the other most famous mines which at one moment seem to be on the edge of failure, and the next are profiting to the extent of £50,000 a year. At Portreath, once called Basset's Cove, we see the imported coal stacked-up ready to be taken to Redruth and Camborne.

From here to St. Agnes we are in a land of high sea-cliffs, with mine-chimneys and engine-houses scattered all over the hill-sides. At Nancekuke there is a wooded valley, at Porthtowan more sands, and at Chapel Porth the mark of Giant Bolster's foot. Giant Bolster, who lived on St. Agnes' Head, spent much of his time hurling boulders, which may still be seen on Carn Brea, at the Devil. He was always worrying St. Agnes to marry him, so in the end she took him out on the cliff to the place where the Hull Coates engine-house stands, and bade him fill a tiny hole in the rock with his life-blood as a test of his love. It so happened that this hole penetrates into the sea, so that when the giant had killed himself trying to fill it his object had still not been achieved. The

whole gaunt hill-side of St. Agnes is scarred with old mines which extend even down to the picturesque harbour at Trevaunance Cove, where are two vast rocks known as "Man and his Man." At Harmony Cot the painter Opie was born.

We then come to the vast sands of Perranporth, which are edged with arched rocks of great height. Inland are the sand-hills of Penhale, where the ruined oratory of St. Piran stands almost hidden in the towans. St. Piran, the patron saint of tanners, floating across from Ireland on a mill-stone, set up his baptistery here, and died in A.D. 550, having first dug his own grave. Beneath the altar were



ST. AGNES CHURCH

discovered the bones of a giant over 7 feet 6 inches high. As the church was completely buried under the sands only a piece of the gable and the walls, which measure 30 feet by 13 feet, remain.

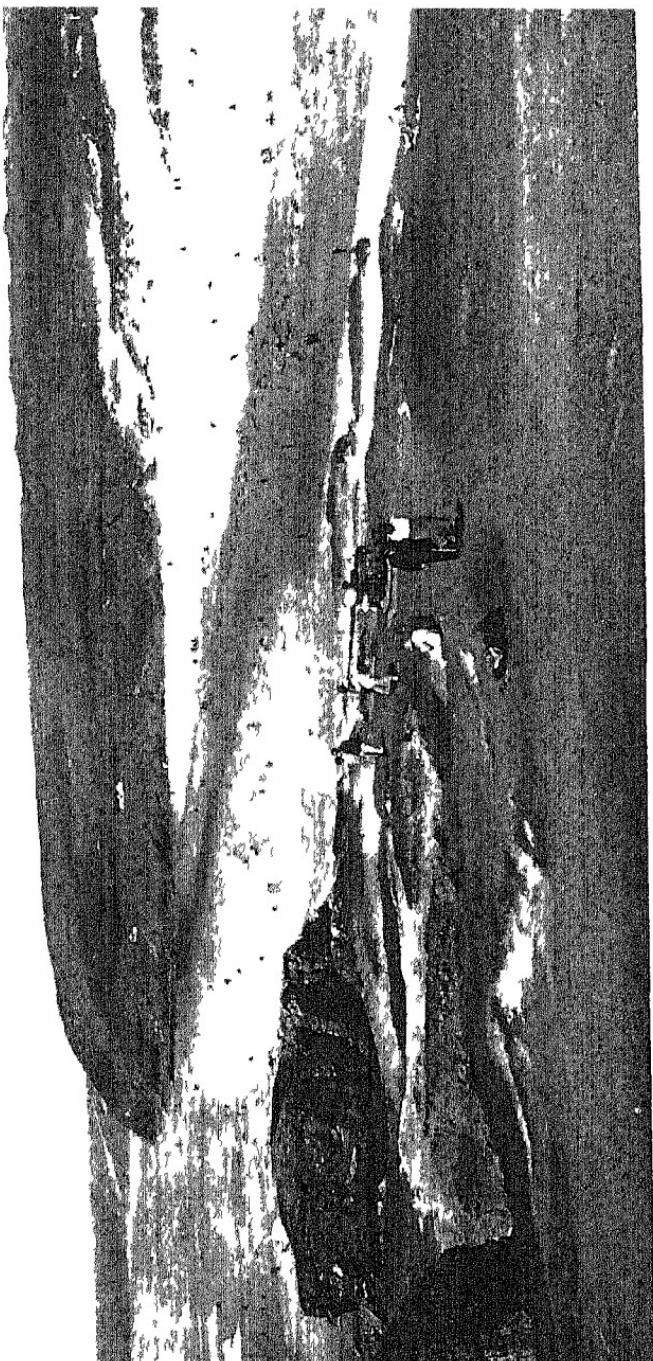
These vast sand-hills cover the once famous city of

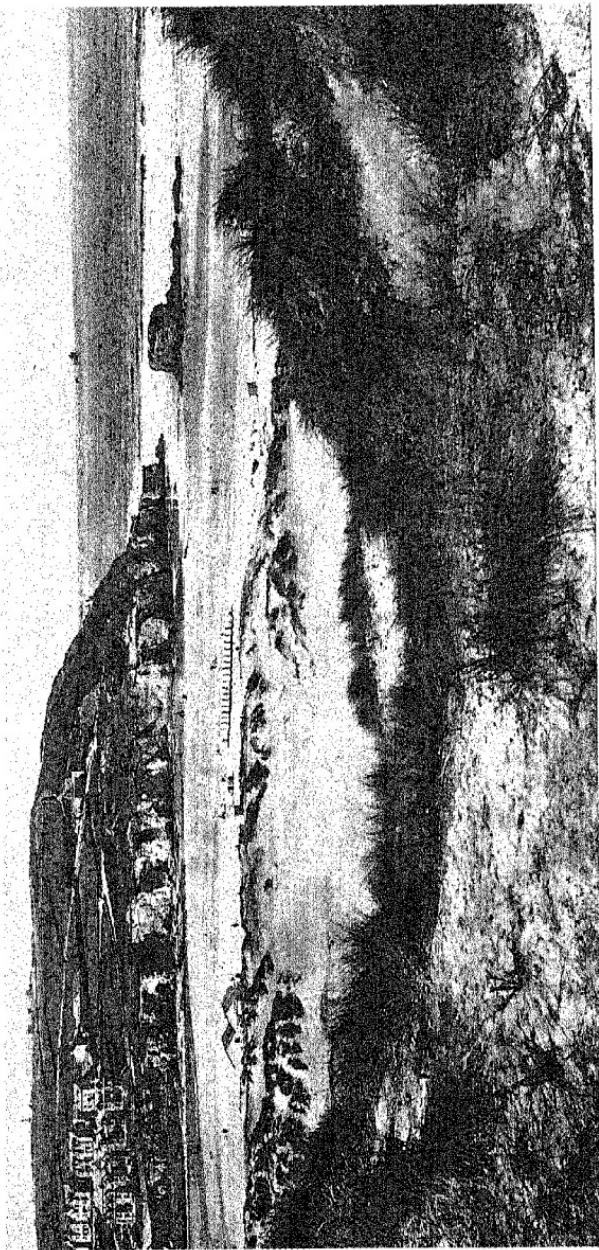


ARCHED ROCKS—PERRANPORTH

Langarrow, which had seven churches, and a community of wealthy citizens who employed convicts from the rest of England to work their mines and keep their city clear of sand. These convicts married the virtuous girls of Langarrow and vice appeared, so that the city was buried under sand by way of punishment as Sodom and Gomorrah

Perranporth

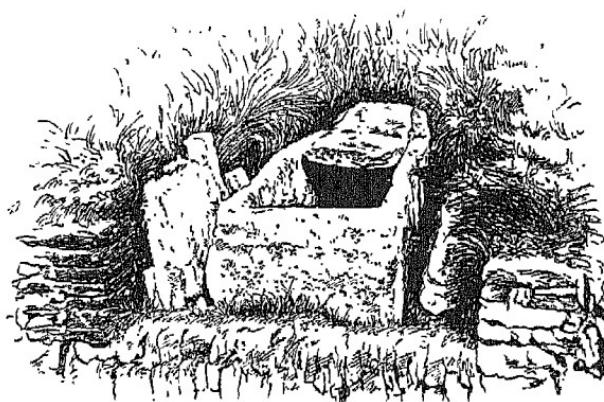




Perranporth Sands

were destroyed by fire. Tens of thousands of human bones have been uncovered by the continually shifting sands. Near by is Cubert, the church of which is made of sandstone and possesses a spire, and in the wall of the tower there is an inscribed stone reading : " CONECTICI FILIO TEIERNO. MALI."

In Holywell Bay there is a holy well in a cave, and beyond West Pentire lies Crantock, the church of which stands on a knoll all fringed with tamarisks, and possesses an interesting Norman font. It contains examples of almost every period of architecture, and has been admirably restored. From here we look across the rocky sandy Gannel Estuary to the most popular sea-side resort on the North Coast of Cornwall, Newquay.



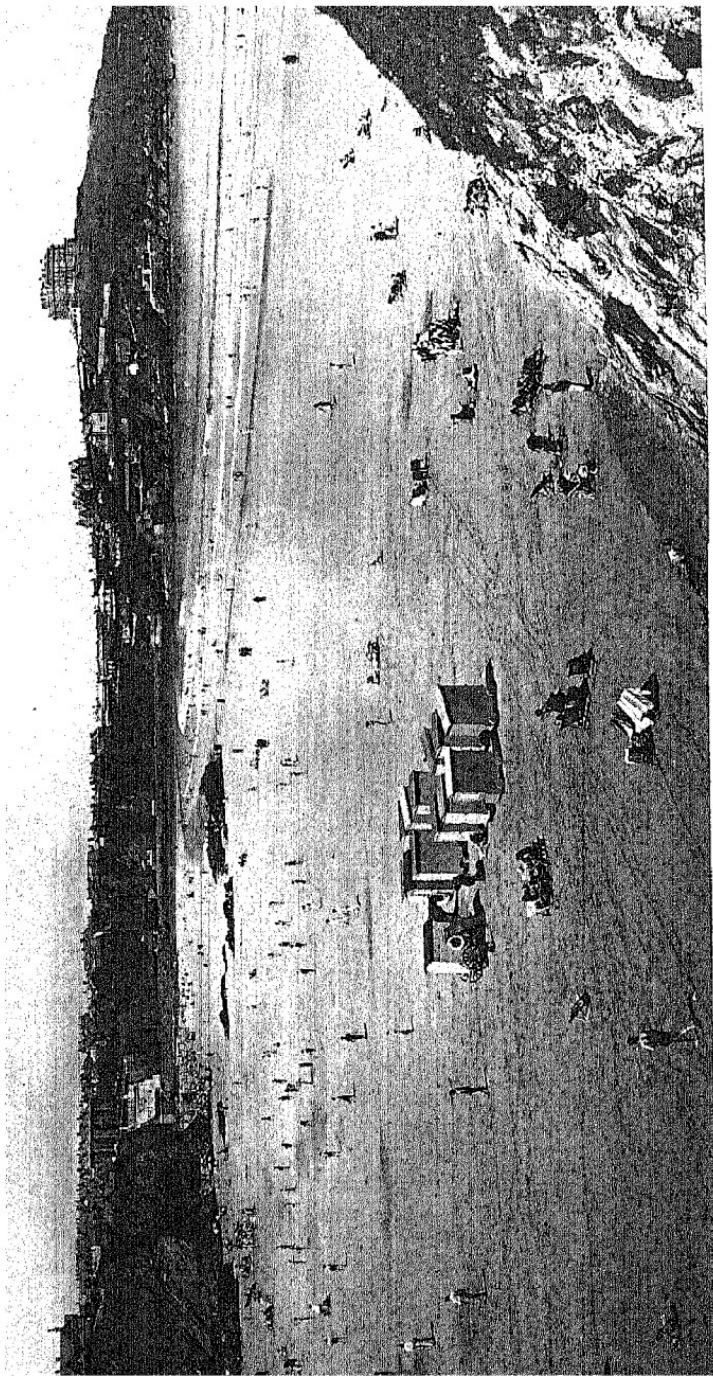
ANCIENT STONE COFFIN—CRANTOCK CHURCHYARD

CHAPTER XI

FROM NEWQUAY TO BODMIN BY WAY OF PADSTOW

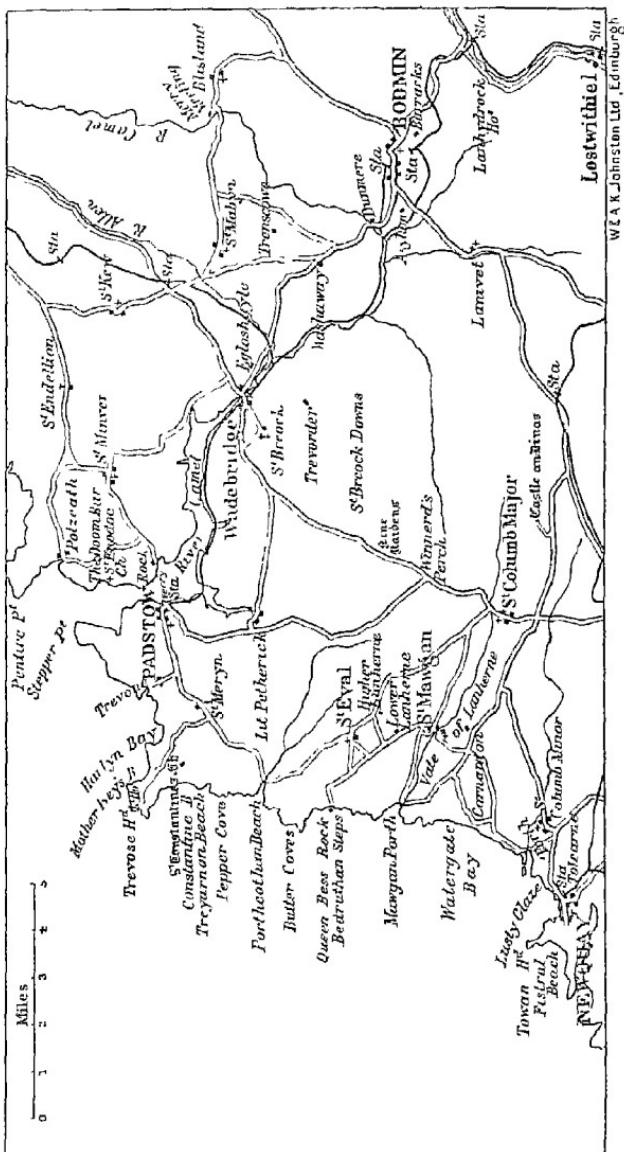
If you arrive at Newquay by train your first impression is one of surprise and delight at the number of jingles and governess carts that do duty for taxis, and your second, one of surprise and disappointment at your failure to see the sea. The whole of Newquay is on a high cliff, and there is no room for a main drive, as there undoubtedly ought to be, in front of the houses. That the town should have made such a name for itself in spite of such a severe limitation as the complete absence of a sea-front, is sufficient proof that its other attractions must be considerable. They certainly are. When you eventually arrive on these firm acres of sands with their huge rocky coves in which to undress and rest or play among the pools, you realise the strength of the temptation to while away the golden holiday hours in the health-restoring accomplishments of bathing in the open, feeding in the open, and sleeping in the open. Day after day in the hot weather whole families troop down on to these vast beaches immediately after breakfast laden with bats and balls and luncheon-baskets, and papers and towels, and stay there until the sun has set over the bay. These may lay no claim to know Cornwall, but they may certainly lay claim to be getting the best out of Newquay, and a very good best it is. The bathing is safe at all tides, there is first-rate surf-riding to be had on its emerald-green waves, and the air is always fresh. You can also always be changing your beaches. There is the huge Fistral Beach at the foot of

Great Western Beach, Newquay





Fistral Beach, Newquay



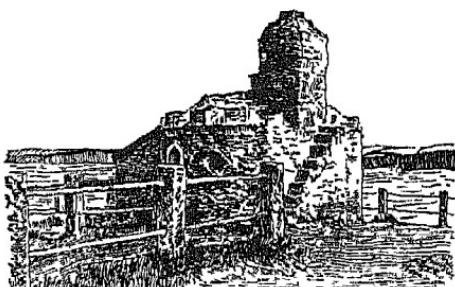
W. & K. Johnston Ltd., Edinburgh

the golf links facing west, Hedee Cove, Beacon Cove, Pigeon Cove, Tithy Cove, The Towan Beach, Killacourt Cove, Bothwick's, Tolcarne, and Lusty Glaze, all within a stone's throw of the centre of the headland.

One is always told that Newquay is new, but acquaintance with New College, Oxford, the New Inn at Gloucester, and Newbridge in Cornwall ought to have taught us better. Carew, writing in 1602, talks of "New Kaye . . . so called, because in former times the neighbours attempted to supplie the defect of nature by art in making there a Kaye for the rode of shipping." In spite of this, the only old house in the town is the Huer's house, reminiscent of pilchard-fishing days. Near the railway station are some burial mounds of the Bronze Age. Under the cliffs run numberless caverns, the best known of which are three under the Headland, called Tea Caverns, where tea used to be smuggled.

The great majority of people who stay in Newquay stay there because they know it to be the most convenient of all Cornish sea-side resorts from which to explore the whole county. It is not only admirable in itself, the accommodation and shops being particularly good, but it is admirably situated. Every famous beauty spot in the county is easily accessible from it.

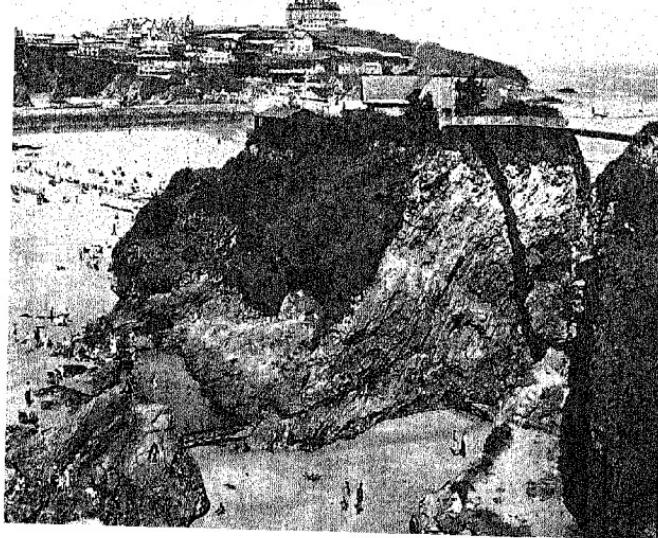
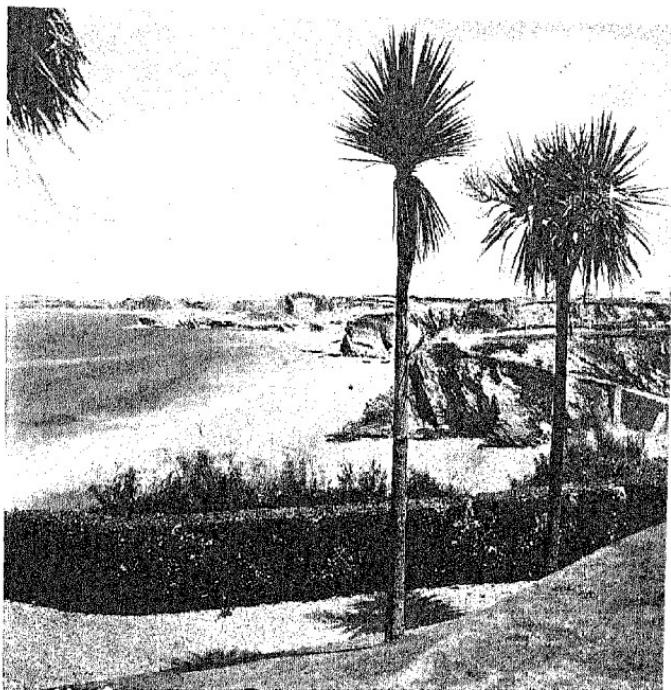
Our way lies north along the sands or cliffs to Porth, to see the Banqueting Hall, a cave about two hundred feet long in which concerts are held, the Cathedral, a cave from



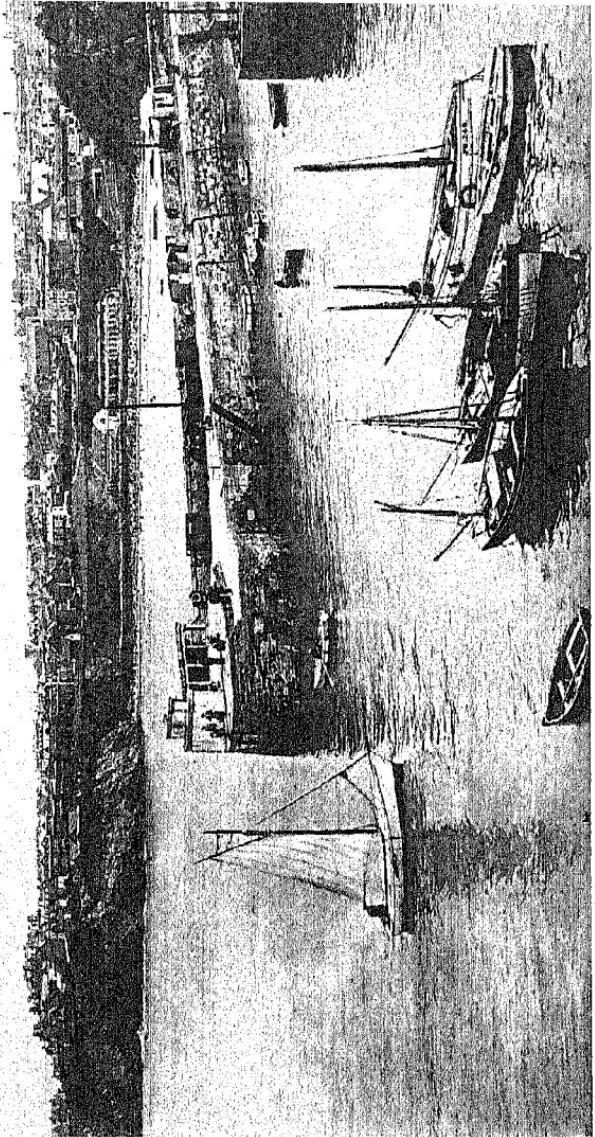
HUER'S HOUSE—NEWQUAY

which pure white marble has been excavated, and the exquisite Fern Cavern, before turning inland to see St. Columba's church at St. Columb Minor, which contains

Newquay



The Island
and Towan
Beach,
Newquay



The Harbour
and Towan Beach,
Newquay

the picture of a man in a sort of medieval plus fours, with the initials R.E. worked on them.

St. Columb Major, some distance inland, has a fine church, the tower of which rests on two arches, the horses of the congregation being stabled under it. There are brasses of Arundells, and an Arundell Chapel, built in 1300. There are ancient crosses in the churchyard, and the rectory boasts a moat. Within easy walking distance of this village, which in itself is extraordinarily out-of-the-world, lies the hunting-ground of King Arthur at Castle-an-Dinas, an early British camp, containing two tumuli on a knoll over seven hundred feet above sea-level. In the other direction to the north past Winnard's Perch, on a remote field close to St. Breock's Downs, are the Nine Maidens, petrified as usual for dancing on Sunday. A stone that stands by itself close by is the Fiddler. From here you get by far the most lovely view of Padstow and the Camel Estuary.

To return to our cliff walk. After leaving St. Columb Minor we come at once to the glorious stretch of sands of Watergate Bay, and over the other side of the hill to Mawgan Porth, a worthy rival to, though not in the least like, the Porth we have just left. Mawgan Porth is at the foot of the vale of Lanherne, and after the inevitable bathe in this sandy cove, with high rocks



A CAVE AT NEWQUAY

protecting us on either side, we again leave the coast to explore this tiny river through the green meadows up to the village of St. Mawgan in the trees, out of which peeps the graceful pinnacled tower with a stream running just at its foot. In the churchyard is one of the finest of all Gothic lantern crosses, elaborately carved and very tall. Behind it is the stern of a boat erected to commemorate ten sailors whose bodies were washed ashore frozen to death.

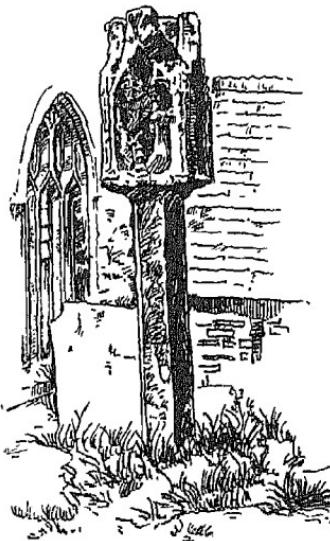
The pulpit, screen, bench-ends, and font are all excellent,

and there are brasses to the Arundells who once lived in the manor house of Lanherne, which is now a Carmelite Nunnery. Lanherne came to the family, who also owned the manor of Trerice, in 1231, but in 1794, when the nuns fled from the French Revolution to England, Lord Arundell gave them sanctuary in his house.

Before going back to the sea the Carnanton woods should be explored, if only for the sake of the ferns.



OLD CROSS IN NUNNERY GROUNDS—MAWGAN



ST. MAWGAN CROSS
NEAR NEWQUAY

Woods are not plentiful in this part of Cornwall. On our way back to the cliffs we can scarcely help seeing the high tower of St. Eval, rebuilt by Bristol merchants in 1727 as a day-mark for sailors. It is a gaunt, dignified, bare church, with good bench-ends and a Norman font.

From here we cross the walled fields to Bedruthan Steps. This is a place where we have to synchronise our visit, as at Kynance, with low tide. I allow, as at Kynance, that merely to sit on the top of the cliff and look down, at high tide, on the immense waves breaking on the rocks and islands below, is to gain a memorable impression of a scene that could never fail to be grand, but it is better to be able also to scramble down the steep steps, cut by some prehistoric giant, on to the sandy beach, and view from as many sides as possible that strange rock, Queen Bess, that looks exactly like Queen Elizabeth, even to the ruff and voluminous gown. Another stone lady, unnamed, looks towards the cliffs, and there are high archways and tortuous caverns, all with labyrinthine chambers waiting to be explored. At no other place in Cornwall do you quite get the same colour in the sea. As each wave is about to break, it changes from dark to a light iridescent green, which bears no resemblance to any known shade of that colour. The height of the cliffs here is over four hundred feet, and the steps, 123 in number, are of great age, and were probably cut, if not by our mythical giant, by the wreckers who used to lure vessels on to these rocks in great numbers. Only eighty years ago Bodmin Gaol was filled with Bedruthan natives who looted a £10,000 cargo of the *Samaritan*, which came ashore in a gale.

The cliff-walk northward from here to Constantine is very wild, and the names of the coves, Butter, Wine, and Pepper, give some indication of the cargoes that have been lured on to these rocks. The grimness of these is relieved by the soft beauties of the sandy inlets

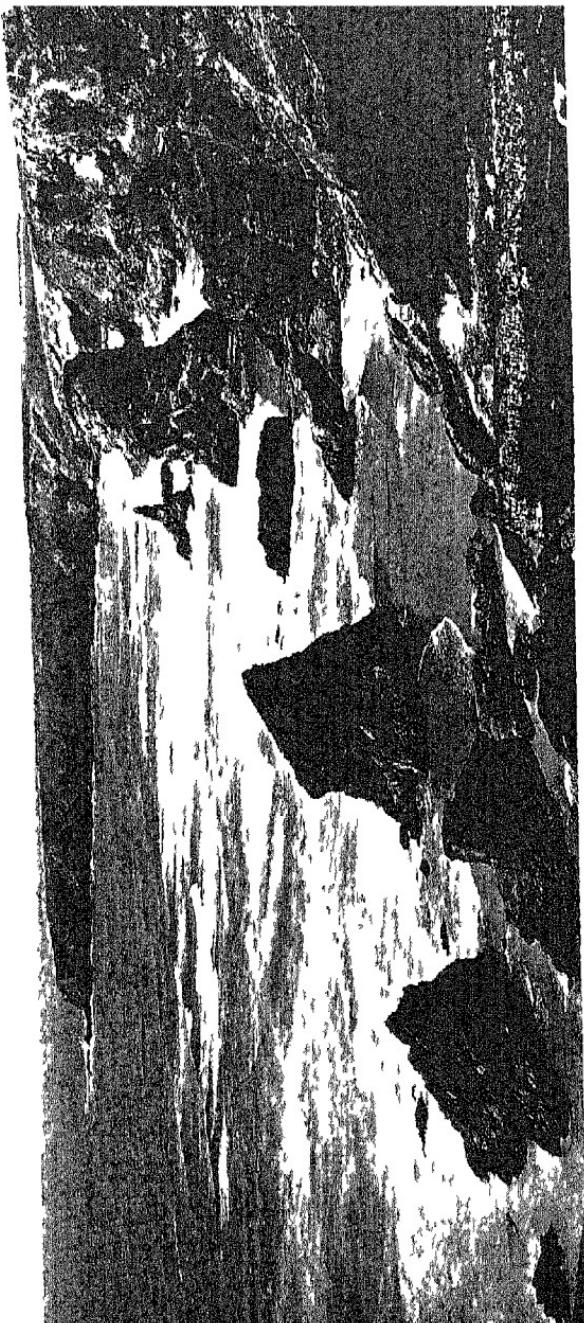
at Porthcothan and Treyarnon, where the bathing is splendid and the sides of the little bays are covered with wildflowers of every hue and scent.

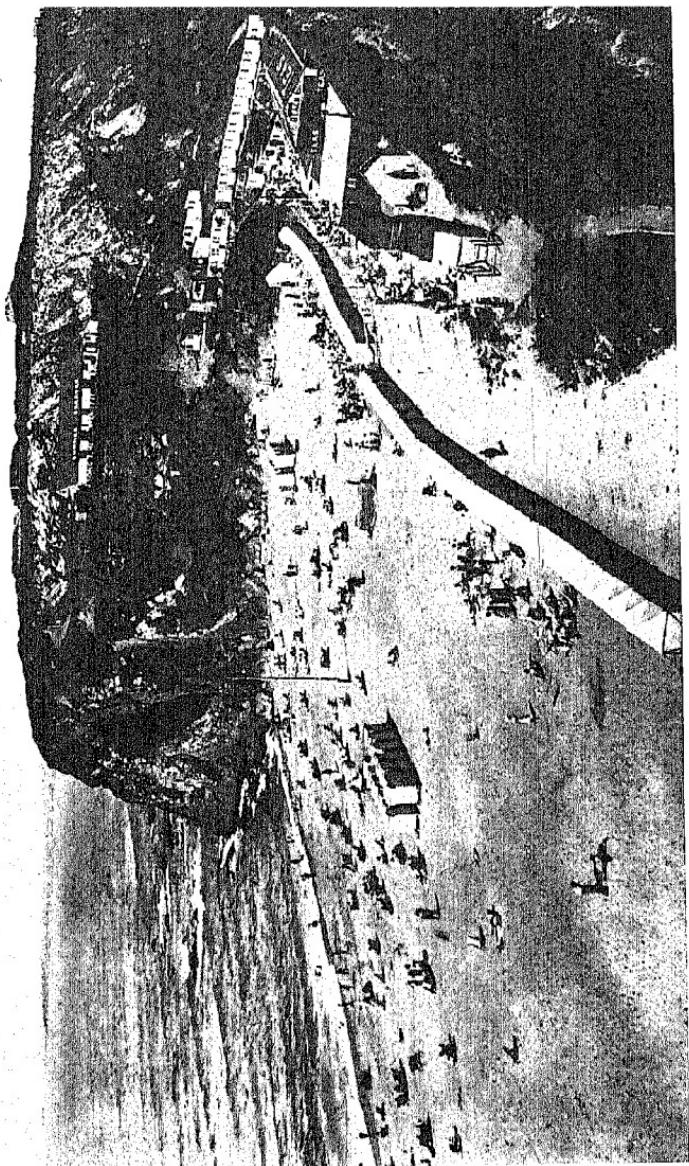
At Constantine there is a great stretch of sands, a golf course, and a ruined church, dedicated to a Cornish king, who, having murdered his relatives, turned monk. Trevose Head, 240 feet high, lies at the end of these sands, a bare land with two lighthouses, and a good view on a clear day of the whole rugged coast from Hartland to St. Ives. This is emphatically a ground on which to linger, for a nobler succession of cliffs does not exist, and you can count on being left alone with the birds to enjoy the swirling waters and the unending line of coast.

Mother Ivey's Bay and Harlyn Bay each invite us to bathe from the towans on their firm sands, and at Harlyn there is an added inducement to loiter, for it was here that 200 kists were found containing Celtic skeletons over 2,500 years old, all buried in a crouched position on their left sides with their heads to the north. No discovery of a like prehistoric importance has been made in our time. Trevone, just beyond, is an idyllic bathing cove, suddenly become very popular, probably because it is the nearest good bathing-place to Padstow, which is just across the fields, but not on the sea at all, being near the wide mouth of the Camel.

Padstow is a place of crooked alleys, a forgotten port with a magnificent church. It owes its name to St. Petroc, a royal Welsh saint, who, deciding to make the pilgrimage to Rome, landed here. He went on to Rome in a silver bowl, and lived for seven years on the same fish which he ate every day. He returned here in his bowl to find a wolf guarding a robe which he had left on the beach. He died in Bodmin in A.D. 564. His church is of great interest, and contains a fifteenth-century font, in which every one who was baptised was supposed, as at Ludgvan, to be immune from hanging. One, Eliot, who robbed the mails found to his cost that the font belied its reputation. One of the

Bedruthan Steps





Tolcarne Beach,
Newquay

bench-ends shows a fox preaching to geese. Of the many monuments the most noticeable one is of twelve Prideaux, a family who still live at Prideaux Place, an ivy-covered battlemented house with fine iron railings in front of it, built in 1600 on the site of a monastery founded by St. Petroc and destroyed by the Danes in 981. There are old masters of great value in this house, and the staircase once belonged to the Grenvilles of Stowe.

Padstow is a town of great antiquity, and was once known as Lodeneck, and in 1291 as Aldestowe. It sent two ships to the Siege of Calais and did a considerable trade in timber, as it still does in fish. It owes its quietness to the fact that the river is being silted up with sand. It is by nature the only real harbour between St. Ives and Bideford. Every May-day the natives parade a "horse" and a man, each wearing a devilish-looking mask, and sing the Padstow May-songs to commemorate the fact that during the Siege of Calais the "Hobby Horse" stood on Stepper Point to terrorise the enemy who mistook it for the Devil. On the horse's cap the letters O.B. are inscribed.

The estuary of the River Camel is guarded by Pentire Point on the north, and Stepper Point (227 feet high) on the south. From Stepper there is a fine rugged cliff-walk between here and Padstow, but on the north side the scenery is entirely different. At the very mouth of the estuary, for instance, there is Polzeath, one of the most popular bathing beaches in North Cornwall, a paradise for surf-riders, set among fine sand-hills facing the Atlantic breakers. A walk over these towans leads to the church of St. Enodoc, once so buried in the sands that the parson had to climb through the skylight to take his services, but now completely excavated. Just here is the Doom Bar, caused by a mermaid, who, in revenge against a young man who tried to shoot her with an arrow, threw a handful of sand into the water with a curse. Tens of thousands of tons of this sand, which is rich in carbonate of lime, are removed every year,

but the silting goes on. The mermaid's revenge is far-reaching.

We cross again to Padstow by ferry from Rock, after a long journey among sand-hills so high that one of them is called the Himalayas.



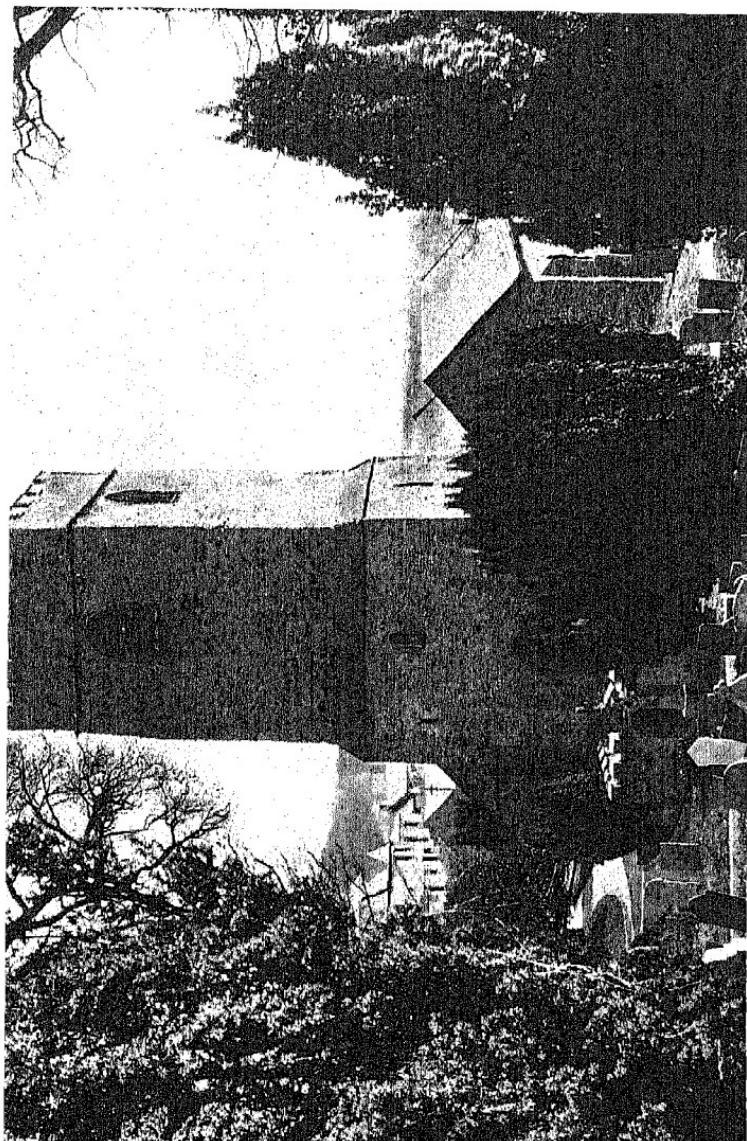
PADSTOW MAY-DAY PARADE

The southern bank of the estuary is the more interesting, not only because Padstow lies on it, but because of Little Petherick church, which has been so expensively restored by Mr. Athelstan Riley. There are three chained volumes of Foxe's "Martyrs," and magnificent vestments here.

St. Breock also lies on this side of the estuary, where the body of the infamous John Tregeagle of Trevorder lies buried. His spirit, of course, is still occupied in carrying

Harlyn Bay, near Padstow





Padstow Church

sand over Loc Pool, and trying to empty Dozmare with a leaky limpet shell. There is a stream running through the churchyard, and the church tower is embowered in trees. An inscribed stone at Trenscowe, in this parish, reads : **ULCAGNI FILI SEVER.** The St. Breock Downs just behind are filled with prehistoric remains.

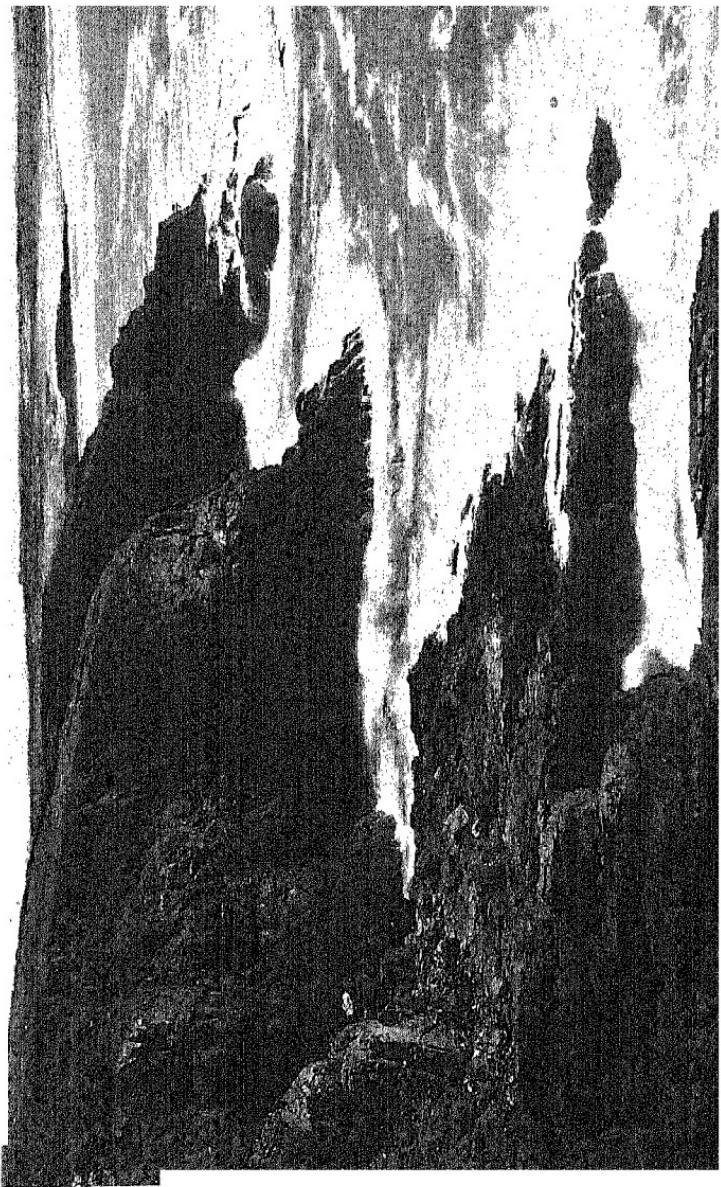
But most interesting of all the places on this bird-haunted, sand-filled estuary is Wadebridge, which bears an uncanny resemblance to Barnstaple. Its grey bridge, built by Loveybond, vicar of Egloshayle, in 1470, has seventeen arches and angles over each pier for pedestrians, and was, like the bridge of Bideford, its most formidable rival, built on wool-sacks. Wadebridge has two claims to fame, its 320-foot bridge and the fact that the railway between here and Bodmin was the first to be built in Cornwall, and the second to be built in England. It is supposed to have got its name from Vadum, a ford. It is a clean, alert town with a fine church at Egloshayle, also built by Loveybond, which possesses monuments to the Kestell family and a remarkably beautiful pulpit, carved roof, and font. A white rabbit sometimes haunts the churchyard wall, together with the headless ghost of a poor wretch who, disbelieving its existence, tried to shoot it.

The railway to Bodmin follows the wooded valley of the Camel, scarcely if at all inferior, in its mingled softness and austerity, to the valley of the Exe. The road winds through the woods of Washaway, across the valley of the Camel, where it turns abruptly north at Dunmere towards Merry Meeting, and we climb a steep hill to reach the wide street of the capital of the county, Bodmin.

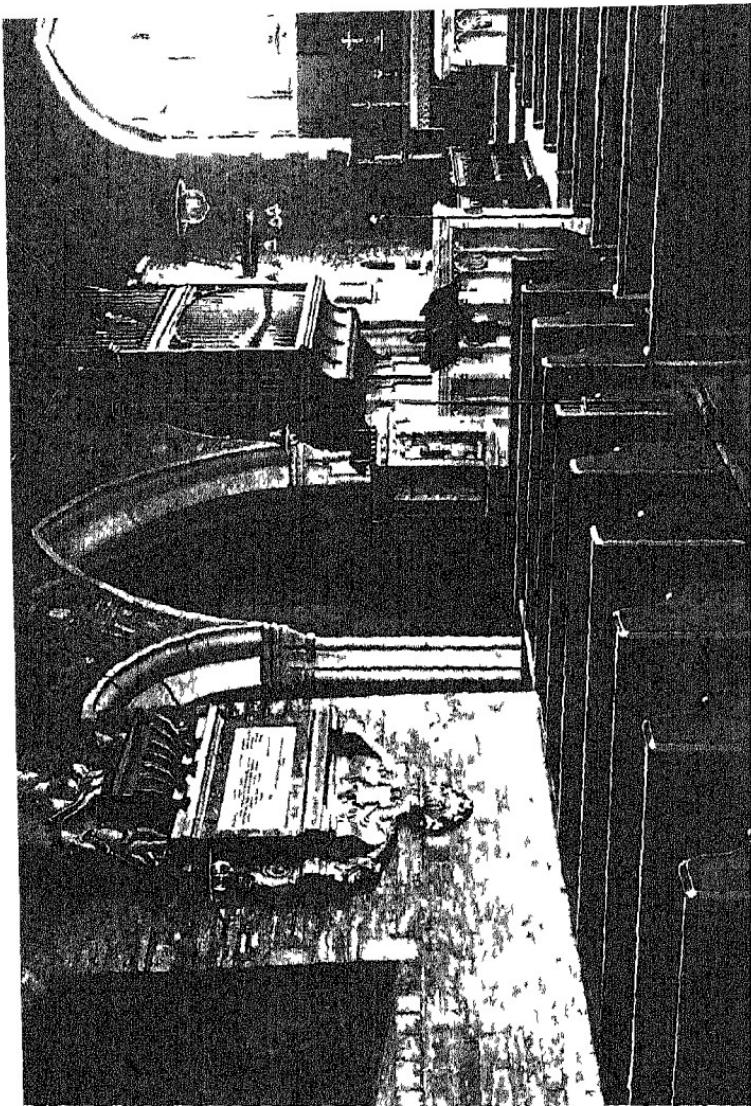
Here is the depot of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, an enormous asylum, a prison, a vast wireless station, and the largest church in the Duchy. The famous Bodmin casket, in which the Prior of Bodmin brought back the relics of St. Petroc from Brittany, is the town's most treasured possession, but the church is also very well worth seeing on account of the Norman work in the tower,

the finely-carved fifteenth-century pulpit, and the chantry chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The obelisk, overlooking the town, was erected to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert. St. Guron, who founded a hermitage here in the fifth century, has a well of ever-flowing water near the church, St. Petroc founded a Benedictine monastery here, and there have been Franciscan and Augustinian friaries here.

Rebellion, or staunch fidelity to principles, has always taken a strong hold on Bodmin. Two men of Bodmin, Flamank and Joseph, led the West Country to resist Henry VIII's taxation, with the result that 2000 men were slain at Blackheath. It was at Bodmin that 3000 Cornishmen rallied round Perkin Warbeck, only to be deserted by him at Taunton. The mayor, Nicholas Boyer, took so leading a part in the great rebellion against the Reformed Prayer Book of 1549 that Sir Anthony Kingston, when it was all over, sent word that he would dine with him and asked him to erect a gallows. After the feast Boyer was sent up first to test its strength, "for thou hast been a busy rebel." Nowadays it is a place through which everyone passes, but at which few stop. It is one of the few notable Cornish towns that are not on the sea, but as a centre for one of the most exhilarating and least-known of excursions, the one I am about to take, it is, however admirable.



Coast near
Trevoise Head



Glosshayle Church,
Radbridge

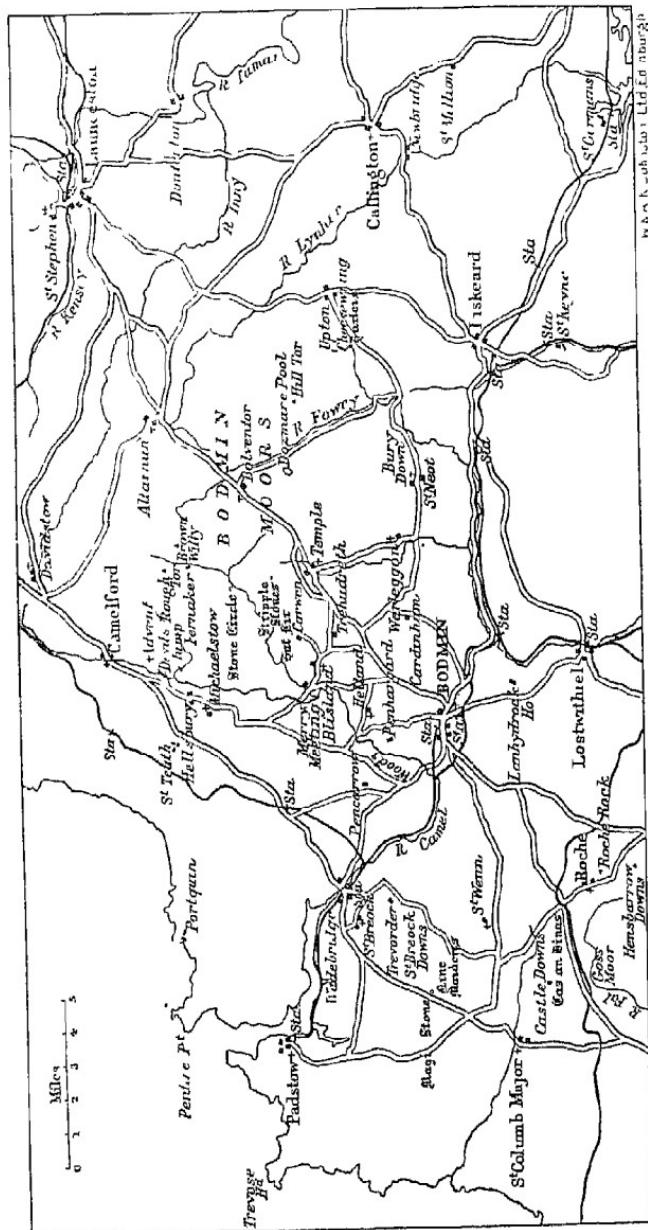
CHAPTER XII

THE BODMIN MOORS: TREGEAGLE'S COUNTRY

HERE is a foolish superstition that the Cornish inlands are devoid of interest. I should like to correct that fallacy. In this chapter we will avoid the coast altogether and yet find strange and beautiful things not to be found elsewhere. There is a road across the Bodmin Moors which most people have crossed, usually in a hurry to reach the Delectable coves or cliffs, or else in more of a hurry, having left them at the last possible minute, to get home again. Now this road performs precisely the same function for the Cornish Moors that the Moretonhampstead-Princetown road performs for Dartmoor. It is said to penetrate the heart, whereas it misses it, by, shall we say, a mile, and to miss by a mile is to miss nearly, if not quite, everything. The visitor who goes home after conscientiously exploring every rock and cove from Rame Head to Morwenstow may justifiably claim to know the Cornish coast, but to know the coast is emphatically not to know Cornwall. The beauties of this coast I have consistently dilated upon, and am the last man in the world to underrate, but



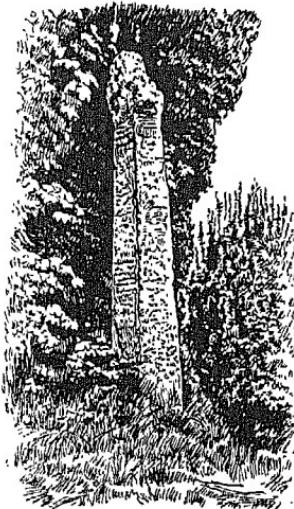
PEDERELL'S CROSS



they are obvious. You only have to lead even the most inveterate town-lover to the top of Trereen-Dinas, and he will need no adjectives of yours to help him to see its magnificence. The coast appeal is instant and unforgettable to everybody, but the appeal of the inland ridge, with its wild crags strewn with boulders in the far west, its grey, ruined chimneys, and roofless engine-houses, its thick clusters of granite cottages dotted all over the treeless uplands of its mining-area in the middle west, and its giant white china-clay pyramids on the sides of its loneliest moors in the area we have now come to, is by no means obvious. It is subtle. It strikes many people on a superficial hurried visit as hideous and depressing. But to be satisfied that you know a forest because you have skirted its fringes is scarcely fair to yourself or the forest, and to go home without having made an effort to get to the very heart of the Duchy is both to stamp oneself as aesthetically lazy, and to miss something of rare if indefinable beauty.

The best way by far to explore these moors is to make an elliptical tour round Bodmin, beginning most aptly, for the Bodmin Moors are as much Tregeagle's country as Tintagel is King Arthur's domain, at Roche Rock. It is time to tell the full story of this most famous of all Cornish villains, of whom we have already heard at Lanhydrock, Loe Sands, and St. Breock.

John Tregeagle was the son of John, who married a Polwhele, and lived at Boswallack in St. Allen. Our Tregeagle became steward at Lanhydrock, and lived at

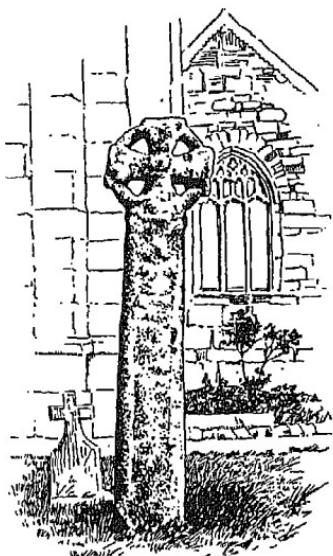


LANIVET CHURCHYARD
BODMIN

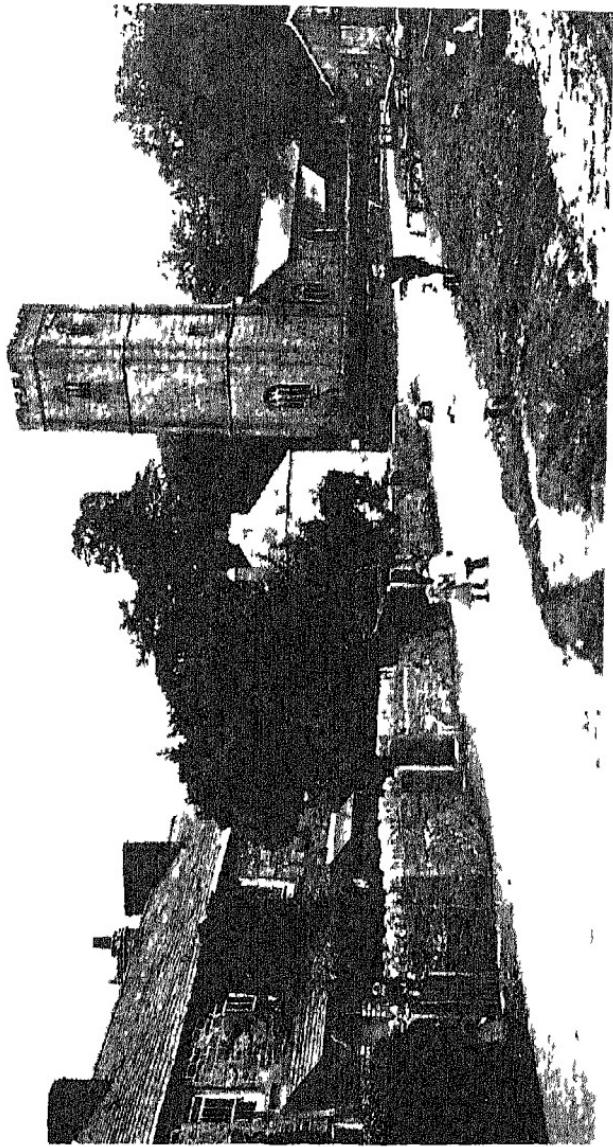
Trevorder, a grey manor-house at St. Breock, now haunted by strangely-dressed creatures who can be seen drinking at a long table from queer-shaped bottles in the dead of night. He was summoned to appear after death to answer various charges of unjust stewardship, and his punishment was to bail out Dozmare (pronounced Dozmary) Pool, which we are soon to visit, with a leaky limpet-shell. Tortured by devils while carrying out this monotonous job, he fled shrieking to this sanctuary of Roche Rock, which rises 680 feet above the sea on a spur of Hensbarrow Beacon, where a hermit had built himself a cell, and the saints had erected a chapel. Putting his head through the chapel window, Tregeagle howled till the saints let him in. He was from there taken to Padstow, but his shrieks disturbed the natives and he was given a change of labour, now carrying sand over Loe Sands in sacks, still, however, pursued by devils, until one tripped him up and caused the formation of the Bar. From there he was taken to sweep

the sands from one cove to another at Tol-pedn-Penwith and condemned to make ropes out of them. He is, however, normally to be heard on stormy nights on these moors, shrieking as he rushes with the devils at his heels from Dozmare to Roche Rock. It is not easy to see why so many legends should so persistently have clung to this one unhappy, unjust steward, but among ingenuous reasons for his unpopularity the following is not altogether untenable.

There was a girl called Anne Jefferies, born in 1646



LANIVET CHURCHYARD



Lanivet,
near Bodmin



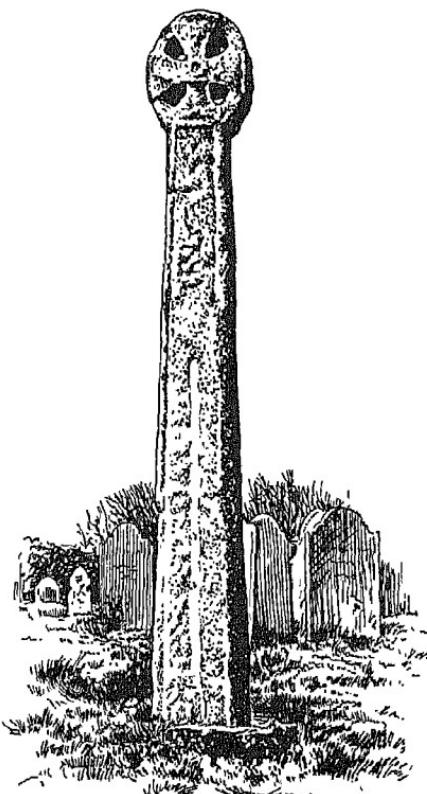
Bedravel Bridge,
near Blisland,
Bodmin

at St. Teath, who declared that she got her food from the fairies, and she actually ate nothing from one harvest till Christmas Day. She was, however, very devout, and cured the country people of their illnesses, refusing to take any payment. She was sent to Bodmin gaol by a John Tregeagle, steward to the Earl of Radnor, who kept her first in prison and then in his own house without food, but she refused to die.

An alternative story is that Anne was imprisoned for prophesying that "the King shall shortly enjoye his owne." She was reputed to be "strangely saucy against the Parliament."

Now, it is obvious to anyone who has read me so far with patience, that Cornwall, during the Civil War, was for once not on the side of the rebels. It was, however, as always, on the losing side. Anne would therefore be a sort of Joan of Arc, but the Lanhydrock people were Roundheads. Tregeagle's ill-fame may have spread from this. For the moment we must leave him.

The font at Roche was saved from destruction in



OLD CROSS AT ST. TEATH

Puritan days by being completely covered with plaster. There is a cross in the churchyard nearly nine feet high, with four little holes in the head. There is a holy well here of St. Gundred, into which the natives throw bent pins before sunrise on Holy Thursday in order to secure the Saint's blessing for the following year. From the top of Hensbarrow (1026 feet), which is covered with china-clay dumps, the view over St. Austell Bay and the surrounding moorland is superb.

Just at the foot of the hill on the west is Goss Moor, King Arthur's hunting-ground, the source of the Fal River, and the site of a huge aerial station. It is a land of numberless tiny streams, and provides fine views in all directions.

Our way lies across this moor to the earthworks of Castle-an-Dinas and the church of St. Wenn, a village famous for its fine wrestlers. Wrestling is still very popular in this part of Cornwall, and in the fields of St. Columb Major, where the famous Polkinghorne lived, you may see on Saturday afternoons crowds encircling two men in loose white bakers' coats clutching at one another, straining

and interlocked like Laocoön with his serpent. Nowhere else will you realise how fine is the physique of these West-countrymen. Footballers, by comparison, look puny.

We are now on the sides of St. Breock Downs, over the gorse-clad sides of which we search for the Nine Maidens who always look as



ROCHE ORATORY

if they were nuns clad in grey, crouching under a wall, and just not breaking into a run to escape our vulgar gaze. Beyond them, overlooking them, is the Magi Stone, and on that we stand and gaze out over the headlands of Pentire and Trevose, and all the green-fringed, sandy wastes of the Camel Estuary. We descend by way of lovely St. Breock church, with its surrounding trees and stream, to wonder at the monument to John Tregagle, which is carefully hidden behind the organ. Here are confusing dates, for he is here definitely buried in 1679, having had two wives, one Ann, who died two months after him (of grief?), the other, Elizabeth, who died at the age of twenty-eight in 1708. She was, in effect, born the year before he died. Or was Elizabeth a daughter, after whose birth, in 1678, Ann, her mother, died? Or did his ghost marry and then murder Ann?

We make our way across the Camel over the ancient grey bridge of Wadebridge, below which flocks of wild geese are always feeding in the mud, and then set our faces towards the moors through the maze of churches that cling to the valley of the Camel, which forms the west boundary of this strangely wild district. How infinitely worth while it is always to follow rivers to their source. Cornwall only boasts of three, but the man who has explored the Fowey, the Fal, and the Camel to their respective heads will not be far from having found the Cornwall I want him to see.

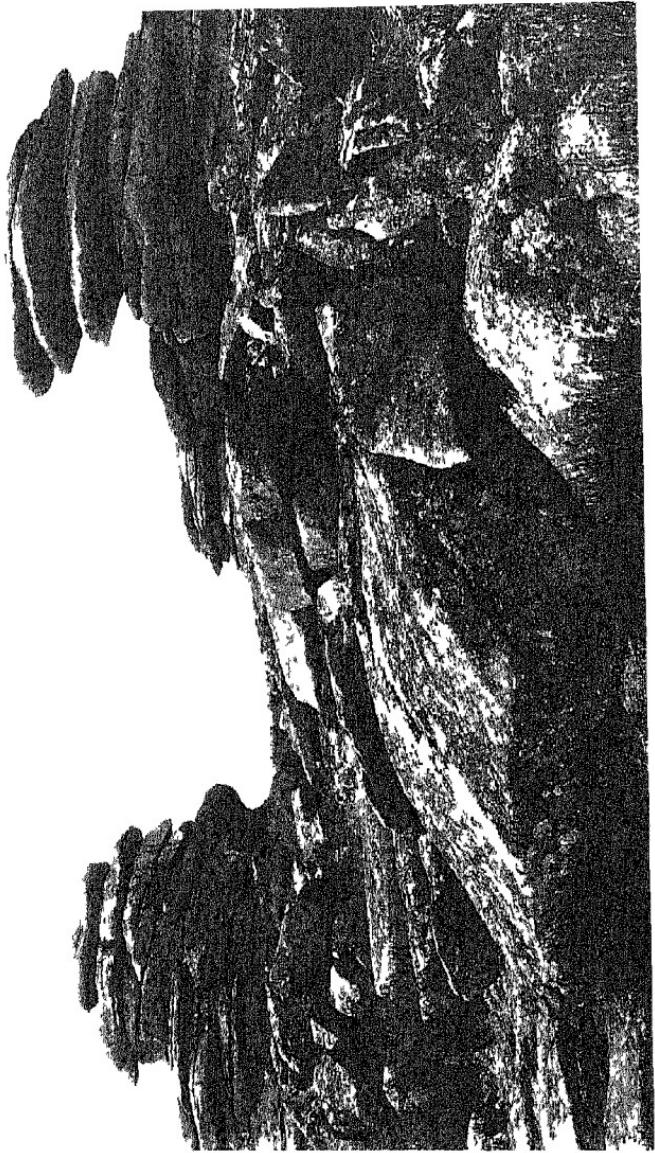
We begin by climbing down the steep woods of Pen-carow to see the ancient earthworks of Penhargard and Helland. On the steep hill-side, above the bridge at Merry Meeting, lies Blisland, the church of which lies among trees just off the village green, and is of great interest, possessing what is probably the finest colouring on its restored screen in the country. Remote as this tiny church is, there are always devout pilgrims on their knees to be seen in it. It is certainly the best restored ancient church that I know. We are now on the very

edge of the moor, with the stone circles of Trippet Stones and Stripple Stones just above us, two British barrows on our right at Trehudreth, and hut-circles at Carwen straight in front.

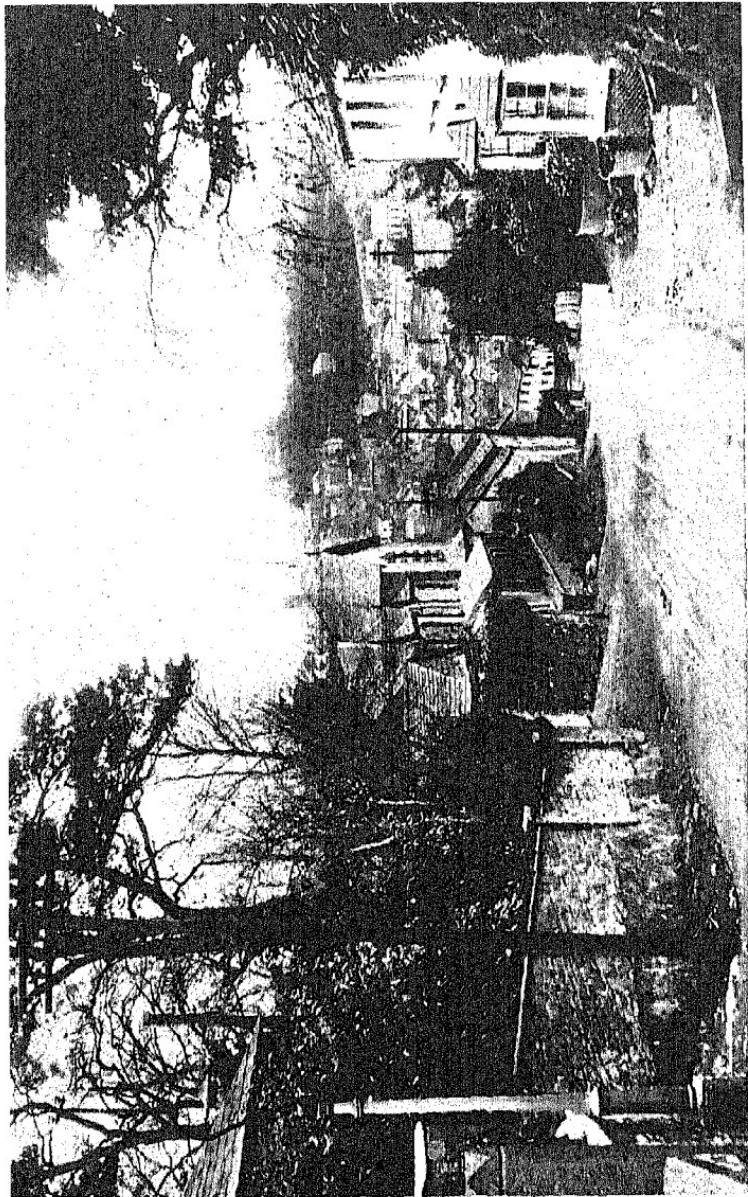
There is so much to see hereabouts that it is unlikely that an enthusiast will cling either to the river valley or to the rock sides. He will zigzag hither and thither, and he will be right. Thus, he will see the old church of Michaelstow on the other side of the water, and climb the 700 feet of the earthwork on Hellsbury before recrossing the river to the old church of Advent, where there are two huge piles of granite on either side of a cairn known as the Devil's Jump. All this time we have been drawing near to the only peaks in Cornwall that in any way resemble the tors of Dartmoor. We are now at the foot of Rough Tor (1296 feet) and Brown Willy (1380 feet), the highest points in the county.

There are days when the scramble to their bleak granite-strewn tops looks contemptibly easy. There are others when they are so storm-swept that even the stoutest-hearted pause before disappearing into the swirling mists that engulf them. There are bogs all over the place which have been known ere now to drag down bullocks into their depths. Between the two summits, among the crags, are beehive huts made of unmortared moorstone, two or three feet thick and about eight feet across. There is a glorious stone circle at Fernaker, and on the very top of Rough Tor (which is pronounced Row to rhyme with Sow) there is a ruined chapel of St. Michael, and a logan stone. Upon these lonely treeless heights you may spend one whole day exploring the heads of innumerable streams and rivers, among them the Fowey, and another in working your way from kistvaen to hut-circle, with no sign of human history later than that of the dwellers in these beehives.

To get the full effect of these moors, which it has to be remembered do not occupy a great space, it is a good



Rough Tor,
near Carnelford



Lamceston

thing to go down on the Davidstow side by way of a break, and to explore Launceston before coming back to penetrate them on the other side.

Launceston is like no other town in England. The climb from the station to the town is of the steepest, and from the town there lies another climb to reach the castle. There was an entrenchment here in Celtic times, which was strengthened by the Saxons, and belonged to Harold before the Conquest, after which it was granted to Robert de Mortain. The gatehouse was built in Henry VIII's



LAUNCESTON

reign, and the keep, with three surrounding courts, looks absolutely impregnable, but Sir Richard Buller had to surrender it in the Civil War to Sir Ralph Hopton, and Sir Bevil Grenville then recovered it, only once more to lose it. Among its many defenders were Sir Richard Grenville and Colonel Basset. Considering that the inner tower, "a cylinder inside a cylinder," has walls of twelve feet thick, we can only suppose that in each instance starvation was the cause of surrender. George Fox was imprisoned here in 1655. The church is as highly decorated as the castle is bare. Sir Henry Trecarel took away masses of carved

granite that he had intended for his own private house in consequence of his infant son's death, and put them into the building of this church. The result is that it looks partly like Place, at Fowey, and partly like the parish church of Tiverton. The decorations are a medley of fleurs-de-lis, foliage, figures, and shields. The arms of the family of Trecarel and Kelway are carved on the porch, and there is a line of panelled sheaths running round the whole building, on each of which there is a single letter which makes up when put together a long Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary. On the eastern front is a figure of Mary Magdalene, and it is said that anyone who can deposit a stone on her back will have good luck for a year. Trecarel never completed his decorations, which therefore give a comparatively unfinished effect.

Bishop Warewast of Exeter, disliking Richard Earl of Cornwall's effort to establish a bishopric here, suppressed an old college and founded his own priory here in 1126. The Norman doorway of the "White Hart" was taken from the ancient college.

Across the valley on the further hill-side is another church, St. Stephen's, from the high tower of which you look across and get the best view of Launceston, which bears a marked resemblance from its situation to Shaftesbury. The view from the Castle, however, gives us another aspect of the huddled town, and from here we get a view, not only of the tops of the hills that we have just climbed, but of the purple Dartmoor tors far away in the east.

Our return journey to the moors leads us to Altarnun, the largest parish in Cornwall, containing over 15,000 acres. Its well has the property of curing madness. The church here has the longest and most beautiful set of low oak altar-rails that I have ever seen. It is a simple, light building, with a fine three-storey tower, decorated bench-ends, and restored screen. The hamlet forms the north-eastern gateway to the wild moors, and those who dislike scrambling over boggy, rocky high-

lands may keep to the main hedgeless road as far as the lonely Jamaica Inn at Bolventor, where we turn at right angles south-east along a track over the wild moor to the famous pool of Dozmare, which is to Bodmin Moors what Pinkery Pond is to Exmoor and Crammere Pool is to Dartmoor.

Our first impression of this lonely tarn is likely to be one of disappointment. This haunted tarn is not only easily accessible (one disappointment), it actually is overlooked by a couple of grey cottages, which deprive it of its solitariness.

As a sheet of water it is uninspiring. It is hard to believe that it is bottomless. It may look more the sort of place into which Bedivere would throw Excalibur than Loe Pool, but we have no kind of warrant for believing that it was the place. Carew was pleased with it because it neither helped to fill nor empty any streams ; Leland, in 1533, described it as fourteen fathoms deep, with a river issuing out of it ; miners, about a hundred years ago, discovered roots of old oak trees four feet below the surface, indicating the presence of woods here in some remote age, and flint heads are frequently washed up and found on the fringes of the lake. Forty years ago it ran almost dry.

Nevertheless there is something uncanny about this quiet, unassuming, unexpected pool. Tregagle's unquiet spirit hovers over it even in fine weather. In storms, when the wind whistles savagely in one's ears, we distinctly hear his screams as he fails to weave his ropes of sand, or fill his limpet-shell, and starts his periodic dash across to the sanctuary of Roche



THE TASK OF TREGEAGLE

Rock. There are many natives of these parts who will not approach the tarn after nightfall for a substantial bribe. Unless one has been there alone on an ill night it is unseemly to scoff. To take a car over the rough track, look at the lake without getting out, which is quite easy, complain of the difficulty of turning, and then go away, is not to get the spirit of this strange place. It is not beautiful, it is not grand, but it is weird. It haunts one in remembrance more than any other water in England. It is the kind of place where Macbeth might have met the three witches, quite ordinary at one moment, hellish at another.

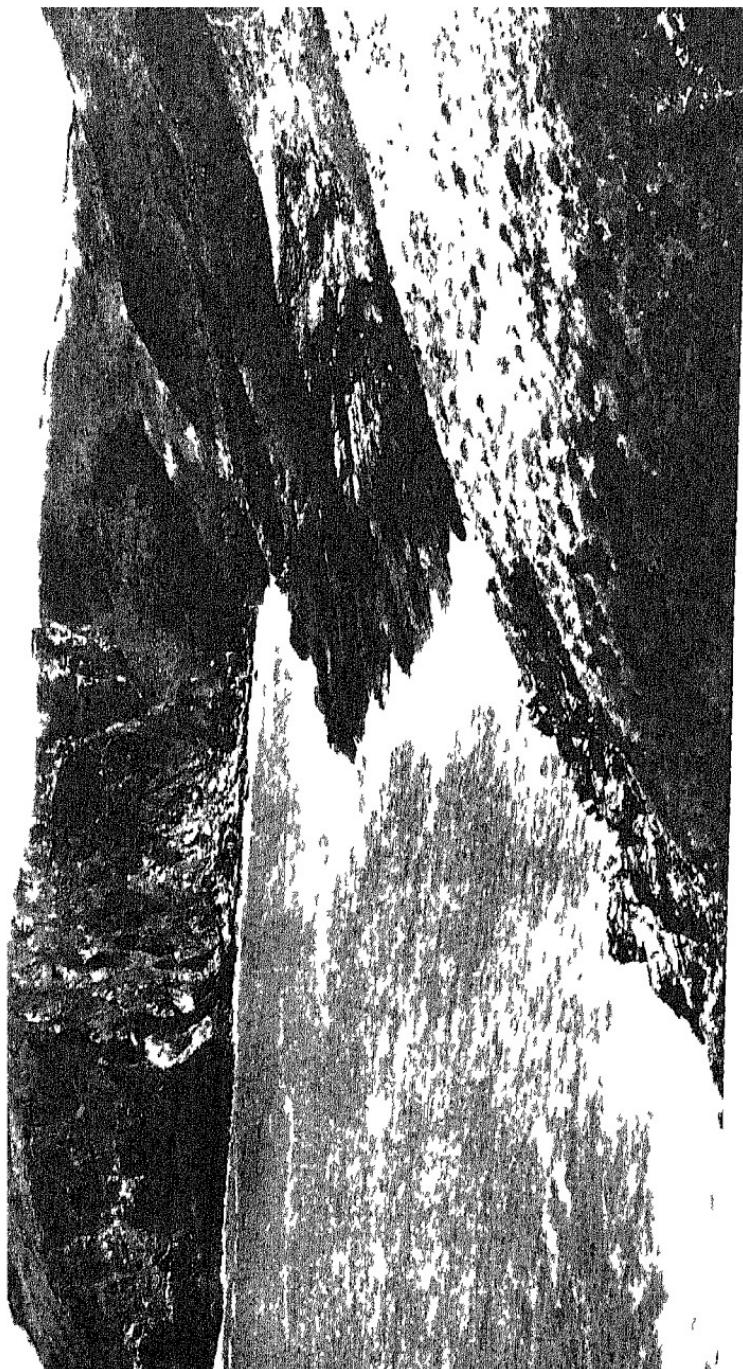
In no circumstances let the thought of lunch or dinner waiting at Bodmin, or the sign of black clouds gathering over Brown Willy, deter you from not only resting at, but walking all round, Dozmare, and then going on, not back, down the treeless rocky valley of the tiny Fowey River, which comes close to being the most beautiful walk of a wild kind in Cornwall. It is not unlike the walk from Exe Head down to Exford. High tors on one's left contain the wonder-stones of the Cheesewring and the Hurlers, and on both hill-sides are hut-circles almost indistinguishable from the huge boulders with which the valley is strewn. The brown clear water tumbles merrily along over more boulders, and the whole landscape is a blaze of purple and gold.

It is hateful to have to leave rivers at any time, and no river is harder to leave than the Fowey, but the compensations on turning west under Bury Down are good enough to make one forget even so lovely a stream as this. For we soon come to St. Neot, the stained-glass of whose windows are only paralleled, and not excelled, by the stained-glass of Fairford. In this fine fourteenth-century church are fifteen wonderfully rich windows depicting episodes in the life of St. Neot, resigning his crown to King Alfred, rescuing a doe from hounds, and being informed by an angel that if he took one fish only from his



The Keep, Launceston Castle

Coast at Tintagel



well daily it would never fail him, while other windows show the creation of the world, the Redemption, and other Biblical incidents. St. Neot was in every way a remarkable saint. He was a dwarf, and a brother of King Alfred. He impounded the crows which made a noise during service or kept his congregation away, in a pound which is still in the village. He also used to stand for hours together in his holy well, which is also still to be seen, up to the neck in water reciting the entire Psalter. He died in 883, and his remains were removed to St. Neots in Huntingdonshire, whence they were ultimately brought back and remained at peace until some drunkards scattered them far and wide over the moors. The beauty of these richly-coloured windows does not only lie in their colours, magnificent as these are. The scenes, thought to be the work of Flemish artists, are as detailed and perfect as the paintings of the Primitives to which they naturally bear a close resemblance. The whole spirit of medievalism seems to shine clearly out as you look into the turreted castles, the holy and villainous faces, and the big landscapes which look down on you from these glorious windows. It takes fully a day to look at them, and it is a day that is likely never to be forgotten.

The way from here over Brown Willy to the north is the most desolate that you will encounter in Cornwall. Once



ST. NEOT—WINDOW

more we are in a world of barrows and circles, and high unprotected moorland, until we reach Temple where the Knights Templars built themselves a chapel in which marriages without banns or licences were once celebrated. There is another lonely tarn here on the open moor, which the main Bodmin road passes, but a more interesting way back to Bodmin lies down a tributary of the Fowey through Warleggon and Cardinham, the churches of which will perhaps put the seal upon your impression that in all England no area can compare with the ellipse we have just covered for the beauty or multitude of its granite-towered churches, quite apart from its unending reminders of legendary and prehistoric England.

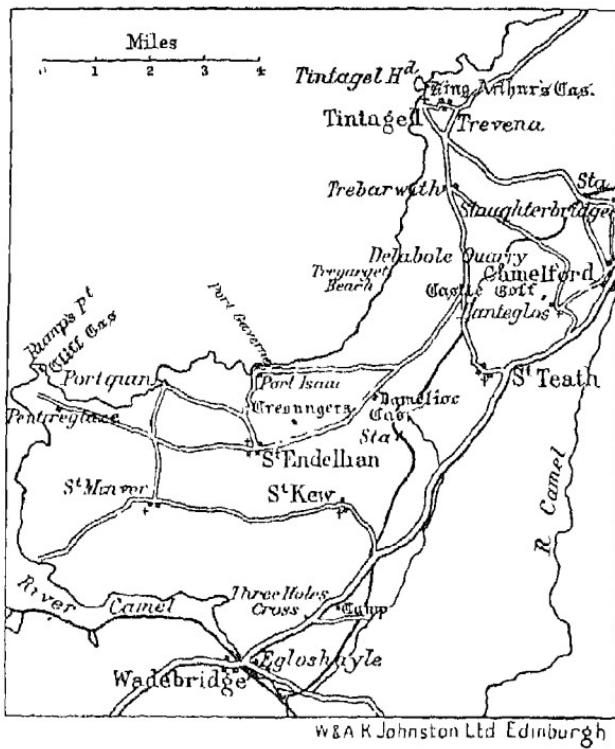
Tregeagle's Cornwall is Cornwall at its truest.

CHAPTER XIII

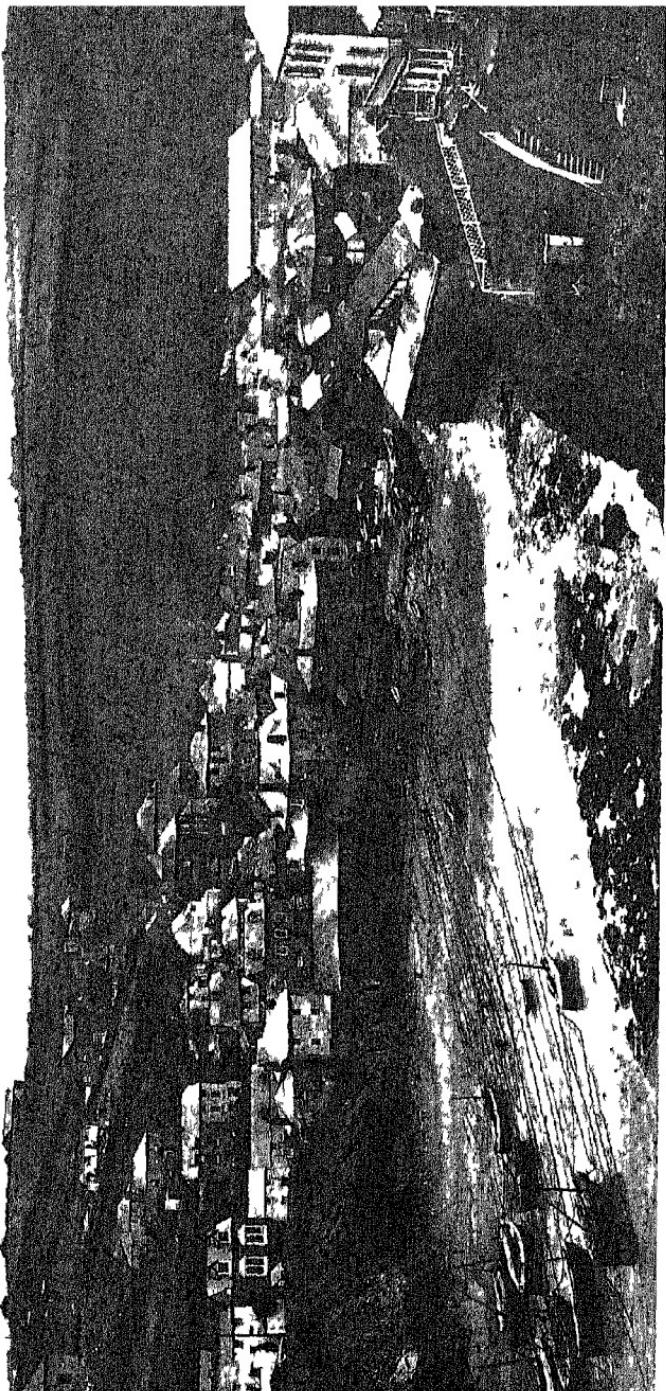
KING ARTHUR'S COUNTRY

THE country sacred to King Arthur does not, as so many people imagine, begin or end at Tintagel. Tintagel has not even the greatest claim to him. It is as you leave Wadebridge on the main road, about a mile to the north-east just past Three Holes Cross, that you suddenly find yourself right in the middle of it. Here are the Kelly Rounds, the Killiwic spoken of by the ancient Welsh as being one of Arthur's chief palaces. A by-road now cuts the earthwork in half, but there are traces of two ramparted circles. About two miles to the north is St. Kew, and in this parish lies Tregear where still stands Damelioc, which Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, fortified against Uther Pendragon. It is easier and more profitable to visualise the great epic story here, where you sit on vast earth-covered ramparts surmounting a great ditch now overgrown with brambles and trees, than it is on the crowd-covered headland of Tintagel. There it is not always easy to believe. Here it is impossible to disbelieve. Igraine, you remember, the fair wife of Gorlois, was hurried off to Tintagel when Uther Pendragon's passion for her caused him to harry Gorlois' country, while Gorlois drew his enemy to attack him at Damelioc, "Castle Terrible," the place on which we now stand. Gorlois was killed and Uther went to Tintagel to possess himself of Igraine, who thus became the mother of King Arthur. This is a fine camp, and from it we look across to the gaunt crags of Brown Willy and

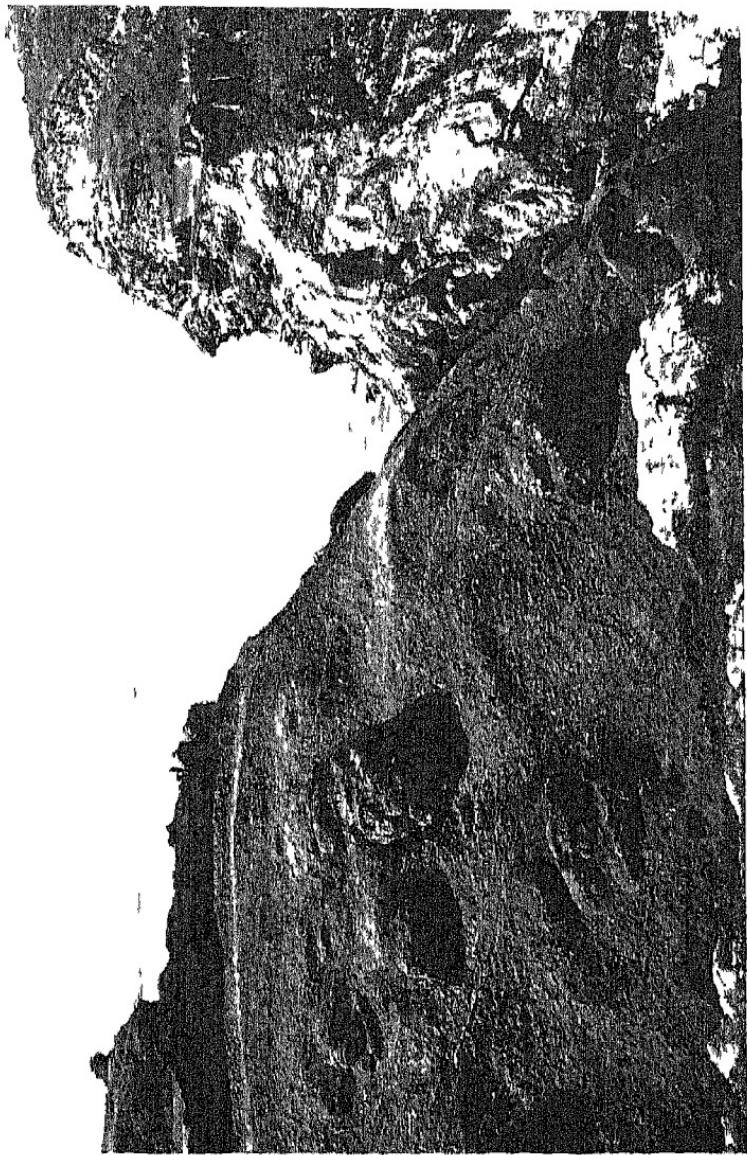
Rough Tor, unchanged since Gorlois' tragic death. Here we may lie and reread the "Morte D'Arthur," and find ourselves, on looking up, within a stone's throw of the trysting-ground of Tristram and Iseult, the hunting-ground of King Mark, and the tracks over which the Knights of



the Round Table rode. If romance ever meant anything anywhere it should mean something here, but there are points of interest close at hand even beyond Arthur. In the village of St. Kew, just below, there is a church of great beauty containing a precious gilt Tudor chalice, a newly dug-up *ogon* stone containing a Roman attempt to



Port Isaac



King Arthur's
Castle, Tintagel

tabulate the Celtic alphabet, much ancient stained-glass, and a Catacleuse shrine.

Instead of cutting straight across to Tintagel, it is well worth while taking the narrow high-banked Devon-like lane that leads to St. Minver, the strange spire of which is a landmark to be seen from all the Hundred of Trigg Minor, and investigate the Quakers' burial-ground and the palimpsest tombstone before rejoining the coast beyond Pentireglaze, at the cliff castle at Rump's Point, the view from which has driven countless writers into panegyrics. "It is idle," says A. H. Norway, "to compare any other view in the West Country with this either in extent or grandeur." In the first place, we are ourselves standing on a triple-mounded castle whose history may well be more romantic than that of King Arthur. In the second, we are looking for the first time at those black forbidding cliffs up to and beyond Tintagel, which make one realise the truth of that couplet :—

"From Padstow Point to Hartland light
Is a watery grave by day or night."

There are fine shapes in these rocks, unfathomable caverns, gull-inhabited rock-islands, gorse-covered cliff-paths, over which we may scramble the whole day without meeting any living thing other than cormorants and curlew, kestrels and gulls, and always at every turn extraordinary variety. We come, for instance, almost at once to Port Quin, that harbour of roofless fishermen's huts, depopulated in one night owing to the failure of the seamen to return after a storm. The heartbroken widows, one of whom was depicted in that well-known picture, "A Hopeless Dawn," left the place never to return.

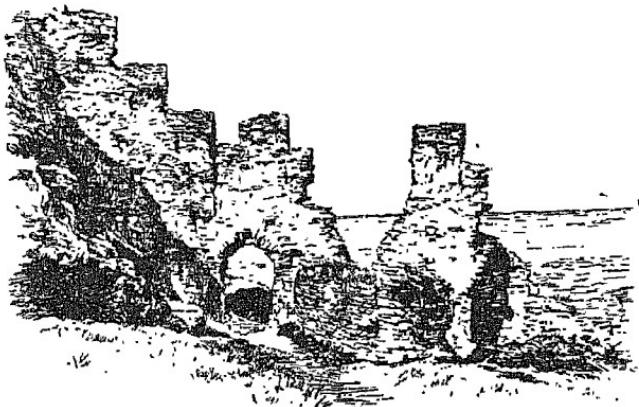
A little inland lies the church of St. Endellian of remarkable beauty, containing a Catacleuse stoup and tabletomb, and slender pillars of granite. The famous family of Mathew used to live at the grey manor house of Tresunger, which we pass on our way down the valley

to Port Isaac, which means the "corn port." Port Isaac reminds us at once of Polperro and Mousehole, and together they make up the three quaintest fishing villages in Cornwall, but you must be careful to explore the old Port Isaac of whitewashed cottages down by the harbour, built in Henry VIII's day, and not be misled by the new village on the hill-side which is bare and ugly. The harbour here is a comparatively busy one, but it requires a good deal more courage to be a fisherman on this harsh coast than it does at Polperro or Mousehole. Apart from Port Isaac there are few ports of refuge in a storm. The streets are so narrow that the natives have the greatest difficulty in hoisting their life-boat through them, and most of the houses are joined by irregular alley-ways of steep steps. Gulls of enormous size sit on every roof-top and chimney-pot, and are never silent. All the cottage-gardens are ablaze with fuchsias and hydrangeas, which is at first surprising, for we are on a coast where trees are rare and the storms seem to have swept all but the stone walls away. It is to be noted that all the villages are in hollows.

Just over the headland, practically a part of Port Isaac, is Port Gaverne, where there is a good bathing-creek and even a little sand, not a common property of the shore hereabouts. The water is of course clear and exquisite in colour, and the rocks are excellently arranged for diving. Port Gaverne is a gem of a cove, and completely unspoilt. The nearest stretches of sands are at Tregarget, a delightful place to which no one goes, and Trebarwith, a delightful place to which everyone goes. In point of fact, Trebarwith goes near to eclipsing Bedruthan, which it very closely resembles. Here are the same giant precipitous headlands, the same queer-shaped isolated rocks, which are islands at high-tide, the delight of climbing children at low, the same firm sands with myriad prawning-pools, the same delicate white surf on which to ride on boards or through which to plunge singing with happiness. It

is perhaps because I know Trebarwith better than I give it the palm.

Before climbing over the headland to Tintagel, which is now close, it is worth while turning inland up a much quarried gorge to investigate the enormous slate-quarries of Delabole, where John Wesley used to preach, and Camelford, the Camelot (perhaps) of King Arthur, near which is Slaughter Bridge, certainly the battle-ground of the Britons and Saxons in 823, much less certainly the place where King Arthur, in 542, fought



TINTAGEL—KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE ARCH

against Modred, and was mortally wounded. The bridge itself, whatever the history of the place, is ancient and beautiful, and in a glen close by is a place known as King Arthur's grave where there is a stone inscribed with the words : " HIC JACET FILIUS MAGARI." The parish church of Camelford is at Lanteglos, ivy-covered, and surrounded by trees, with a fine fifteenth-century tower. There are four old crosses in the churchyard. Quite near the church at Castle Goff are ancient fortifications. St. Teath, some way south, has a church partly Norman. In a panel of the pulpit we meet for the second time the

Cornish motto : " Cala Rag Whetlow," which means " A straw for a talebearer," as you probably guessed from the concluding words of my preface, with the arms of the family of Carminow who trace descent from the days of King Arthur. In the churchyard there is a cross thirteen feet high.

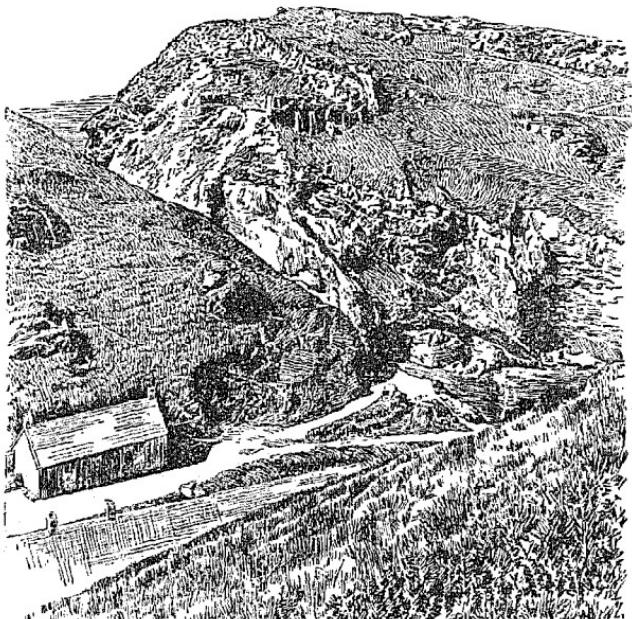
From here we can take the long straight lane that leads to Trevena, the mother church of Tintagel, and the best place from which first to see it. This church of St. Materiana is so exposed on the headland that the grave-stones have to be propped up against the gales. It is dark inside and small, but has traces not only of Norman but even of Saxon work in it. In the adjoining chapel of St. Symphorian there is a stone altar, and a mile-stone bearing the inscription, " IMPERATORE LYCINIS," stands in the transept. There are good brasses and many fine memorials.

The view of the " island " of Tintagel is best seen from this churchyard, because you are saved from joining that long queue of excitedly-chattering visitors who make their way down the rocky valley to it from the village. Looked at from whatever angle it is impressive, but from here you see it first across the water, with the sea, in Hawker's fine phrase, lying " a strong vassal, at his master's gate," if not always sobbing in its sleep like a drunken giant.

The very first view you get of it makes you incline to like Gorlois and hate Uther. It was sportsmanlike to fight at Damelioc, which has no particular natural defensive advantage, and keep Igraine in this seemingly impregnable fortress. Unlike all the other cliff-castles, Tintagel is almost an island, and could not possibly be scaled. The only way to it must have been by way of the drawbridge, and it was only by pretending to be Gorlois that Uther prevailed upon Igraine to give him entrance.

Tintagel is in two parts. The keep nearer the land has ruined walls round which men may climb, but everyone

is usually in too much of a hurry to see the Castle first, which necessitates going down into the valley below where the drawbridge once stood, and climbing a narrow and steep stairway of stones to a small door in the ruined battlements in which rock and wall seemed inextricably mingled. There are the remains of the chapel of St. Julitta here, and beyond it King Arthur's seat, and the site of a



TINTAGEL—KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE

well. Otherwise there is no trace of its one-time grandeur. We are left to wander on the flat grass-covered granite top of a stupendous cliff, and sit gazing out to sea until our imagination creates Tristram's galley on the horizon, and the world's greatest lovers draw near once more to their castle of doom. There are ravens on these cliffs and red-beaked choughs as there were in Arthur's day. Arthur himself still haunts these crags in chough-like shape,

and twice a year the whole vast rock disappears altogether. "He must have eyes that will scale Tintagel," said John Norden, and he must have the poet's eyes who will describe the place adequately. It is not just the outward appearance, its majestic isolation, the terrifying blackness of its cliffs, and the impregnability of its situation. Something definitely overtakes you as you unlock the door on to its grassy slopes. You feel at once on hallowed ground. The ordinary human voice has to be lowered. Everybody speaks as though he or she was in church. Its atmosphere cannot be defined, but it is a sad place for the scoffer of antiquity. Its hold on us here is as sure as the hold of our own parents or our own children. It is easy to believe, as we sit here, chin cupped in hand, that the bells on the church across the water tolled without human ringers as Arthur's body was borne away to his grave. 'The whole of that vast host take on shape as we idly watch the sheep grazing where once Tristram and Iseult walked and loved. Men's work vanishes but men remain. Who more real to us to-day than the courtiers and ladies of Joyous Gard, what loves more romantic than their loves, what deaths more tragic than their deaths? Let Tintagel have its way with you. Steep yourself first in Malory, and then lie out on these heights and dream the days away in the company of these ageless heroes. Though no visible sign of Arthur remains, there was a castle here in the twelfth century, and in 1245 the Prince of Wales stayed here as the guest of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans. In 1330 the partly-ruined hall was demolished. The whole castle was in ruins by the middle of the sixteenth century. The drawbridge between the castle and the keep was destroyed by the falling cliffs and the distance between the two is constantly being increased in this way.

Immediately under the castle is a tiny cove, and Merlin's Cave actually pierces right under the castle. The view from the headland, quite apart from any Arthurian

tradition, is one of the finest in Cornwall, the yellow sands of Trebarwith forming the one visible break in the grim succession of black rocks all the way from Hartland to Trevose. The village of Tintagel stands back from the headland, and is remarkable for a low-roofed fourteenth-century post office, the walls of which are of great blocks of granite and the roofs of slabs of slate. Its gables and irregular chimneys add to its quaintness. In front of the Wharncliffe Arms is a much-chipped inscribed Roman-British stone, bearing the names of the four evangelists.

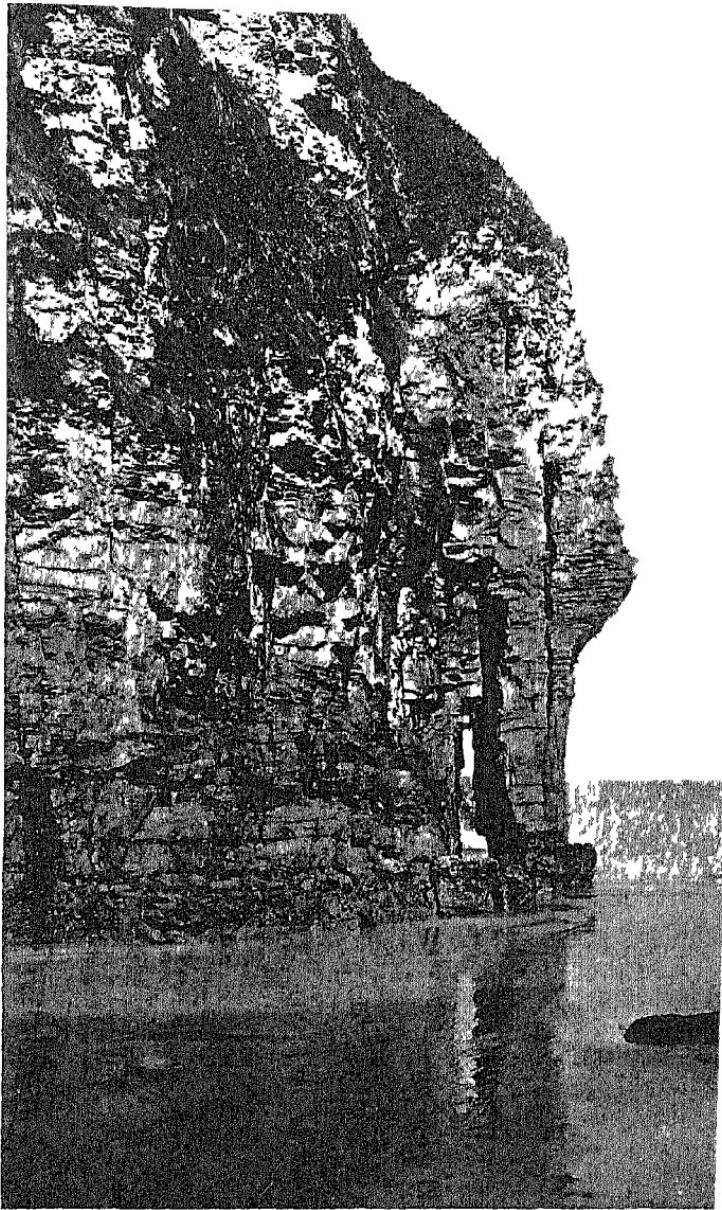
There is plenty of accommodation for visitors in the village of a simple but eminently comfortable nature.

CHAPTER XIV

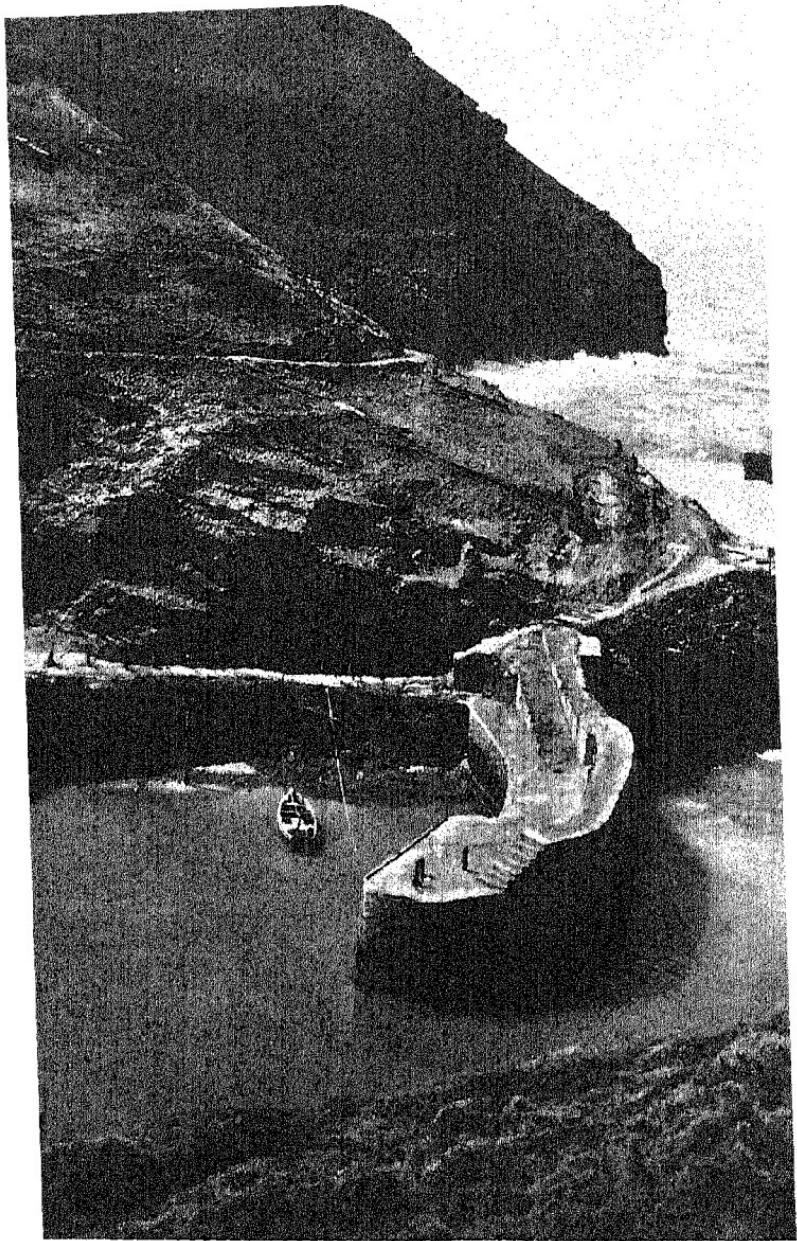
FURTHEST NORTH

LUCKILY after leaving Tintagel and the haunts of Arthur, we are immediately compensated by the enchanting and quite unexpected Rocky Valley, which is a wooded gorge in a land almost devoid of trees, with a fine brook making invisible music under a forest of giant ferns. At St. Nighton's, or St. Nectan's kieve, there is a cascade forty feet deep of water falling in a chasm of green gloom. Bossiney Cove near by has finely-shaped high rocks and good sands, and on Castle Hill the poll was declared in the days when this tiny hamlet returned two members to Parliament. The Round Table is supposed to be buried here, and on midsummer eve it rises out of the earth shimmering like silver.

After passing King Arthur's Quoit, a stone in the hedge, we come to Trevalga, and then Forrabury church, the bells of which "peal their deep notes beneath the tide," standing in the same relation to Boscastle that Trevena church stands to Tintagel. Boscastle is, I suppose, easily the most curious harbour in the British Isles. It bears a remote resemblance to the Valley of Rocks at Lynton, supposing that valley to be filled with water. The sea makes a double S bend between high rocks, so that you are always expecting to see the opening, which is very narrow, long before it appears. It is not at all the kind of port to have to make in a storm, and looks as if the natives had gone on putting jetty after jetty on either side in the vain effort to calm a troubled sea. A strange rock guards the

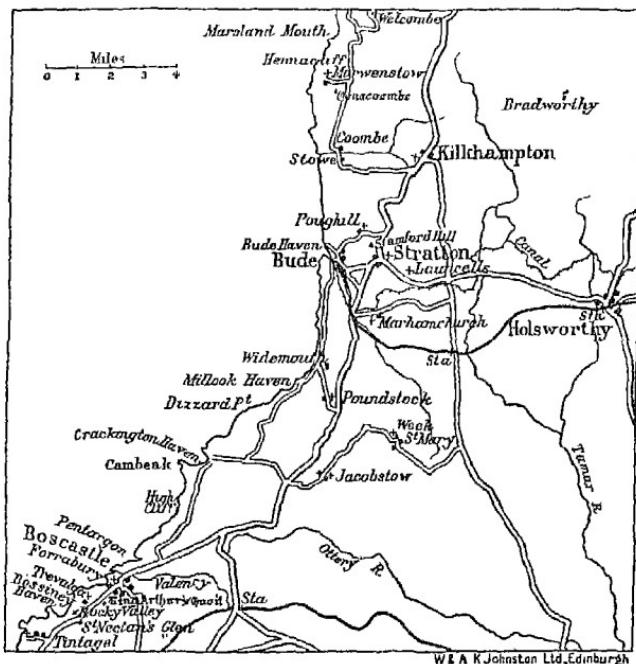


**Elephant Rock, Bosinney Cove,
Tintagel**



Boscastle Harbour

entrance called, not inaptly, Queen Victoria Rock. There are houses on the side of the Valency River, but they are too shut in to attract visitors. It is the sort of place that fine weather does not suit. Its grimness calls for the wild storm that J. M. W. Turner associated with it in his remarkably imaginative picture. I cannot imagine anyone leaving Cornwall without seeing Boscastle. I cannot imagine any-



one going to Cornwall and making it his headquarters. Its austerity is frightening. It makes no bid to please. It is just a place of extraordinary interest which sometimes one is glad to leave. Leland described it as "a very filthy town and ill kept." It is an unfair commentary, but I think I know what he meant. It fails to inspire affection.

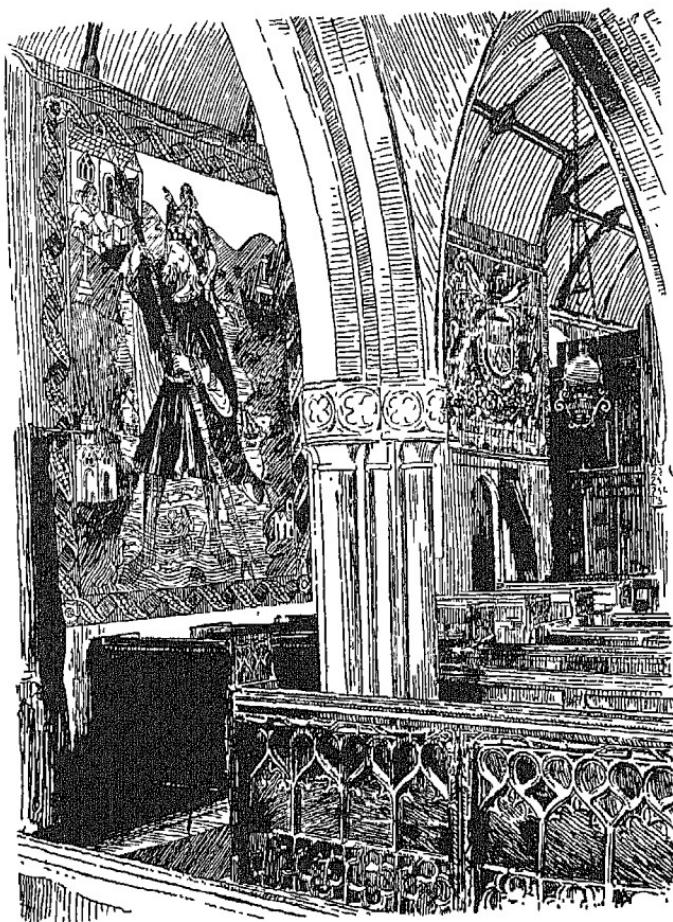
How different are one's feelings after the fine six-mile cliff-walk past Pentargon over High Cliff, the highest sea-

cliff in Cornwall, which looks down a sheer 735 feet on to the sea, beyond Cambeak to Crackington Haven, where one is again in harmony with the scene. Here is a glorious sandy bathing cove, protected by a huge cliff of black shale on the north and another on the south, equally black, covered with short cropped turf, and a gentle green valley, a very heaven of tamarisks and ferns, working its way inland up to Jacobstow, the church of which lies in a wooded hollow and contains a fine font.

The cliff way from here to Bude lies over Dizzard Head to Millook Haven, a woody glen at the south end of Widemouth Sands, which are comparable only to the sands at Watergate for length and breadth. Just inland from here are Poundstock, which has a church dedicated to St. Neot, and Week St. Mary, the birthplace in 1450 of Thomasine Bonaventura, a beautiful girl who took the fancy of Richard Bunsby, a London merchant, and became first his servant, then his wife, and then his widow. Her third husband was Sir John Percival, Lord Mayor of London. She also survived him.

About three miles beyond Widemouth the cliffs lead us to Bude, a seaside resort of fine sands and bare cliffs. The most fascinating feature of the town is a canal, constructed over a hundred years ago at a cost of more than a hundred thousand pounds, which is only navigable for a mile. The place has been much abused by countless writers as lacking beauty, which only proves how rich the rest of Cornwall must be, for Bude, on the seaward side, bears a remarkable resemblance to Seaford, and visitors to Sussex do not commonly regard Seaford as ugly. The truth is that Bude's special charm lies in her invigorating air and surf-riding over the Atlantic breakers, on sands that are as open to the winds as the treeless cliffs are. Those who like the Beachy Head combination of close-cropped turf and rugged cliff will certainly find in Bude an inexhaustible delight.

Bude has but little history. Carew mentions it 300



BUDE—POUGHILL CHURCH

years ago, and there are a few houses of the Regency period. It seems bound up with the fortunes of the Acland and Thyme families, and most houses, with the exception of the vicarage, where Stephen Hawker proposed to and was accepted by his godmother, are new.

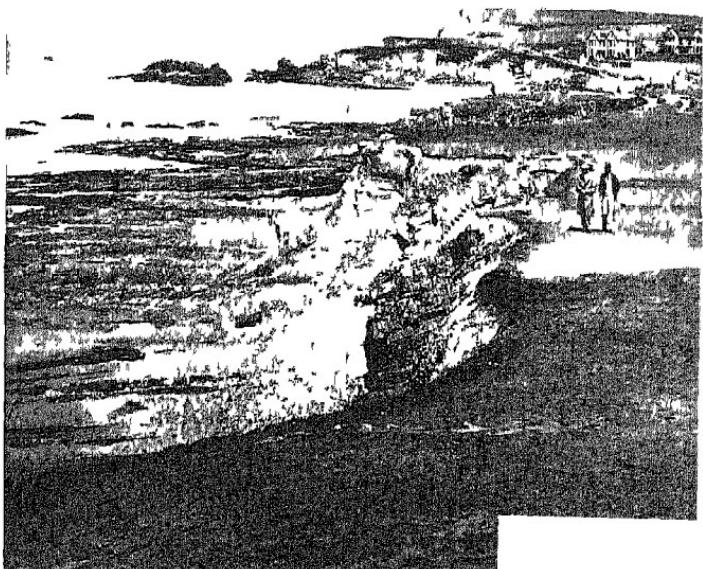
Near Nanny Moore's Bridge, an old bridge of stone and wood, where a mill once stood, there is a millstone dated 1582. Ships may be seen in the Canal Lock and in the



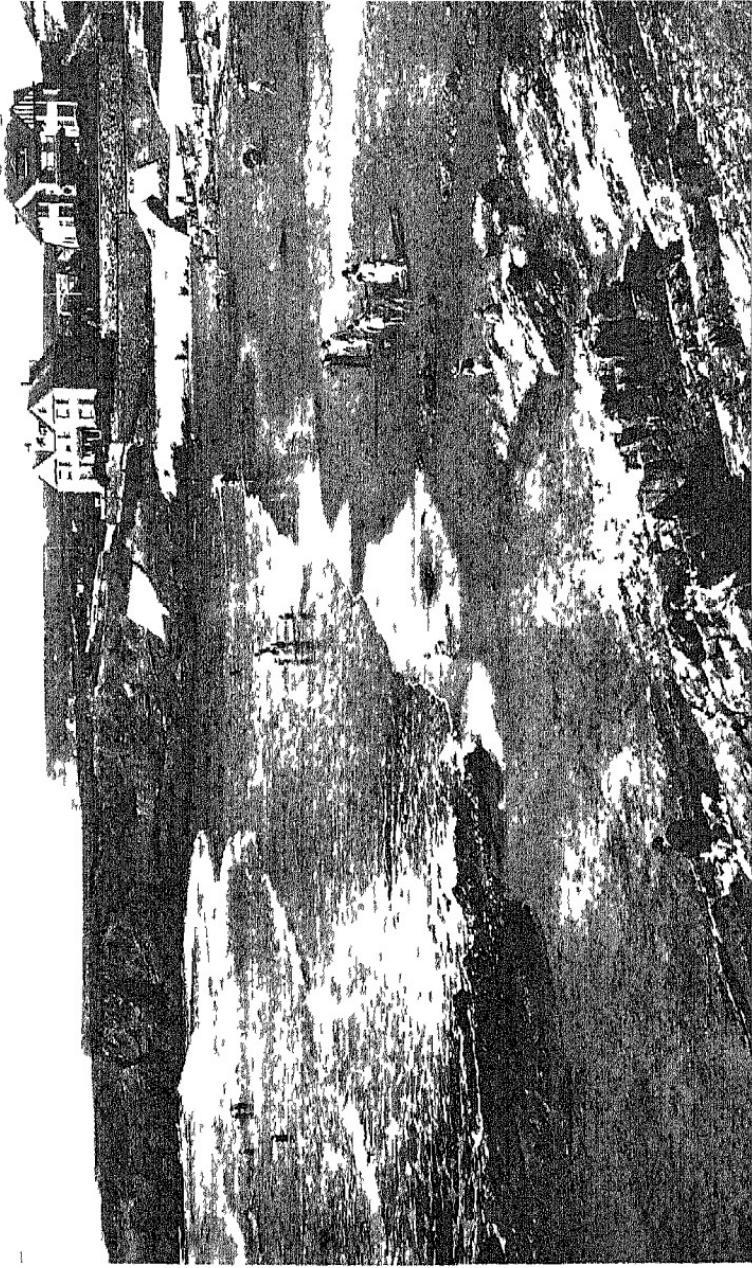
BUDE—POUGHILL VILLAGE

Haven, but this is no coast for boats in rough weather, so we get little of that activity which we find at Newlyn. On Chapel Rock there are traces of a chapel, and it is fondly believed that Agricola landed here. Tennyson, no mean critic, was right to choose Bude as a resting-place. Its waves are the finest on all our coast, and the seaward view down the Canal is not one of which anyone could easily tire. Furthermore, to row under the trees along the canal to Marhamchurch is to fall in love with all canals in general, and Bude Canal in particular, from that day. Bude has been sadly underrated.

Bude



The Bathing
Pool, Bude



Bude

What is most interesting about this neighbourhood, however, is not Bude at all, but Stratton, which lies two miles inland, a village in a wooded hollow, possessing a fourteenth-century church with a noble pinnacled tower. In this church is the black marble tomb of Sir John Arundell, Vice-Admiral of the West in 1561, with his two wives and ten children, and an effigy of Ralph de Blanchminster, who died in the fourteenth century. The Tree



STRATTON

Inn was once the manor house of the Grenvilles, and in it Anthony Payne, Sir Bevill Grenville's giant body-guard, who stood 7 feet 4 inches, was born and died. On the wall of the Inn stands a tablet bearing this inscription: "In this place ye army of ye Rebells under ye command of ye Earl of Stamford received a signal overthrow by ye valor of Sir Bevill Grenville and ye Cornish army on Tuesday ye 17th of May, 1643."

After a fight lasting for ten hours four or five thousand Roundheads entrenched on Stamford Hill, just outside the village, were put to flight by Sir Ralph Hopton

and Sir Bevill Grenville with an army of 3000 Cornishmen. The site of the battle is marked by earthworks and an ancient cannon. From Sir Bevill's letter to his wife after the battle, which begins, "My Dear love," we learn that the Roundhead courage so failed "that they stood not the first charge of foot, but fled in great disorder, and we chased them divers miles." For this piece of happy news the Lady Grace is desired to give the messenger, already paid, an extra shilling.

Close to Stratton is the village of Launcells, in whose church, dedicated to St. Swithin, is an effigy of Sir John Chamond, who died in 1624. The manor here was held by Robert de Mortain, William the Conqueror's half-brother. On the seaward side of Stratton lies the lovely village of Poughill (pronounced Puffill), once Pochehelle, whose church is dedicated to St. Olaf, and contains some remarkable highly-coloured frescoes of St. Christopher, and fine bench-ends. It was in this village that Sir Goldsworthy Gurney lived, who invented, a hundred years ago, a motor-car that attained a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

A few miles north of Stratton, up a fine moorland road, lies Killhampton, with its memorable church-tower greeting you at the end of the village out of an avenue of elms. The porch bears the arms of John Grenville, rector in 1567, and within the doorway is dog-tooth Norman stone-work. The bench-ends of the pews are black with age and finely carved, but the principal object of interest is not the screen, not the slender granite pillars, not even the places where the troopers rested their flint-locks during service, but the vast memorial to Sir Bevill Grenville containing his vizor and gauntlets, and Lord Clarendon's famous panegyric of this great cavalier who won the battle of Stamford Hill and was killed at Lansdown.

Stowe, for 600 years the home of the Grenvilles destroyed in 1739, lay close to the sea at the end of Combe Valley, an open moorland gorge with rocks

and a mountain stream leading directly from Kilkhampton to the sea. Nothing now remains of that house where the ancient practice of receiving the sons of squires and training them in arms and chivalry was continued longer than elsewhere. Even the old manor was taken down by Sir Bevill's third son, John, First Earl of Bath in 1661, to make room for the princely mansion which was to last less than sixty years. The builder died in 1701, and the second Earl killed himself accidentally on the way to his father's funeral. With the death of his son the title became extinct, and the house demolished, the cedar-wood of the chapel going to Stowe, the Public School, and the staircase to Prideaux Place, Padstow. Where this place once stood there are now grassy mounds. Stowe Farm, a large granite house in the neighbourhood, still bears over its pillared doorway the Grenville arms.

Close by a bridge in Combe Valley, near a mill, stands Hawker's thatched whitewashed cottage, where the famous vicar of Morwenstow stayed long before he became vicar and wrote his most famous Trelawny Ballad, which everyone took to be an original ballad and not his composition at all. Macpherson claimed that Ossian was discovered and not written by him, and was angry when the truth was discovered ; Chatterton, the marvellous boy, claimed to have discovered and not written the Rowley Poems, and was mortified that anyone should dare to question it (few did !), but Hawker claimed to have discovered and not written the Trelawny Ballad, and became a soured man because everybody believed him. It was written to commemorate the imprisonment and trial of the Seven Bishops in 1688, among the seven being Sir Jonathan Trelawny of Trelawne. The Cornishmen with their usual enthusiasm took up his cause without recking the cost, and Hawker commemorated their spirit in the unforgettable ballad :—

“ And shall Trelawny die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why ! ”

which is so good that it almost sings itself and makes you march as you read it.

Hawker added some splendidly stirring verses which everyone now knows, and it is the best tribute we can pay him to say that they read more like a true ballad than many ballads which are undeniably true. They have the power to stir us no less than the ballads which the blind crowders sang in Sir Philip Sidney's day.

On our way to Hawker's village of Morwenstow, just north of Combe, we come to Tonacombe, which more than makes up for the absence of Stowe. It is a low grey stone manor house, with a stone eagle surmounting each side of the gate-post. There is a porter's lodge leading into a courtyard underneath a granite arch. We then enter the stone hall, thirty feet long and thirty-five feet high, with fine timbers, minstrel's gallery, and open fireplace. Beyond is a dark panelled parlour overlooking, through a latticed window, a walled garden. It is without any doubt the finest preserved fifteenth-century manor in the county, and worth crossing a continent to see. Jourdains, Leighs, Kempthornes, Whaddons, and Martyns have managed in their respective stewardships to have kept it intact. Kingsley is, erroneously, supposed to have taken this house as his model for "Chapel" in "Westward Ho!"

We are now in Morwenstow, the church of which was old in 1296, and possesses Norman dog-tooth and Early English arches of exceptional beauty. The 800-year-old font is of a misshapen block of granite, and there is a vast white granite altar-tomb in the churchyard to John Maning, who was gored to death by a bull six weeks after his marriage to Christian Kempthorne in 1601. She died soon after and was buried by his side. The figure-head of the shipwrecked *Caledonia* lies close by. Interesting and lovely as this old grey-stoned pinnacled Norman church with its sycamores, lych-gate, and wonderfully be-chimneyed vicarage close by is, it pales altogether by

comparison with its most famous vicar. Stephen Hawker, the son of a Plymouth doctor who eventually took orders and became vicar of Stratton, was vicar here for forty-one years, dying in 1875. Stephen, while an undergraduate at Oxford, discovered that his career was about to be cut short through lack of means, and ensured the taking of his degree by running post-haste to Charlotte L'Ans, his godmother, then aged forty-one, and marrying her. They were very happy. When he was appointed Vicar of Morwenstow he found the vicarage in ruins, and the villagers devoted to smuggling and wrecking. He succeeded a relative of the Whaddons of Tonacombe, who seemed to spend his time drinking and gambling, and whose lantern, set with about twenty feet of wine-glasses, is still at Tonacombe. Hawker first set about building a new vicarage, the chimneys of which were built to resemble church towers with which he had been previously associated. His living was worth £365 a year, which led him to place over his porch a slab of slate with a quatrain beginning :—

“ A House, A Glebe, A Pound a Day.”

He used to walk about in a brimless hat and the coat of an Armenian archimandrite, invite dogs and cats to service, and induced the jackdaws to let the rooks settle in the sycamores while he changed their nests to his own chimneys. His wife died at the age of eighty, and Hawker immediately remarried, this time a girl of twenty. Much of his time was spent in litigation, and more in the composition of poetry. He was dearly loved and deeply respected while alive and his memory is still cherished widely throughout the West.

After paying a visit to St. Morwenna's Well we climb Hennacliff to take our last look back over the unending range of sea-cliffs that we have now made our own, and then, not, I think, without deep emotion of regret, descend to the Combe of Marsland Mouth with its tiny sandy

bay, protected on both sides by black beetling crags, its overgrown wilderness of brambles and ferns, and tiny, scarcely-visible stream that separates Cornwall from Devon. Here it was that the fair Rose of Torridge, bathing naked by moonlight at midnight in order to see her future husband frightened the Jesuit traitors in "Westward Ho!"

Above us, on the northern hill, lies the first village of Devon, with arms outstretched towards us, named, with amazing aptness, Welcombe.

Vale Cornubia! Ave Damnonia!

NOTE.—As a supplement and a corrective to my unscholarly and impressionistic sketch, I should like to recommend particularly the new series of Cornish Studies now being undertaken under the auspices of the University College of the South-West, Exeter, by Mr. Charles Henderson, the first of which, "Old Cornish Bridges and Streams" (Simpkin Marshall. 3s. 6d.), is a topographical work of the first importance and of vast interest to all visitors.

TO THE READER.

Any reader desiring particulars as to train services and other information regarding Great Western Railway facilities, is requested to write to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington, London, W.2.

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